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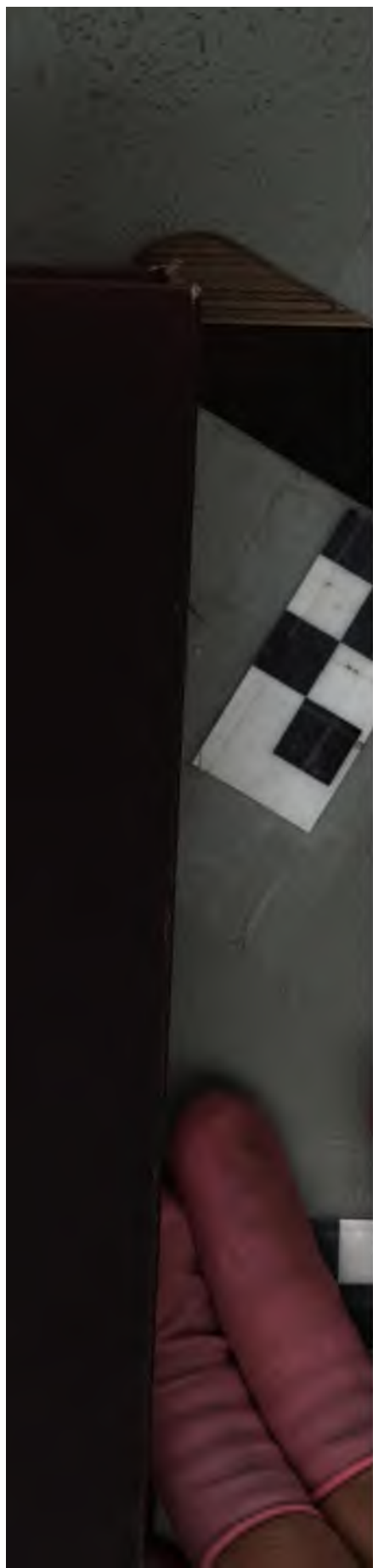
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GIFT OF

*John Garber Palache
Helen Palache Lansdale
from the estate of
the late Judge John Garber*





ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
B A L L A D S

EDITED BY
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

EIGHT VOLUMES IN FOUR
VOL. II.



BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

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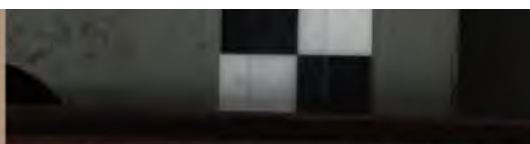
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BOOK III.

CONTINUED.

VOL. III.

1

"The very sole o' that lady's foot
Than thy face is far mair white :"
"But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
Ye will bide in my bower a' night ?"

She birl'd him with the ale and wine,
As they sat down to sup :
A living man he laid him down,
But I wot he ne'er rose up.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That flew aboun her head ;
"Lady ! keep weel your green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid."—

"O better I'll keep my green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy clattering tounge,
That trattles in thy head."

She has call'd upon her bower maidens,
She has call'd them ane by ane ;
"There lies a dead man in my bour :
I wish that he were gane !"

They hae boot'd him, and spur'd him,
As he was wont to ride ;—
A hunting-horn tied round his waist,
A sharpe sword by his side ;

And they hae had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde.¹

Then up and spoke the popinjay
That sat upon the tree—
“What hae ye done wi' Erl Richard?
Ye were his gay ladye.”—

“Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And sit upon my hand;
And thou sall hae a cage o' gowd,
Where thou hast but the wand.”—

“Awa! awa! ye ill woman!
Nae cage o' gowd for me;
As ye hae done to Erl Richard,
Sae wad ye do to me.”

She hadna cross'd a rigg o' land,
A rigg but barely ane,
When she met wi' his auld father,
Came riding all alane.

“Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,
Where hae ye been sae late?
We hae been seeking Erl Richard.
But him we canna get.”—

¹ *Clyde*, in Celtic, means *white*.—LOCKHART.

EARL RICHARD.

"Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,
He'll ride them ane by ane ;
And though the night was ne'er sae mirk,
Erl Richard will be hame."

O it fell anes, upon a day,
The King was boun to ride ;
And he has mist him, Erl Richard,
Should hae ridden on his right side.

The ladye turn'd her round about,
Wi' mickle mournfu' din—

* It fears me sair o' Clyde water,
That he is drown'd therein."

* Gar douk, gar douk," the King he cried,
"Gar douk for gold and fee ;
O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,
Or wha will douk for me ?"

They douked in at ae weil-heid,
And out aye at the other ;
"We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
Although he were our brother."

It fell that, in that ladye's castle,
The King was boun to bed ;
And up and spake the popinjay,
That flew abune his head.

"Leave aff your douking on the day,
 And douk upon the night;
 And where that sackless knight lies sla'n,
 The candles will burn bright."²—

"O there's a bird within this bower,
 That sings baith sad and sweet;
 O there's a bird within your bower,
 Keeps me frae my night's sleep."

They left the douking on the day,
 And douk'd upon the night;
 And where that sackless knight lay slain,
 The candles burned bright.¹

The deepest pot in a' the linn,²
 They fand Erl Richard in;

¹ These are unquestionably the corpse-lights, called in Wales *Cimhwyllan Cyrph*, which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. The Editor is informed, that, some years ago, the corpse of a man, drowned in the Etrick, below Selkirk, was discovered by means of these candles. Such lights are common in churchyards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature. But rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes, that, as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house, in which the person had died, and glides towards the churchyard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions, relating to the "tomb-fires' livid gleam," seem to be of Runie extraction. SCOTT.

² The deep holes scooped in the rock by the eddies of a river, are called *pots*; the motion of the water having there

A green turf tyed across his breast,
To keep that gude lord down.

Then up and spake the King himsell,
When he saw the deadly wound—
“O wha has slain my right-hand man,
That held my hawk and hound?”—

Then up and spake the popinjay,
Says—“What needs a’ this din?
It was his light leman took his life,
And hided him in the linn.”

She swore her by the grass sae grene,
Sae did she by the corn,
She hadna seen him, Erl Richard,
Since Moninday at morn.

“Put na the wite on me,” she said,
“It was my may Catherine:”
Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,
To burn that maiden in.

It wadna take upon her cheik,
Nor yet upon her chin;
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
To cleanse the deadly sin.

some resemblance to a boiling caldron. *Linn*, means the
pool beneath a cataract. *Scorr*.

The maiden touch'd the clay-cauld corpse,
A drap it never bled ;
The ladye laid her hand on him,
And soon the ground was red.

Out they hae ta'en her, may Catherine,
And put her mistress in ;
The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,
Tuik fast upon her chin ;
Tuik fast upon her faire body—
She burn'd like hollin-green.¹

¹ The lines which immediately precede, "The maiden touched," &c., and which are restored from tradition, refer to a superstition formerly received in most parts of Europe, and even resorted to by judicial authority, for the discovery of murder. In Germany, this experiment was called *bahr-recht*, or the law of the bier; because, the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and, in that posture, call upon heaven to attest his innocence. If, during this ceremony, the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound, a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body, it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party.
SCOTT.

EARL RICHARD.

OBTAINED from recitation by Motherwell, and printed
in his *Minstrelsy*, p. 218.

EARL RICHARD is a hunting gone,
As fast as he could ride ;
His hunting-horn hung about his neck,
And a small sword by his side.

When he came to my lady's gate,
He tirmed at the pin ;
And wha was sae ready as the lady hersell
To open and let him in ?

" O light, O light, Earl Richard," she says,
" O light and stay a' night ;
You shall have cheer wi' charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright."

"I will not light, I cannot light,
I cannot light at all ;
A fairer lady than ten of thee
Is waiting at Richard's-wall."

He stooped from his milk-white steed,
To kiss her rosy cheek ;
She had a penknife in her hand,
And wounded him so deep.

"O lie ye there, Earl Richard," she says,
"O lie ye there till morn ;
A fairer lady than ten of me
Will think lang of your coming home."

She called her servants ane by ane,
She called them twa by twa :
"I have got a dead man in my bower,
I wish he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the hand,
And the other by the feet ;
And they've thrown him in a deep draw well,
Full fifty fathoms deep.

Then up bespake a little bird,
That sat upon a tree :
"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee."

"Come down, come down, my pretty bird,
That sits upon the tree ;
I have a cage of beaten gold,
I'll gie it unto thee." *

"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee ;
As ye have done to Earl Richard,
Sae wud ye do to me."

"If I had an arrow in my hand,
And a bow bent on a string ;
I'd shoot a dart at thy proud heart,
Among the leaves sae green."

YOUNG REDIN.

"From the recitation of Miss E. Beattie, of Edinburgh, a native of Mearnsshire, who sings it to a plaintive, though somewhat monotonous air of one measure." — KINLOCH, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 1.

YOUNG Redin's til the huntin gane,
Wi' therty lords and three ;
And he has til his true-love gane,
As fast as he could hie.

"Ye're welcome here, my young Redin,
For coal and candle licht;
And sae are ye, my young Redin,
To bide wi' me the nicht."

"I thank ye for your licht, ladie,
Sae do I for your coal ;
But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee
Meets me at Brandie's well."

Whan they were at their supper set,
And merrily drinking wine,
This ladie has tane a sair sickness,
And til her bed has gane.

Young Redin he has followed her,
And a dowie man was he ;
He fund his true-love in her bouer,
And the tear was in her ee.

Whan he was in her arms laid,
And gieing her kisses sweet,
Then out she's tane a little penknife,
And wounded him sae deep.

" O lang, lang, is the winter nicht,
And slawly daws the day ;
There is a slain knicht in my bouer,
And I wish he war away."

Then up bespak her bouer-woman,
And she spak ae wi' spite :—
" An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,
It's yoursel that has the wyte."

" O heal this deed on me, Meggy,
O heal this deed on me ;
The silks that war shapen for me gen Pasche,
They sall be sewed for thee."

"O I hae heal'd on my mistress
A twalmonth and a day,
And I hae heal'd on my mistress,
Mair than I can say."

They've bootied him, and they've spurred him,
As he was wont to ride :—
A huntin horn round his neck,
And a sharp sword by his side ;
In the deepest place o' Clyde's water,
It's there they've made his bed.

Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,
As he sat on the tree,—
"And hae ye kill'd him young Redin,
Wha ne'er had love but thee !"

"Come doun, come doun, ye wylie parrot,
Come doun into my hand ;
Your cage sall be o' the beaten gowd,
When now it's but the wand."

"I winna come doun, I canna come doun,
I winna come doun to thee ;
For as ye've dune to young Redin,
Ye'll do the like to me ;
Ye'll thraw my head aff my hause-bane,
And throw me in the sea."

O there cam seekin young Redin,
 Monie a lord and knight ;
 And there cam seekin young Redin,
 Monie a ladie bricht.

And they hae til his true-love gane,
 Thinking he was wi' her ;

• • • • •
 • • • • •

" I hae na seen him, young Redin,
 Sin yesterday at noon ;
 He turn'd his stately steed about,
 And hied him through the toun.

" But ye'll seek Clyde's water up and down,
 Ye'll seek it out and in—
 I hae na seen him, young Redin,
 Sin yesterday at noon."

Then up bespak young Redin's mither,
 And a dowie woman was scho ;—
 " There's na a place in a Clyde's water,
 But my son wad gae through."

They've sought Clyde's water up and down,
 They've sought it out and in,
 And the deepest place o' Clyde's water
 They fund young Redin in.

O white, white, war his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout ;
But as the traitor she cam near,
His wounds they gushed out !

“ It’s surely been my bouer-woman,
O ill may her betide ;
I ne’er wad slain him young Redin,
And thrown him in the Clyde.”

Then they’ve made a big bane-fire,
The bouer-woman to brin ;
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the cruel hands
That put young Redin in.

Then they’ve tane out the bouer-woman,
And put the ladie in :
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,
It tuke na on her chin,
But it tuke on the fause, fause arms,
That young Redin lay in.

LORD WILLIAM.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 23.

THIS ballad was communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mr. James Hogg, accompanied with the following note :—

“ I am fully convinced of the antiquity of this song ; for, although much of the language seems somewhat modernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being much liked, and very much sung in this neighbourhood. I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it with any considerable variation, save that one reciter called the dwelling of the feigned sweet-heart, *Castleswa*.”

LORD WILLIAM was the bravest knight
That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And though renown'd in France and Spain,
Fell by a ladie's hand.

As she was walking maid alone,
Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit o' bridle reins,
She wish'd might be for good.

"Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
You're welcome hame to me;
To best o' cheer and charcoal red,¹
And candle burning free."—

"I winna light, I darena light,
Nor come to your arms at a';
A fairer maid than ten o' you
I'll meet at Castle-law."—

"A fairer maid than me, Willie!
A fairer maid than me!
A fairer maid than ten o' me
Your eyes did never see."—

He louted ower his saddle lap,
To kiss her ere they part,
And wi' a little keen bodkin,
She pierced him to the heart.

"Ride on, ride on, Lord William now,
As fast as ye can dree!
Your bonny lass at Castle-law
Will weary you to see."—

¹ *Charcoal red.* This circumstance marks the antiquity of the poem. While wood was plenty in Scotland, charcoal was the usual fuel in the chambers of the wealthy. SCOTT

Out up then spake a bonny bird,
Sat high upon a tree,—

* How could you kill that noble lord?
He came to marry thee.”—

* Come down, come down, my bonny bird
And eat bread off my hand!
Your cage shall be of wiry gaul,
Whar now it's but the wand.”—

* Keep ye your cage o' gaul, lady,
And I will keep my tree;
As ye hae done to Lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me.”—

She set her foot on her door step,
A bonny marble stane,
And carried him to her chamber,
O'er him to make her mane.

And she has kept that good lord's corpse
Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread;
Then she began to fear.

Then she cried on her waiting maid,
Aye ready at her ca';
* There is a knight into my bower,
'Tis time he were awa.”—

The ane has ta'en him by the head,
The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.

"Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
On him that lo'ed ye weel!
A better man than that blue corpse
Ne'er drew a sword of steel."—

PRINCE ROBERT

WAS first published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 269, and was obtained from the recitation of Miss Christian Rutherford. Another copy, also from recitation, is subjoined.

PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring :
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he darna bring her hame.

“ Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear !
Your blessing now grant to me ! ”—
“ Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,
And you’ll get nae blessing frae me. ”—

She has call’d upon her waiting-maid,
To fill a glass of wine ;
She has call’d upon her fause steward,
To put rank poison in.

She has put it to her roudes lip,
And to her roudes chin ;
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,
But the never a drap gaed in.

He has put it to his bonny mouth,
And to his bonny chin,
He's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

" O ye hae poison'd your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir ;
O ye hae poison'd your ae son, mother,
And sons you'll never hae mair.

" O where will I get a little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come ?"—

Then up and spake a little boy,
That wad win hose and shoon,—
" O I'll away to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come."—

O he has run to Darlinton,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell
To let the bonny boy in.

"Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
She's made it baith gude and fine ;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
And ye maun cum till her and dine."—

It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
The langest that ever were gane :
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was
light,
And she cam linkin' in.

But when she came to Sillertoun town,
And into Sillertoun ha',
The torches were burning, the ladies were
mourning,
And they were weeping a'.

"O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be ?
O where is now my wedded lord ?
For him I canna see."—

"Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be laid in the clay :
Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be buried the day.

"Ye'se get nane o' his gowd, ye'se get nane o'
his gear,

Ye'se get nae thing frae me ;
Ye'se no get an inch o' his gude braid land,
Though your heart suld burst in three."—

"I want nane o' his gowd, I want nane o' his gear,
I want nae land frae thee :
But I'll hae the rings that's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me."—

"Ye'se no get the rings that's on his finger,
Ye'se no get them frae me ;
Ye'se no get the rings that's on his finger,
An your heart suld burst in three."—

She's turn'd her back unto the wa',
And her face unto a rock ;
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair ;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier ;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.

EARL ROBERT.

"GIVEN," says Motherwell, "from the recitation of an old woman, a native of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire; and it is one of the earliest songs she remembers of having heard chanted on the classic banks of the Water of Leaven."—*Minstrelsy*, p. 200.

Another copy is noted by the same editor as containing the following stanzas:—

Lord Robert and Mary Florence,
They wer twa children ying;
They were scarce seven years of age
Till luv began to spring.
Lord Robert loved Mary Florence,
And she lov'd him above power;
But he durst not for his cruel mither
Bring her intill his bower.

It's fifty miles to Sittingen's rocks,
As ever was ridden or gane;
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,
But he dare na bring her hame.
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife, &c.

His mother, she call'd to her waiting-maid :
 " O bring me a pint of wine,
For I dinna weel ken what hour of this day
 That my son Earl Robert shall dine."

She's put it to her fause, fause cheek,
 But an' her fause, fause chin ;
She's put it to her fause, fause lips ;
 But never a drap went in.

But he's put it to his bonny cheek,
 Aye and his bonny chin ;
He's put it to his red rosy lips,
 And the poison went merrily down.

" O where will I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoon,—
That will gang quickly to Sittingen's rocks,
 And bid my lady come ?"

It's out then speaks a bonny boy,
 To Earl Robert was something akin :
" Many a time have I run thy errand,
 But this day with the tears I'll rin."

O when he cam to Sittingen's rocks,
 To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing, and music playing,
 And ladies dancing a'.

"What news, what news, my bonny boy,
What news have ye to me?
Is Earl Robert in very good health,
And the ladies of your countrie?"

"O Earl Robert's in very good health,
And as weel as a man can be;
But his mother this night has a drink to be
drucken,
And at it you must be."

She called to her waiting-maid,
To bring her a riding weed;
And she called to her stable groom,
To saddle her milk-white steed.

But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,
To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing and sheets down
hinging,
And ladies murning a'.

"I've come for none of his gold," she said,
"Nor none of his white monie;
Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,
If that you will grant me."

"Thou'll no get none of his gold," she said.
"Nor none of his white monie;

Thou'll no get a ring of his smallest finger,
Tho' thy heart should break in three."

She set her foot unto a stone,
Her back unto a tree ;
She set her foot unto a stone,
And her heart did break in three !

The one was buried in Mary's kirk,
The other in Mary's quier ;
Out of the one there grew a bush,
From the other a bonnie brier.

And thir twa grew, and thir twa threw,
Till this twa craps drew near ;
So all the world may plainly see
That they lov'd each other dear.

THE WEARY COBLE O' CARGILL.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 230.

"THIS local ballad, which commemorates some real event, is given from the recitation of an old woman, residing in the neighbourhood of Cambus Michael, Perthshire. It possesses the elements of good poetry, and, had it fallen into the hands of those who make no scruple of interpolating and corrupting the text of oral song, it might have been made, with little trouble, a very interesting and pathetic composition.

"Kercock and Balathy are two small villages on the banks of the Tay; the latter is nearly opposite Stobhall. According to tradition, the ill-fated hero of the ballad had a leman in each of these places; and it was on the occasion of his paying a visit to his Kercock love, that the jealous dame in Balathy Toun, from a revengeful feeling, scuttled the boat in which he was to recross the Tay to Stobhall." MOTHERWELL.

DAVID DRUMMOND'S destinie,
Gude man o' appearance o' Cargill;
I wat his blude rins in the flude,
Sae sair against his parents' will.

She was the lass o' Balathy toun,
And he the butler o' Stobhall ;
And mony a time she wauked late,
To bore the coble o' Cargill.

His bed was made in Kercock ha',
Of gude clean sheets and of the hay ;
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,
But on the prude waters he wud gae.

His bed was made in Balathy toun,
Of the clean sheets and of the strae ;
But I wat it was far better made,
Into the bottom o' bonnie Tay.

She bored the coble in seven pairts,
I wat her heart might hae been sae sair ;
For there she got the bonnie lad lost,
Wi' the curly locks and the yellow hair.

He put his foot into the boat,
He little thocht o' ony ill :
But before that he was mid waters,
The weary coble began to fill.

" Woe be to the lass o' Balathy toun,
I wat an ill death may she die ;
For she bored the coble in seven pairts,
And let the waters perish me !

"O help, O help I can get nane,
Nae help o' man can to me come!"
This was about his dying words,
When he was choaked up to the chin.

"Gae tell my father and my mother,
It was naebody did me this ill;
I was a-going my ain errands,
Lost at the coble o' bonnie Cargill."

She bored the boat in seven pairts,
I wat she bored it wi' gude will;
And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,
In the kirk-shot o' bonnie Cargill.

O a' the keys o' bonnie Stobha',
I wat they at his belt did hing;
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha',
They now ly low into the stream.

A braver page into his age
Ne'er set a foot upon the plain;
His father to his mother said,
"O sae sune as we've wanted him!"

"I wat they had mair luv than this,
When they were young and at the scule;
But for his sake she wauked late,
And bored the coble o' bonnie Cargill.

"There's ne'er a clean sark gae on my back,
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle light
Shall shine in my bouer for ever mair.

"At kirk nor market I'se ne'er be at,
Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;
There's ne'er a ane shall say to anither,
That's the lassie gar'd the young man die."

Between the yetts o' bonnie Stobha',
And the kirkstyle o' bonnie Cargill,
There is mony a man and mother's son
That was at my luv's burial.

OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

Percy's Reliques of English Poetry, iii. 88.

"From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS., which was judged to require considerable corrections.

"In the former edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS. is now omitted.

"Giles, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of *Sir*, not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood." PERCY.

LET never again soe old a man
Marrye soe yonge a wife,
As did old Robin of Portingale;
Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, God wott.
He chose her to his wife,
And thought with her to have lived in love,
But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
And scarce was hee asleepe,
But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
To the steward, and gan to weepe.

"Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Or be you not within?
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,
Arise and let me inn."

"O I am waking, sweete," he said,
"Sweete ladye, what is your will?"
"I have onbethought¹ me of a wile
How my wed lord weel spill.

"Twenty-four good knights," shee sayes,
"That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my next cozens
Will helpe to dinge him downe."

All that beheard his litle footepage,
As he watered his masters steed;
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, sighed and wept full sore;
I sweare by the holy roode,

¹ unbethought.

The teares he for his master wept
Were blent¹ water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare master
As he stood at his garden pale:
Sayes, "Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,
What causes thee to wail?"

"Hath any one done to thee wronge,
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst manye a teare?"

"Or, if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved he shal bee:
For no man here within my howse
Shall doe wrong unto thee."

"O it is not your head bookes-man,
Nor none of his degree:
But, on to-morrow² ere it be noone
All deemed to die are yee:
"And of that bethank your head steward.
And thank your gay ladye."

"If this be true, my litle foot-page,
The heyre of my land thoust bee:"

MS. ¹ blend.

² or to-morrow.

"If it be not true, my dear master
No good death let me die :

"If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou bee.

"O call now downe my faire ladye,
O call her downe to mee ;
And tell my ladye gay how sicke,
And like to die I bee."

Downe then came his ladye faire,
All clad in purple and pall :
The rings that were on her fingers,
Cast light thorow the hall.

"What is your will, my own wed-lord ?
What is your will with mee ?"
"O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
And like to die I bee."

"And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,
Soe sore it grieveth me :
But my five maydens and myselfe
Will make the bedde for thee.

"And at the waking of your first sleepe,
We will a hott drinke make ;
And at the waking of your next¹ sleepe
Your sorrowes we will slake."

He put a silk cote on his backe,
And mail of manye a fold ;
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold.

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
And another att his feete :
[And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his sleepe.]

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twentye-four traitours inn ;
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,
Sir Gyles head soon did winn ;
And scant of all those twenty-four
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone ;
And he had two armes when he came in,
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye,
With torches burning bright ;
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a
drinke,
Butt she found her owne wedd knight.

The first thinge that she stumbled on
It was Sir Gyles his foote ;
Sayes, " Ever alacke, and woe is mee !
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote."

The next thinge that she stumbled on
It was Sir Gyles his heade ;
Sayes, " Ever alacke, and woe is me !
Heere lyes my true love deade."

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,
And didd her body spille ;
He cutt the eares beside her heade,
And bade her love her fille.

He called up then up his litle foot-page,
And made him there his heyre ;
And sayd, " Henceforth my worldlye goodes,
And countrie I forswear."

He shope the crosse on his right shoulder,¹
Of the white clothe and the redde,
And went him into the holy land,
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

¹ Every person who went on a Croisade to the Holy Land usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colors; the English wore white, the French red, &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. PERCY.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

First published in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 220.

"This ballad has been popular in many parts of Scotland. It is chiefly given from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MSS. The expression,

"The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk," v. 31, strongly resembles that in *Hardyknute*,

"Norse e'en like gray goss-hawk stared wild;"

a circumstance which led the Editor to make the strictest inquiry into the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank, who not only recollected the ballad, as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses, particularly those beautiful stanzas from the 20th to the 25th. The Editor is, therefore, compelled to believe, that the author of *Hardyknute* copied the old ballad, if the coincidence be not altogether accidental." SCOTT.

KING EASTER has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comely face,
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast keviles them amang,
And keviles them between;
And they cast keviles them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
In a high chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys
Hang hie upon a pin;
And aye as ae door he did unlock,
He has fasten'd it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in?"—

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
Before that I depart."—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the Queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee,
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left me wi'."—

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie, hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin."—

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the Queen to guard ;
And four stood aye at her bour door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birlled these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were a' deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow is this window,
And big, big am I grown !"—
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
Out at it she is gone.

She wander'd up, she wander'd down,
She wander'd out and in ;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The Queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevilis them amang,
Which suld gae seek the Queen ;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The Queen fell on her knee :
" Win up, win up, madam ! " she says :
" What needs this courtesie ? "—

" O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me ;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

" And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed ;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
As weel to write and read.

" And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield both bow and brand ;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

" At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avowe,
But—' Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk ? '
' Madame, how does my dow ? ' "

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang ;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a bonny castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir."

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth, I canna see;
For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."—

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she darna take ye hame."—

The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk,
Says,—“What may a' this mean?”

“My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen.”

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee;"—
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause
heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half o' his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

BONNIE ANNIE.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 123.

"There is a prevalent belief among seafaring people, that if a person who has committed any heinous crime be on ship-board, the vessel, as if conscious of its guilty burden, becomes unmanageable, and will not sail till the offender be removed: to discover whom, they usually resort to the trial of those on board, by casting lots; and the individual upon whom the lot falls, is declared the criminal, it being believed that Divine Providence interposes in this manner to point out the guilty person."—KINLOCH.

Motherwell is inclined to think this an Irish ballad, though popular in Scotland.

With Bonnie Annie may be compared *Jon Rimaard-söns Skriftemaal*, *Danske Viser*, ii. 220; or, *Herr Peders Sjöresa*, *Svenska Folk-Visor*, ii. 31, Arwiddson, ii. 5 (translated in *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, 276).

THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.
O she was fair, O dear! she was bonnie,
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.

There cam a ship's captain out owre the sea
sailing,

He courted this young thing till he got her wi'
bairn :—

“ Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's
money,

And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie.”

She's stown her father's gowd and her mother's
money,

But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie.

* * * *

“ There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for
me,

There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for
me.”

They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.

“ Ye'll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,

Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie.”

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her
cannie,

He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear
Annie.

“ What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye ; ”

“ Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.—

Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,

Do all you can to save my dear Annie.”

"I've laid about, steer'd about, laid about cannie,
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.
Ye'll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear
Annie."

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her
cannie,
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear
Annie :
As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

They made his love a coffin of the gowd sac yellow,¹
And they buried her deep on the high banks of
Yarrow.

¹ The last two lines are derived from Motherwell, p. xcix.
The text in Kinloch is corrupt, and stands thus:—

He made his love a coffin off the Goats of Yarrow,
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

WILLIAM GUISEMAN.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 158

"MY name is William Guiseman,
In London I do dwell ;
I have committed murder,
And that is known right well ;
I have committed murder,
And that is known right well,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"I lov'd a neighbour's dochter,
And with her I did lie ;
I did dissemble with her
Myself to satisfy ;
I did dissemble with her
Myself to satisfy,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

"Sae cunningly's I kept her,
Until the fields war toom ;

Sae cunningly's I trysted her
Unto yon shade o' broom ;
And syne I took my wills o' her,
And then I flang her down,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

" Sae cunningly's I killed her,
Who should have been my wife ;
Sae cursedly's I killed her,
And with my cursed knife ;
Sae cursedly's I killed her,
Who should have been my wife,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

" Six days she lay in murder,
Before that she was found ;
Six days she lay in murder,
Upon the cursed ground ;
Six days she lay in murder,
Before that she was found,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

" O all the neighbours round about,
They said it had been I ;
I put my foot on gude shipboard,
The county to defy ;
The ship she wadna sail again,
But hoisted to and fro,
And it's for mine offence I must die.

“ O up bespak the skipper-boy,
I wat he spak too high ;
‘ There’s sinful men amongst us,
The seas will not obey ;’
O up bespak the skipper-boy,
I wat he spak too high,
And it’s for mine offence I must die.

“ O we cuist cavel us amang,
The cavel fell on me ;
O we cuist cavel us amang,
The cavel fell on me ;
O we cuist cavel us amang,
The cavel fell on me,
And it’s for mine offence I must die.

“ I had a loving mother
Who of me took gret care ;
She wad hae gien the gold sae red.
To have bought me from that snare ;
But the gold could not be granted.
The gallows pays a share,
And it’s for mine offence I must die.”

THE ENCHANTED RING

Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 169.
Annexed is a fragment published by Jamieson, under
the title of *Bonny Bee-Ho'm*.

IN Lauderdale I chanc'd to walk,
And heard a lady's moan,
Lamenting for her dearest dear,
And aye she cried, ohon !

" Sure never a maid that e'er drew breath
Had harder fate than me ;
I'd never a lad but one on earth,
They forc'd him to the sea.

" The ale shall ne'er be brewin o' malt,
Neither by sea nor land,
That ever mair shall cross my hause.
Till my loye comes to hand.

A handsome lad wi' shoulders broad,
Gold yellow was his hair ;
None of our Scottish youths on earth
That with him could compare.

She thought her love was gone to sea,
And landed in Bahome ;
But he was in a quiet chamber,
Hearing his lady's moan.

" Why make ye all this moan, lady ?
Why make ye all this moan ?
For I'm deep sworn on a book,
I must go to Bahome.

" Traitors false for to subdue,
O'er seas I'll make me boun',
That have trepan'd our kind Scotchmen,
Like dogs to ding them down."

" Weell, take this ring, this royal thing,
Whose virtue is unknown ;
As lang's this ring's your body on,
Your blood shall ne'er be drawn.

" But if this ring shall fade or stain,
Or change to other hue,
Come never mair to fair Scotland,
If ye're a lover true."

Then this couple they did part
With a sad heavy moan ;
The wind was fair, the ship was rare,
They landed in Bahome.

But in that place they had not been
A month but barely one,
Till he look'd¹ on his gay gold ring,
And riven was the stone.

Time after this was not expir'd
A month but scarcely three,
Till black and ugly was the ring,
And the stone² was burst in three.

"Fight on, fight on, you merry men all,
With you I'll fight no more ;
I will gang to some holy place,
Pray to the King of Glore."

Then to the chapel he is gone,
And knelt most piteouslie,
For seven days and seven nights,
Till blood ran frae his knee.

"Ye'll take my jewels that's in Bahome,
And deal them liberallie,

¹ they look'd.

² And stone.

To young that cannot, and old that mannot,
The blind that does not see.

“ Give maist to women in child-bed laid,
Can neither fecht nor flee :
I hope she's in the heavens high,
That died for love of me.”

The knights they wrang their white fingers,
The ladies tore their hair ;
The women that ne'er had children born,
In swoon they down fell there.

But in what way the knight expir'd,
No tongue will e'er declare ;
So this doth end my mournful song,
From me ye'll get nae mair.

BONNY BEE-HO'M.

Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 184, from Mrs. Brown's MS., the interpolations of the editor being omitted.

By Arthur's dale as late I went,
I heard a heavy moan ;
I heard a lady lamenting sair,
And ay she cried " ohon ! "

" Ohon, alas ! what shall I do,
Tormented night and day ?
I never loved a love but ane,
And now he's gone away.

" But I will do for my true love
What ladies would think sair ;
For seven years shall come and gae,
Ere a kaime gae in my hair.

" There shall neither a shoe gae on my foot,
Nor a kaime gae in my hair,
Nor ever a coal or candle light
Shine in my bower nae mair."

She thought her love had been on sea,
Fast sailing to Bee-Ho'm ;

But he was still in a quiet chamber,
Hearing his lady's moan.

"Be hush'd, be hush'd, my lady dear,
I pray thee moan not so ;
For I am deep sworn on a book
To Bee-Ho'm for to go."

She's gien him a chain o' the beaten goud,
And a ring with a ruby stone :
"As lang as this chain your body binds,
Your blood can never be drawn.

"But gin this ring should fade or fail,
Or the stone should change its hue,
Be sure your love is dead and gone,
Or she has proved untrue."

* * * * *
He had not been at bonny Bee-Ho'm
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till looking on his gay gold ring,
The stone grew dark and gray.

"O ye tak my riches to Bee-Ho'm,
And deal them presentlie,
To the young that canna, the old that manna,
The blind that downa see."

Now Death has come intill his bower,
And split his heart in twain :
Sae their twa sauls flew up to heaven,
And there shall ever remain.

THE THREE RAVENS.

From Ritson's *Ancient English Songs*, ii. 53. It is there reprinted from Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, 1611. Another copy follows, taken from Scott's *Minstrelsy*. Motherwell has recast the ballad in modern style, p. 7 of his collection.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
 Downe, a downe, hay downe, hay downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 With a downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be,
 With a downe, derrie, derrie, derrie, downe,
 downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakefast take?"—

"Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

" His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they their master keepe.

" His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him com nie."

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such houndes, and such a leman.

THE TWA CORBIES.

FROM *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 359. It was communicated to Scott by Mr. Sharpe, as written down, from tradition, by a lady.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
“Where sall we gang and dine to-day?”—

“In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

“His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk, to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

“Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pick out his bonny blue een :
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair,
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

“Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane :
O’er his white banes, when they are bara,
“The wind sall blaw for evermair.”—

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 143.

"THIS ballad, which is a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact. I found it easy to collect a variety of copies; but very difficult indeed to select from them such a collated edition as might, in any degree, suit the taste of 'these more light and giddy-paced times.'

"Tradition places the event, recorded in the song, very early; and it is probable that the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been gradually modernized, in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition. The bard does not relate particulars, but barely the striking outlines of a fact, apparently so well known when he wrote, as to render minute detail as unnecessary as it is always tedious and unpoetical.

"The hero of the ballad was a knight of great bravery, called Scott, who is said to have resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, and is, in tradition, termed the Baron of Oakwood. The estate of Kirkhope belonged anciently to the Scotts of Harden:

Oakwood is still their property, and has been so from time immemorial. The Editor was, therefore, led to suppose that the hero of the ballad might have been identified with John Scott, sixth son of the Laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. (See notes to *Jamie Telfer*.) This appeared the more probable, as the common people always affirm that this young man was treacherously slain, and that, in evidence thereof, his body remained uncorrupted for many years; so that even the roses on his shoes seemed as fresh as when he was first laid in the family vault at Hassendean. But from a passage in Nisbet's Heraldry, he now believes the ballad refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlestane, in which the latter was slain.

"In ploughing Annan's Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an inscription, was discovered; but being rather scratched than engraved, and the lines being run through each other, it is only possible to read one or two Latin words. It probably records the event of the combat. The person slain was the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier.

"Tradition affirms, that the hero of the song (be he who he may) was murdered by the brother, either of his wife or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat. It is a low muir, on the

banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow Kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected, about eighty yards distant from each other; and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger, that there lie 'the two lords, who were slain in single combat.'

"It will be, with many readers, the greatest recommendation of these verses, that they are supposed to have suggested to Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, the modern ballad, beginning,

'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride.'

"A fragment, apparently regarding the story of the following ballad, but in a different measure, occurs in Mr. Herd's MS., and runs thus:—

'When I look east, my heart is sair,
But when I look west, it's mair and mair;
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow.'"

We have added an uncollated copy from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*. Another is furnished by Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 252. Some of Scott's verses are also found in Herd's fragment, (*Scottish Songs*, i. 202,) and Buchan's *Haughs o' Yarrow*, ii. 211. *The Dowy Den*, in Evans's collection, iii. 342, is the *caput mortuum* of this spirited ballad.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

“O stay at hame, my noble lord,
O stay at hame, my marrow !
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.”—

“O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye !
O fare ye weel, my Sarah !
For I maun gae, though I ne’er return
Frae the dowie banks o’ Yarrow.”

She kiss’d his cheek, she kaim’d his hair,
As oft she had done before, O ;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he’s away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies¹ bank,
I wot he gaed wi’ sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm’d men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

“O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough ?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?”—

“I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow ;

¹ *The Tennies* is the name of a farm of the Duke of Buccleuch’s, a little below Yarrow Kirk.

I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane ;
And that's an unequal marrow ;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord ;
He's sleepin sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream ;
I fear there will be sorrow !
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

“ But in the glen strive armed men ;
They’ve wrought me dole and sorrow ;
They’ve slain—the comeliest knight they’ve
slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.”

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi’ dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim’d his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kiss’d them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

“ Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear !
For a’ this breeds but sorrow ;
I’ll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.”—

“ O haud your tongue, my father dear !
Ye mind me but of sorrow ;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp’d on Yarrow.”

THE BRAES O' YARROW.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,
ii. 203. Repeated in the xviith volume of the Percy
Society Publications.

TEN lords sat drinking at the wine,
Intill a morning early ;
There fell a combat them among,
It must be fought,—nae parly.

“ O stay at hame, my ain gude lord,
O stay, my ain dear marrow.”
“ Sweetest min', I will be thine,
And dine wi' you to-morrow.”

She's kiss'd his lips, and comb'd his hair,
As she had done before, O ;
Gied him a brand down by his side,
And he is on to Yarrow.

As he gaed ower yon dowie knowe,
As aft he'd dune before, O ;
Nine armed men lay in a den,
Upo' the braes o' Yarrow.

"O came ye here to hunt or hawk,
As ye hae dune before, O ?
Or came ye here to wiel' your brand,
Upo' the braes o' Yarrow ?"

"I came na here to hunt nor hawk,
As I hae dune before, O ;
But I came here to wiel' my brand,
Upon the braes o' Yarrow."

Four he hurt, and five he slew,
Till down it fell himsell, O ;
There stood a fause lord him behin',
Who thrust him thro' body and mell, O.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my brother John,
And tell your sister sorrow ;
Your mother to come take up her son,
Aff o' the braes o' Yarrow."

As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,
As he had dune before, O ;
There he met his sister dear,
Came rinnin fast to Yarrow.

"I dreamt a dream last night," she says,
"I wish it binna sorrow ;
I dreamt I was pu'ing the heather green,¹
Upo' the braes o' Yarrow."

"I'll read your dream, sister," he says,
"I'll read it into sorrow ;
Ye're bidden gae take up your love,
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."

She's torn the ribbons frae her head,
They were baith thick and narrow ;
She's kilted up her green claithing,
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's taen him in her arms twa,
And gien him kisses thorough,
And wi' her tears she bath'd his wounds,
Upo' the braes o' Yarrow.

Her father looking ower his castle wa',
Beheld his daughter's sorrow ;
"O had your tongue, daughter," he says,
"And let be a' your sorrow,
I'll wed you wi' a better lord,
Thar he that died on Yarrow."

¹ To dream of any thing green is regarded in Scotland as unlucky.

"O had your tongue, father," she says,
"And let be till to-morrow ;
A better lord there cou'dna be
Than he that died on Yarrow."

She kiss'd his lips, and comb'd his hair,
As she had dune before, O ;
Then wi' a crack her heart did brack,
Upon the braes o' Yarrow.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

PINKERTON first published this piece in his *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, p. 61. In a note, it is said to have been taken "from a modern edition in one sheet, 12mo. after the old copy." Motherwell gives another version "as it occurs in early stall prints," (*Minstrelsy*, p. 321,) and suspects a few conjectural emendations in Pinkerton's text. The passage from v. 51 to v. 59 is apparently defective, and has, probably, been tampered with; but Pinkerton's copy is on the whole much better than Motherwell's, or than Whitelaw's, (*Scottish Ballads*, 39,) which professes to be given chiefly from oral recitations.

Michael Bruce's *Sir James the Rose* will be found in another part of this collection. In Caw's *Museum* (p. 290) is a ballad in the worst possible taste, styled *Elfrida and Sir James of Perth*, which seems to be a mere disfiguration of Bruce's.

O HEARD ye o' Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Buleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant squire,
Whase friends are out to tak him.

Now he has gane to the house o' Mar,
Whar nane might seik to find him;
To see his dear he did repair,
Weining she wold befreind him.

"Whar are ye gaing Sir James," she said,
"O whar awa are ye riding?"
"I maun be bound to a foreign land,
And now I'm under hiding.

"Whar sall I gae, whar sall I rin,
Whar sall I rin to lay me?
For I ha kill'd a gallant squire,
And his friends seik to slay me."

"O gae ye down to yon laigh house,
I sall pay there your lawing;
And as I am your leman trew,
I'll meet ye at the dawing."

He turned him richt and round about,
And rowd him in his brechan:
And laid him down to tak a sleip,
In the lawlands o' Buleighan.

He was nae weil gane out o' sicht,
Nor was he past Milstrethen,
Whan four and twenty belted knights
Cam riding ovr the Leathen.

"O ha ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Buleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant squire,
And we are sent to tak him."

"Yea, I ha seen Sir James," she said,
"He past by here on Monday;
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the Hichts of Lundie."

But as wi speid they rade awa,
She leudly cryd behind them;
"Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,
I'll tell ye whar to find him."

"O tell fair maid, and on our band,
Ye'se get his purse and brechan."
"He's in the bank aboon the mill,
In the lawlands o' Buleighan."

Than out and spak Sir John the Graham,
Who had the charge a keiping,
"It's neer be said, my stalwart feres,
We kill'd him whan a sleiping."

They seized his braid sword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded:
"O pardon! mercy! gentlemen,"
He then fou loudly sounded.

" Sic as ye gae, sic ye sall hae,
Nae grace we shaw to thee can."
" Donald my man, wait till I fa,
And ye sall hae my brechan ;
Ye'll get my purse thouch fou o' gowd
To tak me to Loch Lagan."

Syne they tuke out his bleiding heart,
And set it on a speir ;
Then tuke it to the house o' Mar,
And shawd it to his deir.

" We cold nae gie Sir James's purse,
We cold nae gie his brechan ;
But ye sall ha his bleeding heart,
Bot and his bleeding tartan."

" Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake
My heart is now a breaking,
Curs'd be the day I wrocht thy wae,
Thou brave heir of Buleighan !"

Then up she raise, and furth she gaes,
And, in that hour o' tein,
She wanderd to the dowie glen,
And nevir mair was sein.

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

FROM *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 69. A single improved reading is adopted from a Newcastle chap-book.

“ Given, in the first edition, from the recitation of a gentleman, who professed to have forgotten some verses. These have, in the present edition, been partly restored, from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle, which has also furnished some slight alterations.”

“ The ballad is remarkable, as containing, probably, the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin.” SCOTT.

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane,
Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twae sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twae brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be;"

* * * *

"I sent¹ him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
I bought² him books, and he wadna read;
But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning call'd,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun',
It was all for the gude wine and free.³

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three;

¹ Scott, Ye sent; ² Ye bought.

³ Newcastle C. B., and hay.

He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing suld be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his
scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me."¹

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be!

¹ Shall I venture my body in field to fight
With a man that's faith and troth to me?

If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee "

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand ;—
" O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand ? "

" What's that thou says, thou limmer loon ?
How dares thou stand to speak to me ?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand thou shalt fight with
me."—

Then Christie Græme's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be ;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

" If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win ;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

" But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be ;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man's die."—

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side ;
O gin he did not become them weel !

We'll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive ;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
And handle swords without any doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walk'd his father's close about.

He look'd atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came ?
I think it be my brother dear,
I think it be young Christie Græme.

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me !"—
"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he:
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,¹
As weel I see there is on thine."—

¹ Instead of this passage, the Newcastle copy has the following stanzas:—

He flang his cloak from off his shoulders,
His psalm-book from his pouch flang he,
He clapped his hand upon the hedge,
And o'er lap he right wantonly.

“ But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, billie, shall be on mine.”—

Then he's thrown aff his coat o' mail,
His cap of steel away flung he ;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he ;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours ;
When twae lang hours were come and gane,
The sweat drapp'd fast frae aff them baith,
But a drap of blude could not be seen.

When Graham did see his bully come,
The salt tears stood long in his ee ;
“ Now needs must I say thou art a man,
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.

“ Nay, I have a harness on my back ;
I know that thou hast none on thine ;
But as little as thou hast on thy back,
As little shall there be on mine.”

He flang his jacket from off his back,
His cap of steel from his head flang he ;
He's taken his spear into his hand,
He's ty'd his horse unto a tree.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ackward stroke,
Ane ackward stroke strucken sickerlie ;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

“ Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear,
Arise and speak three words to me !
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
Or if God and good leeching may succour thee ? ”

“ O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
And get thee far from hence with speed ;
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has done the deed. ”—

“ O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me ;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
That aye the next man I wad be. ”

He has pitch'd his sword in a moodie-hill,
And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

’Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he ;
“ Rise up, rise up, my son, ” he said,
“ For I think ye hae gotten the victorie. ”

" O hald your tongue, my father dear,
Of your pridelful talking let me be !
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my billie be.

" Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
And a grave to hald baith him and me ;
But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie."

" Alack ! a wae ! " auld Bewick cried,
" Alack ! was I not much to blame ?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was 'born unto my name."

" Alack ! a wae ! " quo' gude Lord Græme,
" I'm sure I hae lost the deeper lack !
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Græme been at my back.

" Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free !

" I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock ;
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my back."

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 94.

THIS fragment was obtained from recitation in Ettrick Forest, where it is said to refer to the execution of Cockburne, of Henderland, a freebooter, hanged by James V. over the gate of his own tower. There is another version in Johnson's *Museum*, (*Oh Ono Chrio*, p. 90,) which, Dr. Blacklock informed Burns, was composed on the massacre of Glencoe. But in fact, these verses seem to be, as Motherwell has remarked, only a portion (expanded, indeed,) of *The Famous Flower of Serving Men*: see vol. iv. p. 174.

There are some verbal differences between Scott's copy and the one in Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, i. 174.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW. 87

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away ;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane ;
I watch'd his body, night and day ;
No living creature came that way.

I tuk his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for ever mair.

YOUNG WATERS.

FIRST published on an octavo sheet, by Lady Jean Home, about the middle of the last century, and from this copy reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*, (ii. 227.) Buchan has a version (i. 15) twenty-five stanzas longer than the present, which is given in our Appendix. This ballad has been supposed to refer to the fate of the Earl of Murray, (see *post*, *The Bonny Earl of Murray*.) The additional circumstances furnished by Buchan's copy, however, have led Chambers to suggest that the unfortunate hero was Walter Stuart, second son of the Duke of Albany. In support of his conjecture, he adduces "the name, which may be a corruption of Walter; the mention of the Heading (beheading) Hill of Stirling, which is known to have been the very scene of Walter Stuart's execution; the relationship which Young Waters claims with the king; and the sympathy expressed by the people, in the last verse, for the fate of the young knight, which exactly tallies with what is told us by the Scottish historians, regarding the popular feeling expressed in favour of

the numerous nobles and princes of his own blood, whom the king saw it necessary to sacrifice." We do not consider these coincidences sufficient to establish the historical character of the piece.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse zoung Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

"I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than zoung Waters
Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spaek the jealous king
(And an angry man was he) :
"O if he had been twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me."

"Zou're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"Bot the king that wears the crown ;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland,
Bot to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wade nae bee ;
Bot for the words which she had said,
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet ;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the weit ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

"Aft hae I ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind bot and the rain ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again."

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His zoung son in his craddle ;
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see ;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Zoung Waters he did dee.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 44.

THIS, says Motherwell, "is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594 years." It is printed, somewhat differently, in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, v. 42. Finlay gives eight lines of this ballad in the Preface to his first volume, p. xxxiii.

HIE upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he ;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he !

Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,

And out cam his bonnie bride
 Rivin' her hair.
 Saddled and bridled
 And booted rade he ;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he !

" My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn ;
 My barn is to big,
 And my babie's unborn."
 Saddled and bridled
 And booted rade he ;
 Toom hame cam the saddle,
 But never cam he !

LAMKIN.

THE following is believed to be a correct account of the various printed forms of this extremely popular ballad. In the second edition of Herd's *Scottish Songs* (1776) appeared a fragment of eighteen stanzas, called *Lammikin*, embellished in a puerile style by some modern hand. Jamieson published the story in a complete and authentic shape in his *Popular Ballads*, in 1806. Finlay's collection (1808) furnishes us with two more copies, the first of which (ii. 47) is made up in part of Herd's fragment, and the second (ii. 57) taken from a MS. "written by an old lady." Another was given, from recitation, in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (1827,) with the more intelligible title of *Lambert Linkin*. An English fragment, called *Long Lonkin*, taken down from the recitation of an old woman, is said to have been inserted by Miss Landon, in the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, for 1837. This was republished in Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, 1846, vol. viii. 410, and the editor of that miscellany, who ought to have learned to be skeptical in such matters, urges the circumstantial character of local tradition as strong evidence that the real scene of the cruel history was in Northumberland.

Lastly, we have to note a version resembling Motherwell's, styled *Bo'd Rankin*, printed in *A New Book of Old Ballads*, (p. 73,) and in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, (p. 246,) and an imperfect ballad (*Long Lankyn*) in *Notes and Queries*, New Series, ii. 324.

We have printed Jamieson's, Motherwell's, the longer of Finlay's versions, and the English fragment, the last two in the Appendix. The following is from Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 176. "This piece was transmitted to the Editor by Mrs. Brown."

"O PAY me now, Lord Wearie ;
Come, pay me out o' hand."

"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
Unless I sell my land."

"O gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
Ye sall ha'e cause to rue."

Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
To sail the saut sea faem ;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
Ay till he should come hame.

But the nourice was a fause limmer
As e'er hung on a tree ;
She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
Whan her lord was o'er the sea.

She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
When the servants were awa';
Loot him in at a little shot window,
And brought him to the ha'.

"O whare's a' the men o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the barn well thrashing,
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

"And whare's the women o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the far well washing;
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

"And whare's the bairns o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the school reading;
'Twill be night or they come hame."

O whare's the lady o' this house,
That ca's me Lamkin?"
"She's up in her bower sewing,
But we soon can bring her down."

Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,
That hang down by his gaire,
And he has gi'en the bonny babe
A deep wound and a sair.

Then Lamkin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilkae bore o' the cradle
The red blood out sprang.

Then out it spak the lady,
As she stood on the stair,
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he's greeting sae sair?"

"O still my bairn, nourice ;
O still him wi' the pap !"

"He winna still, lady,
For this, nor for that."

"O still my bairn, nourice ;
"O still him wi' the wand !"

"He winna still, lady,
For a' his father's land."

"O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi' the bell !"

"He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursel."

O the firsten step she steppit,
She steppit on a stane ;
But the neisten step she steppit,
She met him, Lamkin.

"O mercy, mercy, Lamkin !
Ha'e mercy upon me !
Though you've ta'en my young son's life,
Ye may let mysel be."

"O sall I kill her, nourice ?
Or sall I lat her be ?"
"O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
For she ne'er was good to me."

"O scour the bason, nourice,
And mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
For she's come o' noble kin."

"There need nae bason, Lamkin ;
Lat it run through the floor ;
What better is the heart's blood
O' the rich than o' the poor ?"

But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie came again ;
But dowie dowie was his heart
When first he came hame.

"O wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in the châmer ?"
"It is your lady's heart's blood ;
'Tis as clear as the lamer."

"And wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in my ha'?"
"It is your young son's heart's blood;
'Tis the clearest ava."

O sweetly sang the black-bird
That sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat Lamkin,
When he was condemn'd to die.

And bonny sang the mavis
Out o' the thorny brake;
But sairer grat the nourice,
When she was tied to the stake.

LAMBERT LINKIN.

"THE present copy is given from recitation, and though it could have received additions, and perhaps improvements, from another copy, obtained from a similar source, and of equal authenticity, in his possession, the Editor did not like to use a liberty which is liable to much abuse. To some, the present set of the ballad may be valuable, as handing down both name and nickname of the revengeful builder of Prime Castle; for there can be little doubt that the epithet *Linkin* Mr. Lambert acquired from the secrecy and address with which he insinuated himself into that notable strength. Indeed, all the names of Lammerlinkin, Lammikin, Lamkin, Lankin, Linkin, Belinkin, can easily be traced out as abbreviations of Lambert Linkin. In the present set of the ballad, Lambert Linkin and Belinkin are used indifferently, as the measure of the verse may require; in the other recited copy, to which reference has been made, it is Lammerlinkin and Lamkin; and the nobleman for whom he "built a house" is stated to be "Lord Arran." No allusion, however, is made here to the name of the

owner of Prime Castle. Antiquaries, peradventure, may find it as difficult to settle the precise locality of this fortalice, as they have found it to fix the topography of Troy." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 291.

In Finlay's second copy, the murderer's name is Balcanqual, "which," observes the editor, "is an ancient Scottish surname, and is sometimes corrupted, for the more agreeable sound, into Beluncan." It is more likely that Belinkin has suggested Balcanqual, than that Balcanqual has been corrupted into Lamkin.

BELINKIN was as gude a mason
As e'er pickt a stane ;
He built up Prime Castle,
But payment gat nane.

The lord said to his lady,
When he was going abroad,
"O beware of Belinkin,
For he lyes in the wood."

The gates they were bolted,
Baith outside and in ;
At the sma' peep of a window
Belinkin crap in.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"Gude morrow to yoursell, sir,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O whare is your gude lord?"
Said Lambert Linkin.

"He's awa to New England,
To meet with his king."

"O where is his auld son?"
Said Lambert Linkin.

"He's awa to buy pearlings,
Gin our lady ly in."

"Then she'll never wear them,"
Said Lambert Linkin.

"And that is nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O where is your lady?"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"She's in her bouir sleepin',"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"How can we get at her?"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"Stab the babe to the heart
Wi' a silver bo'kin."

"That wud be a pity,"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"Nae pity, nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

Belinkin he rocked,
And the fause nurse she sang,
Till a' the tores ¹ o' the cradle
Wi' the red blude down ran.

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the knife."
"He'll no be still, lady,
Tho' I lay down my life."

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the kame."
"He'll no be still, lady,
Till his daddy come hame."

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the bell."
"He'll no be still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursell."

"It's how can I come doun,
This cauld frosty nicht,
Without e'er a coal
Or a clear candle licht?"

¹ *Tores.* The projections or knobs at the corners of old-fashioned cradles, and the ornamented balls commonly found surmounting the backs of old chairs. MOTHERWELL.

"There's twa smocks in your coffer,
As white as a swan ;
Put ane o' them about you,
It will shew you licht doun."

She took ane o' them about her,
And came tripping doun ;
But as soon as she viewed,
Belinkin was in.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin.

"Gude morrow to yoursell, sir,"
Said the lady to him.

"O save my life, Belinkin,
Till my husband come back,
And I'll gie ye as much red gold
As ye'll haud in your hat."

"I'll not save your life, lady,
Till your husband come back,
Tho' you wud gie me as much red gold
As I could haud in a sack.

"Will I kill her?" quo' Belinkin,
"Will I kill her, or let her be?"

"You may kill her," said the fause nurse,
"She was ne'er gude to me ;

And ye'll be laird o' the Castle,
And I'll be ladye."

Then he cut aff her head
Fra her lily breast bane,
And he hung 't up in the kitchen,
It made a' the ha' shine.

The lord sat in England
A-drinking the wine :
"I wish a' may be weel
Wi' my lady at hame ;
For the rings o' my fingers
They're now burst in twain !"

He saddled his horse,
And he came riding down ;
But as soon as he viewed,
Belinkin was in.

He hadna weel stepped
Twa steps up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty young son
Lying dead on the floor.

He hadna weel stepped
Other twa up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty lady
Lying dead in despair.

He hanged Belinkin
Out over the gate;
And he burnt the fause nurice,
Being under the grate.

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

JAMIESON and Kinloch have each published a highly dramatic fragment of this terrible story. Both of these are here given, and in the Appendix may be seen Buchan's more extensive, but far less poetical version. With this last, we have printed Mr. Chambers's account of the events on which these ballads are founded.

Jamieson's copy was taken down by Sir Walter Scott, from the recitation of his mother. *Popular Ballads*, i. 109.

Down by yon garden green
Sae merrily as she gaes ;
She has twa weel-made feet,
And she trips upon her taes.

She has twa weel-made feet ;
Far better is her hand ;
She's as jimp in the middle
As ony willow-wand.

"Gif ye will do my bidding,
At my bidding for to be,
It's I will make you lady
Of a' the lands you see."

* * * * *

He spak a word in jest ;
Her answer wasna good ;
He threw a plate at her face,
Made it a' gush out o' blood.

She wasna frae her chamber
A step but barely three,
When up and at her richt hand
There stood Man's Enemy.

"Gif ye will do my bidding,
At my bidding for to be ;
I'll learn you a wile
Avenged for to be."

The Foul Thief knotted the tether ;
She lifted his head on hie ;
The nourice drew the knot
That gar'd lord Waristoun die.

Then word is gane to Leith,
Also to Edinburgh town,
That the lady had kill'd the laird,
The laird o' Waristoun.

* * * * *

“Tak aff, tak aff my hood,
But lat my petticoat be ;
Put my mantle o'er my head ;
For the fire I downa see.

“Now, a' ye gentle maids,
Tak warning now by me,
And never marry ane
But wha pleases your e'e.

“For he married me for love,
But I married him for fee ;
And sae brak out the feud
That gar'd my dearie die.”

LAIRD OF WARIESTOUN.

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 58.

It was at dinner as they sat,
And when they drank the wine,
How happy were the laird and lady
Of bonnie Wariestoun.

The lady spak but ae word,
The matter to conclude ;
The laird strak her on the mouth,
Till she spat out o' blude.

She did not know the way
Her mind to satisfy,
Till evil cam into her head
All by the Enemy.

• • • • •

"At evening when ye sit
And when ye drink the wine,
See that ye fill the glass well up
To the laird o' Wariestoun."

* * * * *

So at table as they sat,
And when they drank the wine,
She made the glass aft gae round
To the laird o' Wariestoun.

The nurice she knet the knot,
And O she knet it sicker ;
The ladie did gie it a twig,
Till it began to wicker.

But word has gane doun to Leith,
And up to Embro toun,
That the lady she has slain the laird,
The laird o' Wariestoun.

Word's gane to her father, the great Dunie-
pace,
And an angry man was he ;
Cries, " Fy ! gar mak a barrel o' pikes,
And row her doun some brae."

She said, " Wae be to ye, Wariestoun,
I wish ye may sink for ain ;
For I hae been your gudwife

These nine years, running ten ;
And I never loved ye sae weill
As now when you're lying slain."

* * * * *

"But tak aff this gowd brocade,
And let my petticoat be,
And tie a handkerchief round my face,
That the people may not see."

THE QUEEN'S MARIE.

OF this affecting ballad different editions have appeared in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 18, Kinloch's *Scottish Ballads*, and Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. There is also a fragment in Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, which has been reprinted in Buchan's *Gleanings*, p. 164, and a very inferior version, with a different catastrophe, in Buchan's larger collection, (ii. 190,) called *Warenston and the Duke of York's Daughter*. Kinloch's copy may be found with Maidment's fragment, in the Appendix to this volume: Motherwell's immediately after the present.

Sir Walter Scott conceives the ballad to have had its foundation in an event which took place early in the reign of Mary Stuart, described by Knox as follows: "In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public knowledge a haynous murder, committed in the court; yea, not far from the Queen's lap; for a French woman, that served in the Queen's chamber, had played the whore with the Queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murdered; yet were the cries of a new-

borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountaine of such enormities: for it was well known that shame hastened marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer, and Mary Levingston, surnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries, and the rest of the dancers of the court had, *the ballads of that age* doe witnesse, which we for modestie's sake omit. KNOX's *History of the Reformation*, p. 373.

"Such," Sir Walter goes on to say, "seems to be the subject of the following ballad, as narrated by the stern apostle of Presbytery. It will readily strike the reader, that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising, when we recollect, that one of the heaviest of the Queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband, was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants."

Satisfactorily as the circumstances of Knox's story may agree with those of the ballads, a coincidence no less striking, and extending even to the name, is presented by an incident which occurred at the court of Peter the Great. "During the reign of the Czar Peter," observes Mr. C. K. Sharpe, "one of his Empress's attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child,—not her first crime in that way, as was suspected; and the Emperor, whose admiration of her beauty did not preserve her life,

stood upon the scaffold till her head was struck off, which he lifted by the ears and kissed on the lips. I cannot help thinking that the two stories have been confused in the ballad ; for, if Marie Hamilton was executed in Scotland, it is not likely that her relations resided beyond seas ; and we have no proof that Hamilton was really the name of the woman who made the slip with the Queen's apothecary."

Scott's edition of *Mary Hamilton*, (the first ever published,) was made up by him, from various copies. See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 294

MARIE HAMILTON'S to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair ;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast ;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton.
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gloves upon her hands ;
The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the King's court,
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,
To pu' the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart ;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea,—
“Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,
Ye's get nae mair o' me.”—

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe's mist and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our gude Queen,
Just at her bed-feet ;
Saying—“Marie Hamilton, where's your babe ?
For I am sure I heard it greet.”—

“O no, O no, my noble Queen !
Think no such thing to be ;

"Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me."—

"Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton :
Get up and follow me ;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see."—

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly put she on ;
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The Queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green ;
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the Queen.

"Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me !
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your cumpanie."—

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

"Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me ?
O I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see."—

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,
 The corks frae her heels did flee;
 And lang or e'er she cam down again,
 She was condemn'd to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,¹
 She laughed loud laughters three;
 But when she cam to the gallows foot,
 The tears blinded her ee.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,²
 The night she'll hae but three;
 There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

¹ The Netherbow port was the gate which divided the city of Edinburgh from the suburb, called the Canongate. S.

² The Queen's Maries were four young ladies of the highest families in Scotland, who were sent to France in her train, and returned with her to Scotland. Keith gives us their names, p. 55. "The young Queen, Mary, embarked at Dunbarton for France, and with her went and four young virgins, all of the name of Mary, viz. Livingston, Fleming, Seatoun, and Beatoun." Neither Mary Livingston, nor Mary Fleming, are mentioned in the ballad; nor are the Mary Hamilton, and Mary Carmichael, of the ballad, mentioned by Keith. But if this corps continued to consist of young virgins, as when originally raised, it could hardly have subsisted without occasional recruits; especially if we trust our old bard, and John Knox.

The Queen's Maries are mentioned in many ballads, and the name seems to have passed into a general denomination for female attendants.—SCOTT.

"O often have I dress'd my Queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

"Often have I dress'd my Queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit,
But that I'm coming hame.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I'm to die.

"For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me!

"O little did my mother ken,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to die!"

MARY HAMILTON.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 311.

"IN this set of the ballad, from its direct allusion to the use of the Savin-tree, a clue is, perhaps, afforded for tracing how the poor mediciner mentioned by Knox should be implicated in the crime of Mary Hamilton. It may also be noted as a feature in this version of the ballad, which does not occur in any heretofore printed, the unfortunate heroine's proud and indignant spurning at life after her character had been tainted by the infamy of a sentence of condemnation. In another copy of the ballad, also obtained from recitation, this sentiment is, perhaps, still more forcibly expressed; at any rate, it is more appropriate as being addressed to the King. The whole concluding verses of this copy, differing as they somewhat do from the version adopted for a text, it has been thought worth while to preserve.

" But bring to me a cup," she says,
" A cup bot and a can,
And I will drink to all my friends,
And they'll drink to me again.
Here's to you, all travellers,
Who travel by land or sea;
Let na wit to my father nor mother
The death that I must die.
Here's to you, all travellers,

That travel on dry land;
Let na wit to my father or mother
But I am coming hame.
O little did my mother think,
First time she cradled me,
What land I was to travel on,
Or what death I would die.
O little did my mother think,
First time she tied my head,
What land I was to tread upon,
Or where I would win my bread.
Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries;
This night she'll hae but three;
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.
Yestreen I wush Queen Mary's feet,
And bore her till her bed;
This day she's given me my reward,
The gallows tree to tread.
Cast aff, cast aff my gown," she said,
"But let my petticoat be;
And tye a napkin on my face,
For that gallows I downa see."
By and cam the King himsell,
Look'd up wi' a pitiful ee:
"Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton;
This day thou wilt dine with me."
"Hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,
And let your folly be;
An ye had had a mind to save my life,
Ye should na hae shamed me here!"

"The copy of the ballad from which the above extract is given, begins with this verse:

"There were three ladies, they lived in a bower,
And O but they were fair;
The youngest o' them is to the King's court,
To learn some unco lair."

"There is another version in which the heroine is named Mary Myles, or Myle; but Myle is probably a corruption of the epithet 'mild,' which occurs in the fragment given in the *North Countrie Garland*."
MOTHERWELL.

THERE lived a knight into the North,
And he had daughters three :
The ane of them was a barber's wife,
The other a gay ladie ;

And the youngest o' them to Scotland is gane
The Queen's Mary to be ;
And for a' that they could say or do,
Forbidden she wouldna be.

The prince's bed it was sae saft,
The spices they were sae fine,
That out of it she could not lye
While she was scarce fifteen.

She's gane to the garden gay
To pu' of the savin tree ;
But for a' that she could say or do,
The babie it would not die.

She's rowed it in her handkerchief,
She threw it in the sea :
Says,—“Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe,
For ye'll get nae mair of me.”

Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,
Wi' the gold strings in her hair :
" O whare's the little babie," she says,
" That I heard greet sae sair ?"

" O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
Let all those words go free ;
It was mysell wi' a fit o' the sair colic,
I was sick just like to die."

" O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
Let all those words go free ;
O where is the little babie
That I heard weep by thee ?"

" I rowed it in my handkerchief,
And threw it in the sea ;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
It would get nae mair o' me."

" O wae be to thee, Mary Hamilton,
And an ill deid may you die ;
For if you had saved the babie's life,
It might hae been an honour to thee."

" Busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,
O busk ye to be a bride ;
For I am going to Edinburgh town
Your gay wedding to bide."

" You must not put on your robes of black,
Nor yet your robes of brown ;
But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,
To shine thro' Edinburgh town."

" I will not put on my robes of black,
Nor yet my robes of brown ;
But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,
To shine thro' Edinburgh town."

As she went up the Parliament Close,
A riding on her horse,
There she saw many a burgess' lady
Sit greeting at the cross.

" O what means a' this greeting ?
I'm sure it's nae for me ;
For I'm come this day to Edinburgh town,
Weel wedded for to be."

When she gade up the Parliament stair,
She gied loud laughters three ;
But ere that she had come down again,
She was condemned to die.

" O little did my mother think,
The day she prinned my gown,
That I was to come sae far frae hame
To be hanged in Edinburgh town.

"O what'll my poor father think,
As he comes through the town,
To see the face of his Molly fair
Hanging on the gallows pin ?

"Here's a health to the mariners
That plough the raging main ;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
But I'm coming hame again.

"Here's a health to the sailors
That sail upon the sea ;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
That I came here to die.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
This night she'll hae but three ;
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
Let all those words go free ;
This night ere ye be hanged
Ye shall gang hame wi' me."

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
Let all those words go free ;
Since I have come to Edinburgh town,
It's hanged I shall be ;
For it shall ne'er be said that in your court
I was condemned to die."

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

FROM Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, p. 160, where it was printed as collated "from the singing of two aged persons, one of them a native of Perthshire." There are two versions slightly differing from the present;—one in Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, iii. 60, obtained from Sir Walter Scott, and another in Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 62.

Allan Ramsay wrote a song with the same title, beginning with the first stanza of the ballad, (*Tea Table Miscellany*, i. 70.)

The story of the unfortunate heroines is thus given by Chambers: "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two country gentlemen in the neighborhood of Perth; and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Bessie Bell, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, happening to be on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lynedoch, when the plague of 1666 broke out, to avoid the infection, the two young ladies built themselves a bower in a very retired and romantic spot, called the Burn-braes, about three quarters of a mile westward from Lynedoch House; where they resided for some time, supplied with food, it is

said, by a young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with them both. The disease was unfortunately communicated to them by their lover, and proved fatal ; when, according to custom in cases of the plague, they were not buried in the ordinary parochial place of sepulture, but in a sequestered spot, called the Dronach Haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, upon the banks of the River Almond."

O BESSY BELL an' Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lassies ;
 They biggit a house on yon burn-brae,
 An' theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

They theekit it o'er wi' birk and brume,
 They theekit it o'er wi' heather,
 Till the pest cam frae the neib'rin town
 An' streekit them baith thegither.

They were na' buried in Meffen kirk-yard,
 Amang the rest o' their kin ;
 But they were buried by Dornoch haugh,
 On the bent before the sun.

Sing, Bessy Bell an' Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lasses,
 Wha' biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
 An' theekit it o'er wi' thrashes.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The Children in the Wood is perhaps the most popular of all English ballads. Its merit is attested by the favor it has enjoyed with so many generations, and was vindicated to a cold and artificial age by the kindly pen of Addison. The editor of the *Reliques* thought that the subject was taken from an old play, published in 1601, "of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle," but Ritson discovered that the ballad was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1595. The plot of the play was undoubtedly derived from the Italian, and the author of the ballad may have taken a hint from the same source.

Percy's edition, (*Reliques*, iii. 218,) which we have adopted, was printed from two old copies, one of them in black-letter, in the Pepys collection. The full title is, *The Children in the Wood, or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament. To the Tune of Rogero, &c.* Copies slightly varying from Percy's may be seen in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, (1723,) i. 221; Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 150; *The Book of British Ballads*, p. 13; and Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, p. 263.

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes which I shall write ;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save ;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,
 And both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kinde ;
 In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
 And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three yeares olde ;
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And fram'd in beautyes molde.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainlye doth appeare,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred poundes in gold,

To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd :
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth ;
For so the wille did run.

" Now, brother," said the dying man,
" Look to my children deare ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

" You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother deare,
" O brother kinde," quoth shee,
" You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie :

" And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."

With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small :
 " God bless you both, my children deare ;"
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sicke couple there :
 " The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not feare.
 * God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And bringes them straite unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a daye,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young,
 And slaye them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale.
 He would the children send

To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye :

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent :
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life :
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for feare !

He took the children by the hand,
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bad them straitwaye follow him,
 And look they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine:
 "Staye here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
 When I come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the towne:
 Their prettye lippes with blackberries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till deathe did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they died,
 As wanting due relief:
 No burial this pretty pair¹
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God,
 Upon their uncle fell;

¹ these . . . babes, PP.

Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell ;
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage of Portugal ¹
Two of his sonnes did dye ;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye :
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out :

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will :
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd :
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke

¹ "A. D. 1588. Dr. Percy, not knowing that the text alludes to a particular event, has altered it to a voyage to Portugal." RITSON.

Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek ;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

HUGH OF LINCOLN.

IN the year 1255, we are told by Matthew Paris, in his account of the reign of Henry III., the Jews of Lincoln stole a boy, named Hugh, of the age of eight years, whom, after torturing for ten days, they crucified before a large council of their people, in contempt of the death of the founder of Christianity. The boy was sought by his mother in the house of a Jew, which he had been seen to enter, and his body was found in a pit. The occupant of the house being seized, acknowledged the crime, and avowed, besides, that the like was committed nearly every year by his nation. Notwithstanding the promise of impunity by which this confession had been obtained, the wretch who made it was tied to the tail of a horse and dragged to the gallows, and after a judicial investigation, eighteen of the richest and most distinguished Jews in Lincoln were hanged for participation in the murder, while many more were detained as prisoners in the Tower of London. On the other hand, the body of the child was buried with the honors of a martyr in Lincoln Cathedral, where a construction, assumed without reason to be his tomb, is still shown. The remains of a young person, found near this spot in 1791, were at once taken for granted to be those of

the sainted infant, and drawings were made of the relics, which may be seen among the works of the artist Grimm in the British Museum.

Several stories of the same tenor are reported by the English chroniclers. It may be doubted whether there is a grain of truth in any of them, although it would be no wonder if the atrocious injuries inflicted on the Jews should, in an instance or two, have provoked a bloody retaliation, even from that tribe whose badge has always been sufferance. The annual sacrifice of a Christian child, in mockery of the crucifixion of Jesus, is on a par for credibility with the miracles which are said to have followed the death of those innocents.

The exquisite tale which Chaucer has put into the mouth of the Prioress exhibits nearly the same incidents as the following ballad. The legend of Hugh of Lincoln was widely famous. Michel has published an Anglo-Norman ballad, (*Hugo de Lincolnia*), on the subject, which appears to be almost contemporary with the event recorded by Matthew Paris, and is certainly of the times of Henry III. The versions of the English ballad are quite numerous. We give here those of Percy, Herd, and Jamieson, and two others in the Appendix. Besides these, fragments have been printed in Sir Egerton Brydges's *Reliquiæ*, i. 381, Halliwell's *Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln*, (1849,) and in *Notes and Queries*, vol. viii. 614, ix. 320, xii. 496. The most complete of all the versions is to be found in the new edition of the *Musical Museum*, vol. iv. p. 500; but that copy is evidently made up from others previously published. See, for a collection of most of the poetry, and of much

curious information on the imputed cruelties of the Jews, Michel's *Hugues de Lincoln*, and Hume's *Sir Hugh of Lincoln*. The whole subject is critically examined in the *London Athenæum* for Dec. 15, 1849.

"The text of the following edition has been given *verbatim*, as the editor took it down from Mrs. Brown's recitation; and in it two circumstances are preserved, which are neither to be found in any of the former editions, nor in any of the chronicles in which the transaction is recorded; but which are perfectly in the character of those times, and tend to enhance the miracles to which the discovery is attributed. The first of these is, that, in order that the whole of this infamous sacrifice might be of a piece, and every possible outrage shown to Christianity, the Jews threw the child's body into a well dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and tradition says, that it was 'through the might of Our Ladie,' that the dead body was permitted to speak, and to reveal the horrid story to the disconsolate mother. The other is, the voluntary ringing of the bells, &c., at his funeral. The sound of consecrated bells was supposed to have a powerful effect in driving away evil spirits, appeasing storms, &c., and they were believed to be inspired with sentiments and perceptions which were often manifested in a very miraculous manner." JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, i. 139-156.

FOUR and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba';
And by it came him, sweet Sir Hugh,
And he play'd o'er them a'.

He kick'd the ba' with his right foot,
And catch'd it wi' his knee;
And through-and-thro' the Jew's window,
He gar'd the bonny ba' flee.

He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walk'd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter
At the window looking out.

"Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba' to me!"
"Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,
"Till up to me come ye."

"How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father,
The same ye'll do to me."

She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple, red and green;
'Twas a' to wyle him, sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she thro' nine;
She's laid him on a dressing table,
And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin ;
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood ;
There was nae mair within.

She's row'd him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep ;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Maisry gat nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand ;
And she's gane out to seek her son,
And wander'd o'er the land.

She's doen her to the Jew's castell,
Where a' were fast asleep ;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

She's doen her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit ;
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

She near'd Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep ;
" Whare'er ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."

" Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear ;
Prepare my winding sheet ;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The morn I will you meet."

Now Lady Maisry is gane hame ;
Made him a winding sheet ;
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
Without men's hands were rung ;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
Were read without man's tongue ;
And ne'er was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun.

SIR HUGH

From Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 157.

A' the boys of merry Linkim
War playing at the ba',
An up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower among them a'.

He keppit the ba' than wi' his foot,
And catcht it wi' his knee,
And even in at the Jew's window,
He gart the bonny ba' flee.

"Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba' to me."
"Ah never a bit of it," she says,
"Till ye come up to me.

"Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh
Come up and get the ba';"
"I winna come, I mayna come,
Without my bonny boys a'."

"Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up and speak to me ;"
"I mayna come, I winna come,
Without my bonny boys three."

She's taen her to the Jew's garden,
Whar the grass grew lang and green,
She's pu'd an apple red and white,
To wyle the bonny boy in.

She's wyled him in through ae chamber,
She's wyled him in through twa,
She's wyled him in till her ain chamber,
The flower out ovr them a'.

She's laid him on a dressin board,
Whar she did often dine ;
She stack a penknife to his heart,
And dress'd him like a swine.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep,
She threw him i' the Jew's draw-well,
It was fifty fathom deep.

Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' man bound to bed,
Every lady got home her son,
But sweet Sir Hugh was dead.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

FROM Percy's *Reliques*, i. 40; printed from a manuscript copy sent from Scotland.

Mirryland toune is a corruption of Merry Linco and not, as Percy conjectured, of Mailand (Mila town. In Motherwell's copy we have Maitland tow

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune
Sae dois it doun the Pa :
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
Said, "Will ye cum in and dine?"
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white,
To intice the zong thing in :
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair ;
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life ;
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin ;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid :
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, "Gae nou and pley
With zour sweet play-feres nine."

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleip ;
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame,
Then ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot Lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And sair sair gan she weip,
And she ran into the Jewis castèl,
Quhan they wer all asleip.

"My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik :"

"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ze zour sonne wad seik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne :

"My bonny Sir Hew, and ze be here,
I pray thee speik to me."

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mithers,
The well is wondrous deip ;
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik."

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mithers deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
Its thair we twa sall meet."

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

From Percy's *Reliques*, .i. 81.

THE event upon which this ballad is founded, if it has been rightly ascertained, belongs to a remote period in Scottish history. Margaret, the daughter of Alexander III., was, in the year 1281, betrothed to Eric, prince of Norway. The bride was conducted to her husband by a splendid convoy of knights and nobles, and in the month of August was crowned queen. In returning from the celebration of the nuptials, many of the Scottish escort were lost at sea, and among those who perished was Sir Patrick Spence, we are to suppose.

It is in conformity with this view of the origin of the ballad, (the suggestion of Motherwell,) that in Buchan's version the object of the voyage is said to be to take the king's daughter, now "a chosen queen," to Norway. In Scott's edition, on the other hand, Sir Patrick is deputed to *bring home* the king of Norway's daughter. To explain this circumstance in the story, Sir Walter is forced to suppose that an unsuccessful and unrecorded embassy was sent, when the death of Alexander III. had left the Scottish throne vacant, to bring the only daughter of Eric and Margaret, styled by historians the Maid of Norway, to the kingdom of which, after her grandfather's demise, she became the

heir. That such an embassy, attended with so disastrous consequences to the distinguished persons who would compose it, should be entirely unnoticed by the chroniclers is, to say the least, exceedingly improbable.

The question concerning the historical basis of the ballad would naturally lose much of its interest, were any importance attached to the arguments by which its genuineness has been lately assailed. These are so trivial as hardly to admit of a statement. The claims of the composition to a high antiquity are first disputed, (*Musical Museum*, new ed., iv. 457*,) on the ground that such a piece was never heard of till it was sent to Percy by some of his correspondents in Scotland, with other ballads of (assumed) questionable authority. But even the ballad of *Sir Hugh* is liable to any impeachment that can be extracted from these circumstances, since it was first made known by Percy, and was transmitted to him from Scotland, (for aught we know, in suspicious company,) while its story dates also from the 13th century. Then, "an ingenious friend" having remarked to Percy that some of the phrases of *Hardyknute* seemed to have been borrowed from *Sir Patrick Spence* and other old Scottish songs, this observation, combined with the fact that the localities of Dunfermline and Aberdour are in the neighborhood of Sir Henry Wardlaw's estate, leads to a conjecture that Lady Wardlaw may have been the author of *Sir Patrick Spence*, as she is known to have been of *Hardyknute*. It could never be deemed fair to argue from those resemblances which give plausibility to a counterfeit to the spuriousness of the original, but in fact there is no resemblance in the two pieces. *Hardyknute* is recognized at once by an ordinary critic

to be a modern production, and is, notwithstanding the praise it has received, a tame and tiresome one besides. *Sir Patrick Spence*, on the other hand, if not ancient, has been always accepted as such by the most skilful judges, and is a solitary instance of a successful imitation, in manner and spirit, of the best specimens of authentic minstrelsy.¹

It is not denied that this ballad has suffered, like others, by corruption and interpolations, and it is not, therefore, maintained that hats and cork-heeld shoon are of the 13th century.

We have assigned to Percy's copy the first place, because its brevity and directness give it a peculiar vigor. Scott's edition follows, made up from two MS. copies, (one of which has been printed in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 157,) collated with several verses recited by a friend. Buchan's version, obtained from recitation, is in the Appendix. The variations in recited copies are numerous: some specimens are given by Motherwell, p. xlv.

THE king sits in Dumferling² toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine:
 "O quhar will I get guid sailor,
 To sail this schip of mine?"

1. This controversy has been recently re-opened by R. Chambers, *The Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship*, Edin. 1859; and in reply, *The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy*, by Norval Clyne, Aberdeen, 1859.

2. The palace of Dunfermline was the favorite residence of King Alexander III.

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the kings richt kne :
" Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he :
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

" O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me ;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the se ?

" Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
" O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

" Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will com to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may their ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.¹

¹ "It is true that the name of Sir Patrick Spens is not mentioned in history; but I am able to state that tradition has preserved it. In the little island of Papa Stronsay, one of the Orcadian group, lying over against Norway, there is a large grave or tumulus, which has been known to the inhabitants, from time immemorial, as 'The grave of Sir Patrick Spens.' The Scottish ballads were not early current in Orkney, a Scandinavian country; so it is very unlikely that the poem could have originated the name. The people know nothing beyond the traditional appellation of the spot, and they have no legend to tell." Aytoun, *Ballads of Scotland*, i. 2.— This passage is cited simply as a piece of *external* evidence to the antiquity of the legend of Sir Patrick Spens, — supposing the matter of fact to be well established, and the alleged tradition to be of long standing.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, l. 299.

In singing, the interjection O is added to the second and fourth lines.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine :
" O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine ? "

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee :
" Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea. "

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
"Tis thou maun bring her hame ! "

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

" O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea ?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may ;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say :

" Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
" Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

“ For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,—
And I brought a half-fou o’ gude red goud
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“ Now, ever alake ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

“ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew
loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves came o’er the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“ O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,

Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land ? ”

“ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

“ Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And letna the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wapped them roun’ that gude ship’s
side,
But still the sea came in.

“ O laith laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon !
But lang or a’ the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flatter'd on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair ;
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

BOOK IV.



KING ESTMERE.

From *Reliques of English Poetry*, i. 65.

"THIS romantic legend," says Percy, "is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS., but which contained very great variations." This second copy has been conjectured to be of Percy's own making, the ballad never having been heard of by any one else, out of his manuscript. Judging from the internal evidence, the alterations made in the printed text were not very serious.

King Easter and King Wester have appeared in the ballad of *Fause Foodrage*, (vol. iii. p. 40.) In another version of the same, they are called the Eastmure king and the Westmure king, (Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. lix.) There is also a tale cited in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, (i. 98,) of a king of Estmureland that married the daughter of the king of Westmureland. This is plausibly supposed by Ritson to have been a romance of Horn, in which case the two countries should mean England and Ireland. King Esmer is one of King Diderik's champions (in the Danish ballad, *Kong Diderik og hans Kæmper*), and the father of Svend Vonved (in *Svend Vonved*). In the Flemish and German romances of *The Knight of the Swan*, Essmer, or Esmerés, is one of the seven sons of Oriant, and in *Le Dit de Flourence de Romme* (Jubinal, *Nouveau Recueil de Contes*, etc., i. 88), Esmère is a Roman prince. (Grundtvig, i. 78, 236.) For the nonce, we are told

that King Estmere was an English prince, and we may, perhaps, infer from the eighth stanza that King Adland's dominions were on the same island. But no subject of inquiry can be more idle than the geography of the romances.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare ;
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
The tother was kyng Estmere ;
They were as bolde men in their deedes
As any were, farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle,
“ When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to gladd us all ? ”

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hartilye :
“ I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
That is able to marry with mee.”

“ Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene ;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be queene.”

Sayes, "Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betweene us two to sende."

Sayes, "You shall ryde yourselfe, brother,
He beare you companee;
Many throughê fals messengers¹ are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee."

Thus they renisht them to ryde
On twoe good renisht steedes,
And when they came to kyng Adlands halle,
Of red golde shone their weedes.

And when they came to kyng Adlands halle,
Before the goodlye yate,
Ther they found good kyng Adland,
Rearing himselfe theratt.

"Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Adland,
Nowe Christ thee save and see:"
Sayd, "You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee."

"You have a daughter," sayd Adler yonge,
"Men call her bright and sheene;

¹ MS. Many a man . . . is.

My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene."

" Yesterdaye was att my dere daughter
The king his sonne of Spayn ;
And then she nicked him of naye ;
I feare sheele do youe the same."

" The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound,
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marrye a heathen hound."

" But grant to me," sayes kyng Estmere,
" For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter dere
Before I goe hence awaye."

" Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
She shall come downe once for your sake,
To glad my guestès alle."

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall,
And eke as manye gentle squieres,
To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee ;
And everye rynge on her small finger
Shone of the chrystall free.

Sayes, " Christ you save, my deare madame,"
Sayes, " Christ you save and see :"
Sayes, " You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

" And iff you love me, as you saye,
So well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt may bee."

Then bespake her father deare,
" My daughter, I saye naye ;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

" He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe :
And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe."

" Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute ;
And therefore of that foule paynim
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

"Plyght me your troth nowe, kyng Est-
mere,

By heaven and your righte hande,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land."

Then kyng Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed they might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempes many a one :

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a grimme barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-
ter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Then shee sent after kyng Estmere,
In all the spede might bee,

That he must either returne and fighte,
Or goe home and lose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne ;
Till he had oretaken king Estmere,
Iwis he never blanne.

" Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmere ! "
" What tydinges nowe, my boye ? "
" O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

" You had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempes many a one :

" But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a grimme barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daugh-
ter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

" That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee :
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and lose your ladye."

Sayes, " Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
My reade shall ryse¹ at thee,
Whiche way we best may turne and fighte,
To save this fayre ladye."

" Now hearken to me," sayes Adler yonge,
" And your reade must rise at me ;
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

" My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramarye,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt me.

" There groweth an hearbe within this fielde,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne.

" His color which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte ;
That sword is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

" And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countree ;

¹ MS. ryde, but see the next stanzas.

And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

“ And you shall be the best harper
That ever tooke harpe in hand ;
And I will be the best singer
That ever sung in this land.

“ Itt shal be written in our forheads,
All and in grammarye,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentye.”

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On towe good renish steedes ;
And whan they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan they came to kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud porter,
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, “ Christ thee save, thou proud porter,”
Sayes, “ Christ thee save and see : ”
“ Nowe you be welcome,” sayd the porter,
“ Of what land soever ye bee.”

“ We been harpers,” sayd Adler yonge,
“ Come out of the northe countree ;

We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see."

Sayd, "And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne."

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme :
"And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thow wilt saye us no harme."

Sore he looked on kyng Estmere,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he light off his steede,
Up att the fayre hall board ;
The frothe that came from his brydle bitte
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, "Stable thy steede, thou proud harper,
Go stable him in the stalle ;
Itt doth not beseeme a proud harper
To stable him in a kyngs halle."

"My ladd he is so lither," he sayd,
"He will do nought that's meete ;

And aye that I cold but find the man,
Were able him to beate."

"Thou speakst proud words," sayd the paynim
king,

"Thou harper, here to mee ;

There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy lad and thee."

"O lett that man come downe," he sayd,

"A sight of him wold I see ;

And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee."

Downe then came the kemperye man,

And looked him in the eare ;

For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

"And how nowe, kempe," sayd the kyng of
Spayne,

"And how what aileth thee ?"

He sayes, "Itt is written in his forehead,

All and in gramarye,

That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye."

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe,

And played thereon so sweete :

Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee sate at the meate.

"Now stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harpe, I say ;
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till my bride awaye."

He stricke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free ;
The ladye was so pleasde theratt,
She laught loud laughters three.

"Nowe sell me thy harpe," sayd the kyng of
Spayne,
"Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As there be stryngs thereon."

"And what wold ye doe with my harpe," he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee ? "
"To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,
When abed together we bee."

"Now sell me," quoth hee, "thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall."

“ And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her yee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee than thee.”

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love ;
Noc harper, but a kyng.

“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see ;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
Who partes thy love and thee.”

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye :
“ Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.”

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand ;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge,
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Through helpe of gramarye,
That soone they have slayne the kemperry men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merrye England,
With her to leade his life.

p. 168. Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme.

The rings so often used in ballads to conciliate the porter would seem to be not personal ornaments, but coins. For an account of Ring Money, see the paper of Sir William Betham, in the seventeenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*.

SIR CAULINE.

From *Reliques of English Poetry*, i. 44.

"THIS old romantic tale," says Percy, "was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition, (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel,) that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story."

Many of the interpolations acknowledged in such general terms might with some confidence be pointed out. Among them are certainly most, if not all, of the last twelve stanzas of the Second Part, which include the catastrophe to the story. It is difficult to believe that this charming romance had so tragic and so sentimental a conclusion.

The first part of this ballad is preserved in Scotland, under the title of *King Malcolm and Sir Colvin*, and is printed in our Appendix from Buchan's collection. In this, Sir Colvin weds the princess after his victory over the Elrick knight.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere ;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye,
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell
Great dill to him was dight ;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye :
“ And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.”

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne :
He sayes, "Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?"

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte,
And fast his handes gan wringe :
"Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,
Without a good leechinge."

"Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leech fulle fine ;
Goe take him doughe and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red :
Lothe I were him to tine."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye :
"O well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"O sicke, thou fayr ladye."

"Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee ;
For it is told in my fathers halle
You dye for love of mee."

"Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye :
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,

Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye."

"Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire ;
Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere."

"O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
And I am not thy peere ;
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
To be your bacheleere."

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

"Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge ;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untile the fayre morninge ?

"For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne ;
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

"That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone ;

And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone."

"Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie ;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you see."

The lady has gone to her own chaumbere,
Her maydens following bright ;
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe ;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne ;
Quoth hee, "If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad
A furyous wight and fell ;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell :

And soe fast he called on Syr Cauline,
"O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye."

92, MS. For if.

He sayth, "No cryance comes till my heart,¹
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knight, he pricked his steed ;
Syr Cauline bold abode :
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande ;
But Syr Cauline with an aukeward stroke
He smote off his right-hand ;
That soone he, with paine and lacke of bloud,
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye :
"And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

¹ No inserted.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste ringing of her hande:

“For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadlye brande:

“For the maydens love that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.”

“Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

“And that thou never on Eldridge [hill] come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.”

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes,
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone;
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold,
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint ;
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree ;
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that lady gay :
" O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills ;
These tokens I bring away."

" Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free."

" O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye ;
And mought I hope to winne thy love !"—
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe :

“ Alas ! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe ?

“ But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,

He promise, if thee I may not wedde,
I will have none other fere.”

Then shee held forthe her liley-white hand
Towards that knight so free ;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

“ But keep my counsayl, Syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe ;
For, and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.”

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre
Lovde Syr Cauline the knight ;
From that daye forthe, he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they, in love and sweet daliaunce,
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

THE SECOND PART.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the Ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe
And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee :
“ I praye you save Syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.”

“ Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome :
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.”

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye ;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye :
“ Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.”

Fair Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre ;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
To tint her lover soe :
“ Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.”

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,

Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre cuntrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette,
In purple and in palle ;
But faire Christabelle, soe woe-begone,
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of might,
Before his ladye gaye ;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde ;
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.¹

¹ Syr Cauline here acts up to the genuine spirit of perfect chivalry. In old romances no incident is of more frequent occurrence than this, of knights already distinguished

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo, upon the fourth morninge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see :

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere,
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee ;
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
"Behold that hend Soldain !
Behold these heads I beare with me !
They are kings which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent ;

For feats of arms laying aside their wonted cognizances, and, under the semblance of stranger knights, manfully performing right worshipful and valiant deeds. How often is the renowned Arthur, in such exhibitions, obliged to exclaim, "O Jhesu, what knight is that arrayed all in grene (or as the case may be)? he justeth myghtily!" The Emperor of Almaine, in like manner, after the timely succor afforded him by Syr Gowghter, is anxious to learn the name of his modest but unknown deliverer." [So in the romance of *Rowall and Lillian*. &c.] — MOTHERWELL.

And hee is come to avenge his wrong :
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

“ But yette he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughters love to winne ;
And, but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brénne.

“ Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter deere :
Or else within these lists soe broad,
Thou must finde him a peere.”

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe :
“ Is there never a knighte of my round table
This matter will undergoe ?

“ Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee ?
Whoever will fight yon grimme Soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

“ For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre ;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere.”

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale ;
For, whenever they lookt on the grim Soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no helpe was nye :
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, " Ladye, be not affrayd ;
He fight for thee with this grimme Soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

" And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre."

" Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,"
The kinge he cryde, " with speede :
Nowe, heaven assist thee, courteous knighte ;
My daughter is thy meede."

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, " Awaye, awaye !
I sweare, as I am the hend Soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye."

Then forth the stranger knight he came,
In his blacke armour dight :
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knight!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knight be mett
Within the lists soe broad ;
And now, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The Soldan stricke the knight a stroke
That made him reele asyde :
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The Soldan stricke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe :
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The Soldan stricke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knight on his knee :
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knight he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain :
Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spyng a secrette part,
He drave it into the Soldans syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the Soldan falle :
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons,
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he, for payne and lacke of bloude,
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there, all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leech of skille ;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes
Than this goode knighte sholde spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye :
But when she did his beavere raise,
"It is my life, my lord !" she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,
When he heard his ladye crye:
"O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale, cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane :

"O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee, thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,
And with a deep-fette sighe
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

FAIR ANNIE.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 252.

THE story of *Fair Annie* is widely disseminated. The substance of it is found in the beautiful romance of Marie de France, the *Lai le Frein*, of which an ancient English translation is printed in Weber's *Metrical Romances*, i. 357. The Swedish and Danish ballads go under the same name of *Fair Anna*, and may be seen in Arwidsson's *Spenska Fornsånger*, i. 291; Geijer's *Spenska Folk-Visor*, i. 24; and Nyerup's *Danske Viser*, iv. 59. Jamieson has rendered the Danish ballad very skilfully, in the Scottish dialect, from Syv's edition of the *Kæmpe Viser*. In Dutch, the characters are Maid Adelhaïd and King Alewijn (Hoffmann's *Holländische Volkslieder*, 164.) The story as we have found it in German is considerably changed. See *Die wiedergefundene Königstochter*, in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, ii. 274, and *Südely, Uhland's Volkslieder*, i. 273.

The Scottish versions of *Fair Annie* are quite numerous. A fragment of eight stanzas was published in Herd's collection, (*What will bake my bridal bread*, ed. 1776, i. 167.) Sir Walter Scott gave a

complete copy, from recitation in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Two other copies, also from oral tradition, were inserted by Jamieson in the Appendix to his *Popular Ballads*, (*Lady Jane*, ii. 371, *Burd Helen*, ii. 376,) and from these he constructed the edition of *Lady Jane*, printed at p. 73 of the same volume. Motherwell (*Minstrelsy*) affords still another variety, and Chambers has compiled a ballad from all these sources and a manuscript furnished by Mr. Kinloch, (*Scottish Ballads*, p. 186.)

In this collection we have adopted the versions of Scott and Motherwell, giving Jamieson's translation of *Skjøen Anna* in our Appendix.

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?"—

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."—

" But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair ;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair."—

" But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane ?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again ?"—

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand ;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

" Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
Before she come to land."—

" Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle wa' !
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell down fa'."—

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see ;
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold ;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand ;
I wot she didna fail !
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas ;
You're welcome to your land ;
You're welcome, with your fair ladye,
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,
Your welcome to your bowers ;
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,
For a' that's here is yours."—

"I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie ;
Sae dearly as I thank thee ;
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And steal'd my sister away ;
The shame scoup in his company,
And land where'er he gae !"—

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown;
And ay she turn'd her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
And smiled amang his men,
Says—"Like ye best the old ladye,
Or her that's new come hame?"—

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
To hear what they might say ;
“ And ever alas ! ” fair Annie cried,
“ That I should see this day !

“ Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
Running on the castle wa’,
And I were a grey cat mysell,
I soon would worry them a’.

“ Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
Running o’er yon lilly lee,
And I were a grew hound mysell,
Soon worried they a’ should be.”—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And drearie was her sang ;
And ever, as she sobb’d and grat,
“ Wae to the man that did the wrang ! ”—

“ My gown is on,” said the new-come bride,
“ My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie’s chamber,
And see what gars her greet.—

“ What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan ?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone ?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother?"—

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother."—

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim;
And I will gie them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son.
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven
That I gae maiden hame!"

FAIR ANNIE.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 327. Obtained from recitation.

"LEARN to mak your bed, Annie,
And learn to lie your lane ;
For I maun owre the salt seas gang,
A brisk bride to bring hame.

"Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,
And tye it in your neck ;
And see you look as maiden-like
As the day that we first met."

"O how can I look maiden-like,
When'maiden I'll ne'er be ;
When seven brave sons I've born to thee,
And the eighth is in my bodie ?

"The eldest of your sons, my lord,
Wi' red gold shines his weed ;

The second of your sons, my lord,
Rides on a milk-white steed.

"And the third of your sons, my lord,
He draws your beer and wine;
And the fourth of your sons, my lord,
Can serve you when you dine.

"And the fift of your sons, my lord,
He can both read and write;
And the sixth of your sons, my lord,
Can do it most perfyte.

"And the sevent of your sons, my lord,
Sits on the nurse's knee :
And how can I look maiden-like,
When a maid I'll never be ?

"But wha will bake your wedding bread,
And brew your bridal ale ?
Or wha will welcome your brisk bride
That you bring owre the dale ? "

"I'll put cooks in my kitchen,
And stewards in my hall,
And I'll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale ;
But you're to welcome my brisk bride
That I bring owre the dale."

He set his feet into his ship,
And his cock-boat on the main ;
He swore it would be year and day
Or he returned again.

When year and day was past and gane,
Fair Annie she thocht lang ;
And she is up to her bower head,
To behold both sea and land.

" Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And see now what you see ;
O yonder comes your father dear,
And your stepmother to be."

" Cast off your gown of black, mother,
Put on your gown of brown,
And I'll put off my mourning weeds,
And we'll welcome him home."

She's taken wine into her hand,
And she has taken bread,
And she is down to the water side
To welcome them indeed.

" You're welcome, my lord, you're welcome,
my lord,
You're welcome home to me ;

So is every lord and gentleman
That is in your companie.

"You're welcome, my lady, you're welcome
my lady,
You're welcome home to me ;
So is every lady and gentleman
That's in your companie."

"I thank you, my girl, I thank you, my girl.
I thank you heartily ;
If I live seven years about this house,
Rewarded you shall be."

She serv'd them up, she serv'd them down
With the wheat bread and the wine ;
But aye she drank the cauld water,
To keep her colour fine.

She serv'd them up, she serv'd them down,
With the wheat bread and the beer ;
But aye she drank the cauld water,
To keep her colour clear.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And all were boune for rest,
Fair Annie laid her sons in bed,
And a sorrowfu' woman she was.

“ Will I go to the salt, salt seas,
And see the fishes swim?
Or will I go to the gay green wood,
And hear the small birds sing?”

Out and spoke an aged man,
That stood behind the door,—
“ Ye will not go to the salt, salt seas,
To see the fishes swim;
Nor will ye go to the gay green wood,
To hear the small birds sing:

“ But ye’ll take a harp into your hand,
Go to their chamber door,
And aye ye’ll harp and aye ye’ll murn,
With the salt tears falling o’er.”

She’s ta’en a harp into her hand,
Went to their chamber door,
And aye she harped and aye she murn’d,
With the salt tears falling o’er.

Out and spak the brisk young bride,
In bride-bed where she lay,—
“ I think I hear my sister Annie,
And I wish weel it may;
For a Scottish lord staw her awa,
And an ill death may he die.”

"Wha was your father, my girl," she says,
"Or wha was your mother?
Or had you ever a sister dear,
Or had you ever a brother?"

"King Henry was my father dear,
Queen Esther was my mother,
Prince Henry was my brother dear,
And Fanny Flower my sister."

"If King Henry was your father dear,
And Queen Esther was your mother,
If Prince Henry was your brother dear,
Then surely I'm your sister.

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,
It ne'er was wrang'd for me,
Bot an ae kiss of his merry mouth,
As we cam owre the sea."

"Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,
Awa, awa frae me;
I wudna hear my Annie greet,
For a' the gold I got wi' thee."

"There were five ships of gay red gold
Cam owre the seas with me;
It's twa o' them will tak me hame,
And three I'll leave wi' thee.

“Seven ships o’ white monie
Came owre the seas wi’ me ;
Five o’ them I’ll leave wi’ thee,
And twa will take me hame ;
And my mother will make my portion up,
When I return again.”

CHILD WATERS.

FIRST published by Percy from his folio MS., *Reliques*, iii. 94. Several traditionary versions have since been printed, of which we give *Burd Ellen* from Jamieson's, and in the Appendix, *Lady Margaret* from Kinloch's collection. Jamieson also furnishes a fragment, and Buchan, (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 30.) a complete copy of another version of *Burd Ellen*, and Chambers (*Scottish Ballads*, 193,) makes up an edition from all the copies, which we mention here because he has taken some lines from a manuscript supplied by Mr. Kinloch.

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stoode
And stroakt his milke-white steede ;
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, "Christ you save, good Childe Waters,"
Sayes, "Christ you save and see ;

My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

"And all is with one childe of yours
I feele sturre at my side ;
My gowne of greene it is too straighte ;
Before, it was too wide."

"If the childe be mine, ¹ faire Ellen," he sayd,
"Be mine, as you tell mee,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

"If the childe be mine, faire Ellen," he sayd,
"Be mine, as you doe sweare,
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre."

Shee sayes, "I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
both,
That lye by north and southe.

"And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
both,
To take them mine owne to bee."

¹ MS. be inne.

"To morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree ;
The fayrest lady that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee."

"Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me go with thee¹ ;"
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee."

"If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee,
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee :

"Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee ;
You must tell no man what is my name ;
My foot-page then you shall bee."

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his syde,
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, "Ellen, will you ryde ?"

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome,
Yett was hee never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, "put on your shoone."

¹ supplied by Percy.

"Ride softlye," shee sayd, "O Childe Waters:
Why doe you ryde so fast?
The childe, which is no mans but thine,
My bodye itt will brast."

Hee sayth, "seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?"
"I trust to God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see me swimme."

But when shee came to the water side,
She sayled to the chinne:
"Now the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme."

The salt waters bare up her clothes,
Our Ladye bare up her chinne;
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme!

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee sayd, "Come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd gold shines the yate:
Of twenty foure faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?
Of redd golde shines the towre :
There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure."

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of redd golde shines the yate :
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worldye mate.

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of redd golde shines the towre :
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure."

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the ball,
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse,
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes sayd shee :
"You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see ;

"But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye;
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That weares soe riche attyre.

"It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre."

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, "Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

"Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre in mine armes to sleepe;
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing of her feete."

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;

The fayrest ladye that shee colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

"I praye you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let mee lye at your feete;
For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may saye a sleepe."

He gave her leave, and faire Ellen¹
Down at his beds feet laye²;
This done the nighte drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, "Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oats,
To carry mee better awaye."

Up then rose the faire Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and hay;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him the better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane;
She leaned her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

^{1 2} supplied by Percy.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woefull woe¹;
Shee sayd, "Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe.

"For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone;
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
Shee is so woe-begone."

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellen,
Howe shee made her monand.

She sayd, "Lullabye, mine own dear childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare;
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mothere layd on a biere."

"Peace nowe," hee sayd, "good, faire Ellen,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

¹ her woefull woe, Percy!

BURD ELLEN.

Printed from Mrs. Brown's recitation, in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 117. We have restored the text by omitting some interpolations of the editor, and three concluding stanzas by the same, which, contrary to all authority, gave a tragic turn to the story.

LORD JOHN stood in his stable doot,
Said he was boun to ride ;
Burd Ellen stood in her bower door,
Said she'd rin by his side.

He's pitten on his cork-heel'd shoon,
And fast awa rade he ;
She's clad hersel in page array,
And after him ran she :

Till they came till a wan water,
And folks do call it Clyde ;
Then he's lookit o'er his left shoulder,
Says, " Lady, will ye ride ? "

"O I learnt it wi' my bower woman,
And I learnt it for my weal,
Whanever I cam to wan water,
To swim like ony eel."

But the firsten stap the lady stappit,
The water came till her knee ;
"Ochon, alas !" said the lady,
"This water's o'er deep for me."

The nexten stap the lady stappit,
The water came till her middle ;
And sighin says that gay lady,
"I've wat my gouden girdle."

The thirden stap the lady stappit,
The water came till her pap ;
And the bairn that was in her twa sides
For cauld began to quake.

"Lie still, lie still, my ain dear babe ;
Ye work your mother wae :
Your father rides on high horse back,
Cares little for us twae."

O about the midst o' Clyde's water
There was a yeard-fast stane ;
He lightly turn'd his horse about,
And took her on him behin.

"O tell me this now, good lord John,
And a word ye dinna lie,
How far it is to your lodgin,
Whare we this night maun be?"

"O see na ye yon castell, Ellen,
That shines sae fair to see?
There is a lady in it, Ellen,
Will sinder you and me.

"There is a lady in that castell
Will sinder you and I"—
"Betide me weal, betide me wae,
I sall gang there and try."

"My dogs shall eat the good white bread,
And ye shall eat the bran;
Then will ye sigh, and say, alas!
That ever I was a man!"

"O I shall eat the good white bread,
And your dogs shall eat the bran;
And I hope to live to bless the day,
That ever ye was a man."

"O my horse shall eat the good white mea'
And ye sall eat the corn;
Then will ye curse the heavy hour
That ever your love was born."

[" O I shall eat the good white meal,
And your horse shall eat the corn ;]"¹
I ay sall bless the happy hour
That ever my love was born."

O four and twenty gay ladies
Welcom'd lord John to the ha',
But a fairer lady than them a'
Led his horse to the stable sta.'

O four and twenty gay ladies
Welcom'd lord John to the green :
But a fairer lady than them a'
At the manger stood alane.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun to meat,
Burd Ellen was at the bye-table
Amang the pages set.

" O eat and drink, my bonny boy,
The white bread and the beer."—
" The never a bit can I eat or drink,
My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

" O eat and drink, my bonny boy,
The white bread and the wine."—

¹ According to Jamieson, the same as verses 54, 5
here formed on their model, from 57, 58.

“O how sall I eat or drink, master,
Wi' heart sae fu' o' pine?”

But out and spak lord John's mother,
And a wise woman was she :
“Whare met ye wi' that bonny boy,
That looks sae sad on thee ?

Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,
And sometimes deadly wan ;
He's liker a woman big wi' bairn,
Than a young lord's serving man.”

“O it makes me laugh, my mother dear,
Sic words to hear frae thee ;
He is a squire's ae dearest son,
That for love has followed me.

“Rise up, rise up, my bonny boy,
Gi'e my horse corn and hay.”—
“O that I will, my master dear.
As quickly as I may.”

She's ta'en the hay under her arm,
The corn intill her hand,
And she's gane to the great stable,
As fast as e'er she can.

“O room ye round, my bonny brown steeds,
O room ye near the wa' ;

For the pain that strikes me through my *sides*
Full soon will gar me fa'."

She lean'd her back against the wa';
Strong travel came her on;
And e'en among the great horse feet
Burd Ellen brought forth her son.

Lord Johnis mither intill her bower
Was sitting all alane,
When, in the silence o' the nicht,
She heard Burd Ellen's mane.

"Won up, won up, my son," she says,
"Gae see how a' does fare;
For I think I hear a woman's groans,
And a bairnie greetin' sair."

O hastily he gat him up,
Staid neither for hose nor shoon,
And he's doen him to the stable door
Wi' the clear light o' the moon.

He strack the door hard wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
And iron locks and iron bars
Into the floor flung he;
"Be not afraid, Burd Ellen," he says,
"There's nane come in but me."

"Tak up, tak up my bonny young son;
Gar wash him wi' the milk;
Tak up, tak up my fair lady,
Gar row her in the silk.

"And cheer thee up, Burd Ellen," he says,
"Look nae mair sad nor wae;
For your marriage and your kirkin too
Sall baith be in ae day."

ERLINTON.

FIRST published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 351,—“from the collation of two copies obtained from recitation.”

Erlinton and *The Child of Elle* are corrupt varieties of *The Douglas Tragedy*. The passage referred to in vol. ii. p. 114, is remarked on in a note at the end of the ballad.

ERLINTON had a fair daughter ;
I wat he weird her in a great sin,
For he has built a bigly bower,
An' a' to put that lady in.

An' he has warn'd her sisters six,
An' sae has he her brethren se'en,
Outher to watch her a' the night,
Or else to seek her morn an e'en.

She hadna been i' that bigly bower,
Na not a night, but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Chapp'd at the door, cryin', “Peace within !”

“O whae is this at my bower door,
That chaps sae late, or kens the gin?”
“O it is Willie, your ain true love,
I pray you rise an’ let me in!”

“But in my bower there is a wake,
An’ at the wake there is a wane;
But I’ll come to the green-wood the morn,
Whar blooms the brier, by mornin’ dawn.”

Then she’s gane to her bed again,
Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice,
Then she said to her sisters a’,
“Maidens, ’tis time for us to rise.”

She pat on her back her silken gown,
An’ on her breast a siller pin,
An’ she’s ta’en a sister in ilka hand,
An’ to the green-wood she is gane.

She hadna walk’d in the green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Wha frae her sisters has her ta’en.

He took her sisters by the hand,
He kiss’d them baith, an’ sent them hame,
An’ he’s ta’en his true love him behind,
And through the green-wood they are gane.

They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
When there came fifteen o' the boldest knight
That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.

The foremost was an aged knight,
He wore the grey hair on his chin :
Says, " Yield to me thy lady bright,
An' thou shalt walk the woods within."

" For me to yield my lady bright
To such an aged knight as thee,
People wad think I war gane mad,
Or a' the courage flown frae me."

But up then spake the second knight,
I wat he spake right boustouslie :
" Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,
Or here the tane of us shall die."

" My lady is my warld's meed¹ ;
My life I winna yield to nane ;
But if ye be men of your manhead,
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane."

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,
An' gae his lady him by the head,
Say'n, " See ye dinna change your cheer, ?
Untill ye see my body bleed."

¹ Should we not read *warld's mate* ?

He set his back unto an aik,
 He set his feet against a stane,
 An' he has fought these fifteen men,
 An' kill'd them a' but barely ane ;
 For he has left that aged knight,
 An' a' to carry the tidings hame.

When he gaed to his lady fair,
 I wat he kiss'd her tenderlie :
 "Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought ;
 Now we shall walk the green-wood free."

² "Say'n, 'See ye dinna change your cheer,
 Untill ye see my body bleed.'"

As has been remarked (vol. ii. p. 114), *Erlinton* retains an important, and even fundamental trait of the older forms of the story, which is not found in any other of the English versions of the *Douglas Tragedy*. It was a northern superstition that to call a man by name while he was engaged in fight was a fatal omen, and hence a phrase, "to name-to-death." To avert this danger, Ribolt, in nearly all the Scandinavian ballads, entreats Guldborg not to *pronounce his name*, even if she sees him bleeding or struck down. In her agony at seeing the last of her brothers about to be slain, Guldborg forgets her lover's injunction, calls on him by name to stop, and thus brings about the catastrophe. Ignorant reciters have either dropped the corresponding passage in the English ballad, or (as in this case) have so corrupted it, that its significance is only to be made out by comparison with the ancient copies.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

"FROM a fragment in the Editor's folio MS., which, though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt the completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original." PERCY, *Reliques*, i. 113. (See vol. ii. p. 114.)

It must be acknowledged that this truly modest apology was not altogether uncalled for. So extensive are Percy's alterations and additions, that the reader will have no slight difficulty in detecting the few traces that are left of the genuine composition. Nevertheless, Sir Walter Scott avers that the corrections are "in the true style of Gothic embellishment!"

On yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Ywis he stode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

"Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see !
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee ?"

"My lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne ;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

"And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe,
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

"And here shee sends thee a ring of golde,
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layde in grave.

"For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new, new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

"Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye."

"Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I, her owne true love,
Will dye, or sette her free.

"Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know,
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,
Betide me weale or woe."

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd,
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd :

"O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee ;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or sette thee free."

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle :
“Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
Tis I, thy true love, call.

“Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfraye :
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.”

“Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee ;
For aye sould I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.”

“O ladye, thou with a knight so true
Mayst safelye wend alone ;
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.”

“My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye ;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knight should fly ?

“ Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.”

“ O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

“ O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befalle.”

Faire Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe :
At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie :
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a faire palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damselle,
In her bed whereas shee ley ;
Quoth shee, " My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

" Awake, awake, thou baron bolde !
Awake, my noble dame !
Your daughter is fledde with the Childe of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrie men all :
" And come thou forth, Sir John the knight ;
The ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye :
" Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

" For she is come of hye lynage,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churles sonne,
To carrye her hence to scorne."

" Nowe loud thou lyeſt, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doeſt lye of mee ;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

" But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my ſteed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye this arduous deede.

" But light now downe, my deare ladye,
Light downe, and hold my horſe ;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valours force."

Fair Emmeline ſighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carliſh knight
Paſt many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought ſoe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That ſoone he had ſlaine the carliſh knight,
And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full faſt approached nye :
Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?
Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true loves band.

"Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day ;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye sayd wee may.

"O give consent shee may be mine,
And blesse a faithfull paire ;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lynage faire.

"My mother she was an earles daughter,
And a noble knyght my sire——"
The baron he frownde, and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand ;
At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

" Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee :
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
I never had fled from thee.

" Oft have you callde your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye ;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye."

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turnde his heade asyde,
To wipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooode,
And musde a little space ;
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

" Here take her, Child of Elle," he sayd,
And gave her lillye hand ;
" Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land.

" Thy father once mine honour wrongde,
In dayes of youthful pride ;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

“ And as thou love her and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine ;
And nowe my blessing wend wi’ thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.”

SIR ALDINGAR.

OF this very remarkable ballad two copies have been printed in English, *Sir Aldingar*, from the Percy MS. (*Reliques*, ii. 53), "with conjectural emendations and the insertion of some additional stanzas," and *Sir Hugh Le Blond*, by Scott, from recitation. The corresponding Danish ballad, *Ravengaarð og Memering*, first published by Grundtvig, is extant in not less than five copies, the oldest derived from a MS. of the middle of the 16th century, the others from recent recitations. With these Grundtvig has given an Icelandic version, from a MS. of the 17th century, another in the dialect of the Faroe Islands, and a third half Danish, half Faroish, both as still sung by the people. The ballad was also preserved, not long ago, in Norway.—*Danmarks Gamle Folkevise*, i. 177-213, ii. 640-645.

All these ballads contain a story one and the same in the essential features—a story which occurs repeatedly in connection with historical personages, in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, as well as England,—and which has also furnished the theme for various modern romances, poems, and tragedies.

The connection of the different forms of the legend has been investigated by the Danish editor at considerable length and with signal ability; and we shall endeavor to present the principal results of his wide research in the few pages which our narrow limits allow us to give to such questions.

The names of the characters in the Danish ballads are Henry (called Duke of Brunswick and of Schleswig in the oldest), Gunild (of Spires, called also Gunder), Ravengaard, and Memering. To these correspond, in the English story, King Henry, Queen Eleanor, Sir Aldingar (the resemblance of this name to Ravengaard will be noted), and a boy, to whom no name is assigned. Eleanor, it hardly need be remarked, is a queen's name somewhat freely used in ballads (see vol. vi. 209, and vol. vii. 291), and it is possible that the consort of Henry II. is here intended, though her reputation both in history and in song hardly favors that supposition.

The occurrence of Spires in the old Danish ballad would naturally induce us to look for the origin of the story in the annals of the German emperors of the Franconian line, who held their court at Spires, and are most of them buried in the cathedral at that place. A very promising clue is immediately found in the history of King (afterwards Emperor) Henry III., son of the Emperor Conrad II. Salicus. This Henry was married, in the year 1036, to Gunhild, daughter of Canute the Great. An English chronicler, William of Malmesbury, writing in the first half of the 12th century, tells us that after this princess had lived many years in honorable wedlock, she was accused of adultery. Being forced to clear herself by wager of battle,

she found in all her retinue no one who was willing to risk a combat with her accuser, a man of gigantic stature, save a little boy whom she had brought with her from England. The issue of the duel established her innocence, — her diminutive champion succeeding by some miracle in ham-stringing his huge adversary; but it is alleged that the queen refused to return to her husband, and passed the rest of a long life in a monastery.*

A Norman-French *Life of Edward the Confessor*, written about 1250, repeats this story, and adds the champion's name.†

"A daughter had the king,
Who was not so beautiful as clever.
Gunnild her name; and he gave her
To him who with love had asked for her, —
The noble Emperor Henry.
She remained not long with him,
Because by felons, who had no reason
To blame her calumniously,
She was charged with shame:
To the Emperor was she accused.
According to the custom of the empire,

* "Although there are seven centuries between William and our times," says Grundtvig, "and the North Sea between Jutland and the land of his birth, it almost seems as if he had taken his account from the very ballad which is at this day sung on the little island of Fuar in the Lym Fiord."

† We have substituted this paragraph instead of a later chronicle cited by Grundtvig. The translation is that of the English editor: *Lives of Edward the Confessor* (p. 39 193), recently published by authority of the British government.

It beloved her to clear herself from shame
 By battle; and she takes much trouble
 To find one to be her champion:
 But finds no one, for very huge was
 The accuser, — as a giant.
 But a dwarf, whom she had brought up,
 Undertook the fight with him.
 At the first blow he hamstrung him;
 At the second he cut off his feet.
 Mimecan was the dwarf's name,
 Who was so good a champion,
 As the history, which is written,
 Says of him. The lady was freed from blame,
 But the lady the emperor
 No more will have as her lord."

Finally, John Brompton, writing two hundred years after William of Malmesbury, repeats his account, and gives the names of *both* the combatants, — "a youth called Mimicon, and a man of gigantic size, by name Roddyngar" (Raadengard = the Danish Ravengaard).

The story of William of Malmesbury and the rest, though it is sufficiently in accordance with the Danish and English ballads, is in direct opposition to the testimony of contemporary German chroniclers, who represent Queen Gunhild as living on the best terms with her husband, and instead of growing old in God's service in a nunnery, as dying of the plague in Italy two years after her marriage, and hardly twenty years of age. It is manifest, therefore, that the English chroniclers derived their accounts from ballads current at their day,* which, as they were not founded on any

* William of Malmesbury refers to ballads which were

real passages in the life of Gunhild, require us to look a little further for their origin.

The empress Gunhild was called by the German chroniclers of her day by various names — as Cuni-hild, Chuni-hild, Chunelind, and *Cunigund*, which last name she is said to have assumed at her coronation. This change of Gunhild's name accounts for the unfounded scandals which were in circulation about her in her native land, scarcely a hundred years after her death. Cunigund, wife of Henry III., was in fact confounded with a contemporary German queen and empress, *St. Cunigund*, widow of the Emperor Henry II. This mistake, which has been made more than once, will be acknowledged to be a very natural one (especially for foreigners), when it is considered that both queens not only bore the same name, but were married each to an emperor of the same name (Henry), both of whom again were sons of Conrads.*

Referring now to the history of *St. Cunigund*, we read in the papal bull of Innocent III., by which she was canonized in the year 1200, that "she consecrated

made on the splendid nuptial procession, by which Gunhild was conducted to the ship that was to bear her to her husband, as still sung about the streets in his time.

* An argument in confirmation of what is here said is afforded by a German annalist of the 14th century, who states, under the date 1038, that the empress Cunigund died the 3d of March, and was buried at Spire. Now *St. Cunigund* actually did die the 3d of March, and that day is dedicated to her in the Roman calendar, but the year was 1040, and she was buried at Bamberg, while Gunhild died in 1038 (July 18), and was buried in the monastery of Limburg, near Spire.

her virginity to the Lord, and preserved it intact. — so that when at one time by the instigation of the enemy of mankind a suspicion had been raised against her, she, to prove her innocence, walked with bare feet over burning ploughshares, and came off unscathed." Again, we read in a slightly more recent German chronicle, as follows: "The Devil, who hates all the righteous, and is ever seeking to bring them to shame, stirred up the Emperor against his wife, persuading him, through a certain duke, that in contempt of her husband she had committed adultery with another man. The empress offered to undergo an ordeal, and a great many bishops came to see it carried out. Whereupon seven glowing ploughshares were laid on the ground, over which the empress was forced to walk in bare feet, to attest her innocence, . . . which, when the king saw, he prostrated himself before her with all his nobles." Adalbert's *Life of St. Henry* (which is, at the latest, of the 12th century), agreeing in all essentials with these accounts, adds an important particular, explaining how it was that the Devil brought the queen's honor into question, namely, that he was seen by many to go in and out of her private chamber, in the likeness of a handsome young man. — St. Cunigund is said to have undergone the ordeal at Bamberg, in the year 1017. The story, however, is without foundation, not being mentioned by any contemporary writers, but first appearing in various legends, towards the year 1200.

But St. Cunigund is by no means the first German empress of whom the story under consideration is told. A writer contemporary with her, who has nothing to say about the miracle just recounted, relates some

thing very similar of *another* empress, one hundred and thirty years earlier, namely, of Richardis, wife of Charles III. The tale runs that this Charles, in the year 887, accused his queen of unlawful connections with a Bishop. Her Majesty offered to subject herself to the Judgment of God, either by duel or by the ordeal of burning ploughshares. It is not said that either test was applied, but only that the queen retired into a cloister which she had herself founded. This is the contemporary account. A century and a half later we are told that an ordeal by *water* was actually undergone, which again is changed by later writers into an ordeal by *fire*, — the empress passing through the flames in a waxed garment, without receiving the least harm; in memory of which, a day was kept, five centuries after, in honor of St. Richardis, in the monastery to which she withdrew.

Several other similar cases might be mentioned, but it will suffice to refer to only one more, more ancient than any of those already cited. Paulus Diaconus (who wrote about the year 800) relates that a Lombard queen, Gundiberg (of the 7th century), having been charged with infidelity, one of her servants asked permission of the king to fight in the lists for his mistress's honor, and conquered his antagonist in the presence of all the people. The same story is told, more in detail, by Aimoin, a somewhat more recent writer, of another Gundenberg, likewise of the 7th century. A Lombard nobleman makes insolent proposals to his queen, and meets with a most emphatic repulse. Upon this he goes to the king with a story that the queen has been three days conspiring to poison her husband, and put her accomplice in his place. The

tale is believed, and the queen shut up in prison. The Frankish king, a relation of the injured woman, remonstrates on the injustice of condemnation without trial, and the king consents to submit the question to a duel. The champion of innocence is victorious, and the real criminal is condignly punished. This form of the legend, the oldest of all that have been cited, approaches very near to the Danish and English ballads.

Our conclusion would therefore be, with Grundtvig, that the ballads of *Sir Aldingar*, *Ravengaard* and *Memering*, and the rest, are of common derivation with the legends of St. Cunigund, Gundeberg, &c., and that all these are offshoots of a story which, "beginning far back in the infancy of the Gothic race and their poetry, is continually turning up, now here and now there, without having a proper home in any definite time or assignable place." Many circumstances corroborative of this view might be added, but we must content ourselves with obviating a possible objection. An invariable feature in the story is the *judicium Dei* by which the innocence of the accused wife is established, but there is much difference in the various forms of the legend as to the *kind* of ordeal employed, and some minds may here find difficulty. A close observation, however, will show such a connection between the different accounts as to prove an original unity. Even the earlier legends of St. Cunigund do not agree on this point; one makes her to have walked over burning ploughshares, another to have carried red-hot iron in her hands. The Icelandic copy of the ballad has both of these: the queen "carries iron and walks on steel"; and there is also a "judgment by

iron bands." All these three tests are found in the Faroe ballad, which brings in Memering besides, and thus furnishes a transition to the Danish, which says nothing about the trial by fire, and has only the duel. Finally the English ballad completes the circle with the pile at which the queen was to be burned, in case she should not be able to prove her innocence by the duel.

At a time uncertain, but earlier than the 14th century, this legend was transplanted into the literature of Southern Europe. It is found in various Spanish chronicles, the earliest the *Historia de Cataluña* of Bernardo Desclot, written about 1300; also in a Provençal and a French chronicle of the 17th century. In most of these the part of the queen's champion is assigned to the well-known Raimund Berengar, Count of Barcelona, who, in the year 1113, took Majorca from the Moors. The popularity of the story is further proved by the Spanish romance, *El Conde de Barcelona y la Emperatriz de Alemania*; the French romance *L'Histoire de Palanus, Comte de Lyon*; and a novel of Bandello, the 44th of the Second Part. This last was re-written and published in 1713, with slight changes, as an original tale, by M^{me} de Fontaines (*Histoire de la Comtesse de Savoie*), whence Voltaire borrowed materials for two of his tragedies, *Tancrède* and *Artémire*.

By the circuitous route of Spain the story returns to England in a romance of the 15th century, *The Erle of Tolous* (Ritson, *Metr. Rom.* iii. p. 93). Nearly related with this romance is the German story book (derived from the French) on which Hans Sachs founded his tragedy, *Der Ritter Golmi mit der Herzo*

gin auss Britanien. Another German popular story-book, *Hirlanda*, exhibits a close resemblance to our ballad of *Sir Aldingar*.*

"This old fabulous legend is given from the editor's folio MS., with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story. It has been suggested to the editor that the author of the poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor (?), and was married to the emperor (here called king) Henry." — PERCY.

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye;
Our queene she was a good woman,
And evermore said him naye.

* In § v. of his Introduction to *Ravengaard og Memering*, Grundtvig seeks to show that this ballad, though independent in its origin, was at one time, like many others, woven into the great South-Gothic epic of Diderik of Bern, and then, having divided the legend into two portions,—the Accusation and its Cause, the Vindication and its Mode,—he, in § vi. vii. traces out with wonderful learning and penetration the extensive ramifications of the first part, taken by itself, through the romance of the Middle Ages. The whole essay is beyond praise.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse.
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame ;
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyeest,
Looke thou goe not hence away ;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day."

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king :
"If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring."

"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee."
"Our queene hath chosen a new, new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

"If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame ;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame."

“ If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich, rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

“ But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee !
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.”

He brought our king to the queenes chamber,
And opend to him the dore :
“ A lodlye love,” King Harry says,
“ For our queene,” dame Elinore !

“ If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye ;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, iwysse,
And an angry man was hee,
And soone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

“ Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see !
Here you have chosen a newe, newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

"If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame ;
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

"Therefore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou bee."—
"Now out, alacke !" said our comly queene,
"Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

"Now out, alacke !" sayd our comlye queene,
"My heart with grieve will brast ;
I had thought swevens had never been true,
I have proved them true at last.

"I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye ;

"My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere ;
And he wold worrye me with his tush,
And to his nest y-beare :

"Saving there came a little gray hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

“ Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar :
Att him I cast my glove.

“ But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right.”

“ Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin :
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes,
Thy bodye it must brenn.”

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene ;
But never a champion colde she find,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had ;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene,
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damselles,
And knelt upon her knee :
Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye ;
“ Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye.”

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye ;
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queene Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee ;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tynye boye they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands
And loose our comelye queene :
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forth then stood Sir Aldingar ;
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

“ Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee ;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am so small to see.”

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde,
So gilt it dazzled the ee ;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

“ Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
And fighte upon thy feete,
For, and thou thrive as thou beginst,
Of height wee shall be meete.”

“ A priest, a priest,” sayes Aldingar,
“ While I am a man alive ;
“ A priest, a priest,” sayes Aldingar,
“ Me for to houzle and shrive.

“ I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
But shee wolde never consent ;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge,
In a fyer to have her brent.

“ There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame ;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

“ Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell :
But ever alacke !” sayes Aldingar,
“ Falsing never doth well.

“Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live :”

“Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.”

“Here take thy queene, our King Harrye,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye
A truer and fairer wife.”

King Harrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosed her full sone ;
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye : —
The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand ;
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight, and tall ;
King Henrye made him his head stewarde,
To wayte withinn his hall.

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 51.

“ The tradition, upon which the ballad is founded, is universally current in the Mearns ; and the Editor is informed, that, till very lately, the sword, with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the Queen, was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbuthnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century, is proved by his having, 1282, bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the Monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul.—*Register of Aberbrothwick*, quoted by Crawford in *Peerage*.

“ I was favoured with the following copy of *Sir Hugh le Blond*, by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman,

long in the service of the Arbuthnot family. Of course, the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed that there have been many more verses." SCOTT.

THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,
The world had not their make,
The Queen she's gone to her chamber,
With Rodingham to talk.

"I love you well, my Queen, my dame,
'Bove land and rents so clear,
And for the love of you, my Queen,
Would thole pain most severe."—

"If well you love me, Rodingham,
I'm sure so do I thee:
I love you well as any man,
Save the King's fair bodye."—

"I love you well, my Queen, my dame;
'Tis truth that I do tell:
And for to lye a night with you,
The salt seas I would sail."—

"Away, away, O Rodingham!
You are both stark and stoor;
Would you defile the King's own bed,
And make his Queen a whore?

"To-morrow you'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain ;
And I'd be burned at a stake,
Although I be the Queen."—

He then stepp'd out at her room door,
All in an angry mood :
Until he met a leper-man,
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man,
With liquors very sweet :
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his armis twa,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the Queen's own bed,
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp'd out of the Queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
Till he came to the very place
Where the King himself did go.

The King said unto Rodingham,
"What news have you to me?"—
He said, "Your Queen's a false woman,
As I did plainly see."—

He hasten'd to the Queen's chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the Queen's own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

He looked on the leper-man,
Who lay on his Queen's bed ;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said :—

“ Plooky, plooky, are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin,
And plooky are your armis twa,
My bonny Queen's layne in.

“ Since she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lye in mine ;
Since she has kiss'd your ugsome mouth,
She never shall kiss mine.”—

In anger he went to the Queen,
Who fell upon her knee ;
He said, “ You false, unchaste woman,
What's this you've done to me ? ”

The Queen then turn'd herself about,
The tear blinded her ee—
“ There's not a knight in a' your court
Dare give that name to me.”

He said, " 'Tis true that I do say ;
For I a proof did make :
You shall be taken from my bower,
And burned at a stake.

" Perhaps I'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham."—

" Alas ! alas ! " then cried our Queen,
" Alas, and woe to me !
There's not a man in all Scotland
Will fight with him for me."—

She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west ;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

She breathed on her messengers,
She sent them to the north ;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
To fight him he came forth.

When unto him they did unfold
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the Queen,
That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy ;
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up
To fight for our ladye.

"Put on the fire," the monster said :
"It is twelve on the bell."
"Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King ;
"I heard the clock mysell."—

Before the hour the Queen is brought,
The burning to proceed ;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
The tears blinded her ee :
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
"Who is to fight for me ?"—

Then up and spak the King himsell,
"My dearest, have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsell,
As bold as e'er set out."—

They then advanced to fight the duel
With swords of temper'd steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
Came running to his heel.

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
'Twas of the metal clear,
And he has pierced Rodingham
Till's heart-blood did appear.

"Confess your treachery, now," he said,
"This day before you die!"—
"I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lye :

"I like to wicked Haman am,
This day I shall be slain."—
The Queen was brought to her chamber,
A good woman again.

The Queen then said unto the King,
"Arbattle's near the sea ;
Give it unto the northern knight,
That this day fought for me."

Then said the King, "Come here, Sir Knight,
And drink a glass of wine ;
And, if Arbattle's not enough,¹
To it we'll Fordoun join."

¹ Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot. Fordoun has long been the patrimony of the same family. S.

THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

"THIS ballad (given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to Gul. Neubrig, *Hist. Oxon*, 1719, 8vo. vol. i. p. lxx. It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the *Pilgrim*, act 4, sc. 2." PERCY'S *Reliques*, iii. 114.

The Scottish ballad corresponding to Percy's has been printed by Kinloch, p. 25. Besides this, however, there are three other Scottish versions, superior to the English in every respect, and much longer. They are *Earl Richard*, Motherwell, p. 377; (also in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 81;) a ballad with the same title in Kinloch's collection, p. 15; and *Earl Luthgow*, Buchan, ii. 91. In all these, the futile attempts of the knight to escape marrying the lady, and the devices by which she aggravates his reluctance to enter into the match, are managed with no little humour. We give Motherwell's edition a place next to Percy's, and refer the reader for Kinloch's to the Appendix.

THERE was a shepherds daughter
Came tripping on the waye,
And there by chance a knichte shee mett,
Which caused her to staye.

"Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide."
These words pronounced hee ;
"O I shall dye this daye," he sayd,
"If I've not my wille of thee."

"The Lord forbid," the maide replyd,
"That you shold waxe so wode !"

¹ But for all that shee could do or saye,
He wold not be withstood.

"Sith you have had your wille of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a courteous knichte,
Tell me what is your name ?"

"Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille ;
But when I come to the kings faire courte,
They calle me Wilfulle Wille."

¹ Percy's.

202 THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride ;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water,
She sett her brest and swamme ;
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,
To saye, " Faire maide, will ye ride ? "
And she was ever too loving a maide
To saye, " Sir knighte, abide."

When she came to the kings faire courte,
She knocked at the ring ;
So readye was the king himself
To let this faire maide in.

" Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see ;
You have a knighte within your courte
This daye hath robbed mee."

" What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart ?
Of purple or of pall ?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small ? "

"He hath not robbed mee, my liege,
Of purple nor of pall;
But he hath gotten my maidenhead,
Which grieves mee worst of all."

"Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged he shall bee."

He called downe his merrie men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William used to bee the first,
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,
Tyed up withinne a glove:
"Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee;
Go, seeke thee another love."

"O Ile have none of your gold," she sayde,
"Nor Ile have none of your fee;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee."

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, "Faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde."

"Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,"
These words then answered shee,
"But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee."

"Would I had drunke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

"Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale!"

"A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let mee bee;
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee."

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herself a dukes daughter,
And he but a squires sonne.

"Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,
Your pleasure shall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
He make you lord of three."

"Ah! cursed bee the gold," he sayd;
"If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe."

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joynd hand in hande:
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

EARL RICHARD (B).

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 377. From recitation.

EARL RICHARD once on a day,
And all his valiant men so wight,
He did him down to Barnisdale,
Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
I wot fast on she did her bound,
With towers of gold upon her head,
As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, " Busk on you, fair ladye,
The white flowers and the red ;
For I would give my bonnie ship,
To get your maidenhead."

" I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;

For all this would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."

"The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

"I have four-and-twenty mills in Scotland,
Stands on the water Tay;
You'll have them, and as much flour
As they'll grind in a day."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do for me."

"The miss is not so great, lady,
Soon mended it will be.

"I have four-and-twenty milk-white cows,
All calved in a day;
You'll have them, and as much hained grass
As they all on can gae."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown ye in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."

"The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

"I have four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,
All foaled in one year;
You'll have them, and as much red gold
As all their backs can bear."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold,
"I would not be your love," said she,
"For that church full of gold."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mass,
Says,—“Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less.”

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon,
“I would not be your love,” says she,
“For all the gold in Rome.”

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon,
Says,—“Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none.”

He caught her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

The lady frowned and sadly blushed,
And oh ! but she thought shame :
Says,—“ If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name.”

“ In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John ;
But when into the Queen’s Court,
Oh then Lithcock it is my name.”

“ Lithcock ! Lithcock ! ” the lady said,
And oft she spelt it over again ;
“ Lithcock ! it’s Latin,” the lady said,
“ Richard’s the English of that name.”

¹ The knight he rode, the lady ran,
A live long summer’s day ;
Till they came to the wan water
That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
Just thro’ it for to ride ;
And the lady was as ready as him
The waters for to wade.

For he had never been as kind-hearted
As to bid the lady ride ;

et seq. This passage has something in common with
Child Waters and *Burd Ellen*.

"Betide me weal, betide me wae,
That lady will I see."

She took a ring from her finger,
And gave't the porter for his fee :
Says, "Tak you that, my good porter,
And bid the Queen speak to me."

And when she came before the Queen,
There she fell low down on her knee :
Says, "There is a knight into your court,
This day has robbed me."

"O has he robbed you of your gold,
Or has he robbed you of your fee ?"
"He has not robbed me of my gold,
He has not robbed me of my fee ;
He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie."

"There is no knight in all my court,
That thus has robbed thee,
But you'll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll die,
Tho' it were Earl Richard, my own brother ;
And oh forbid that it be !"
Then, sighing, said the lady fair,
"I wot the samen man is he."

"I will not wear the short clothes,
But I will wear the side ;
I will not walk to my wedding,
But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
The lady him behind,
Then cauld and eerie were the words
The twa had them between.

She said, " Good e'en, ye nettles tall,
Just there where ye grow at the dike ;
If the auld carline my mother was here,
Sae weel's she would your pates pike.

" How she would stap you in her poke,
I wot at that she wadna fail ;
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
And of ye mak right gude kail.

" And she would meal you with millering
That she gathers at the mill,
And mak you thick as any daigh ;
And when the pan was brimful,

" Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
Syne bid us sup till we were fou ;
Lay down her head upon a poke,
Then sleep and snore like any sow."

"Away! away! you bad woman,
For all your vile words grieveth me;
When ye heed so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll heed far less for me.

"I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
When that I did drink of your wine;
Since for a carle's fair daughter,
It aye gars me dree all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the good green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?

"Gude e'en, gude e'en, ye heather berries,
As ye're growing on yon hill;
If the auld carle and his bags were here,
I wot he would get meat his fill.

"Late, late at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty knots;
And in the morn at breakfast time,
I'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

"Late, late at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty strings;
And if you look to my white fingers,
They have as many gay gold rings."

"Away ! away ! ye ill woman,
And sore your vile words grieveth me ;
When you heed so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll heed far less for me.

"But if you are a carle's daughter,
As I take you to be,
How did you get the gay clothing,
In green wood ye had on thee ?"

"My mother she's a poor woman,
She nursed earl's children three ;
And I got them from a foster sister,
For to beguile such sparks as thee."

"But if you be a carle's daughter,
As I believe you be,
How did ye learn the good Latin,
In green wood ye spoke to me ?"

"My mother she's a mean woman,
She nursed earl's children three ;
I learned it from their chapelain,
To beguile such sparks as ye."

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men boune for bed,
Then Earl Richard and this ladye
In ane bed they were laid.

He turned his face to the stock,
And she hers to the stane ;
And cauld and dreary was the luv
That was thir twa between.

Great was the mirth in the kitchen,
Likewise intill the ha' ;
But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
Wiping the tears awa'.

He wept till he fell fast asleep,
Then slept till licht was come ;
Then he did hear the gentlemen
That talked in the room :

Said,—“ Saw ye ever a fitter match,
Betwixt the ane and ither ;
The King o' Scotland's fair dochter,
And the Queen of England's brither ? ”

“ And is she the King o' Scotland's fair
dochter ?

This day, oh, weel is me !
For seven times has my steed been saddled,
To come to court with thee ;
And with this witty lady fair,
How happy must I be ! ”

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 151.

"THIS Ballad is published, partly from one under this title, in Mrs. BROWN'S collection, and partly from a MS. of some antiquity, *penes* Edit. The stanzas appearing to possess most merit have been selected from each copy."—SCOTT.

Annexed is another version from Motherwell's collection. A third, longer than either, is furnished by Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii 245, *The Scottish Squire*.

"O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen !"

"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean !

"O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear ?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near ?"

" I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword nor yet my spear ;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

" But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee ;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."

" But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know ?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

" O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see ;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

" The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw¹ ;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw

" And even at my love's bouer-door
There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

¹ See page 284.

“ And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair ;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.”

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray ;
And he is awa to southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bour
There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free ;
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin ;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—“ Your love can no win here.”—

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord William;
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."—

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!"—
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see:

"But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."—
"Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when you come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledg'd his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seem'd to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,
 " Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
 To try if she be dead."

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
 They drapp'd it on her breast ;
" Alas ! alas !" her father cried,
 " She's dead without the priest."

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
 Nor shiver'd with her chin ;
" Alas ! alas !" her father cried,
 " There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
 And hew'd to her a bier ;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
 Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
 And sewed to her a kell ;
And every steek that they put in
 Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
 They garr'd the bells be rung ;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
 They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw ;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a.'

"Set down, set down the bier," he said,
"Let me look her upon :"
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone ;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine ;
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.—

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn !
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest ;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast."—

“ Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may ye die!
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee.”

p. 284. This simile resembles a passage in a MS. translation of an Irish Fairy tale, called *The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carral O'Daly, Son of Donogho More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland*. “Faravla, as she entered her bower, cast her looks upon the earth, which was tinged with the blood of a bird which a raven had newly killed: ‘Like that snow,’ said Faravla, ‘was the complexion of my beloved, his cheeks like the sanguine traces thereon; whilst the raven recalls to my memory the colour of his beautiful locks.’” There is also some resemblance in the conduct of the story, betwixt the ballad and the tale just quoted. The Princess Faravla, being desperately in love with Carral O'Daly, despatches in search of him a faithful confidante, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and, perching upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the Princess of Scotland. SCOTT.

THE JOLLY GOSHAWK.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 353.

"O WELL is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee ;
For ye can carry a love-letter
To my true love from me."

"O how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know ?
I bear the lips to her never spak,
And the eyes that her never saw."

"The thing of my love's face that's white
Is that of dove or maw ;
The thing of my love's face that's red
Is like blood shed on snaw.

"And when you come to the castel,
Light on the bush of ash ;

And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

“And when she gaes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in.”

And when he flew to that castel,
He lighted on the ash;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she came from the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she went out and in.

“Come hitherward, my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon,
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie's moan.”

She's gane unto her west window,
And fainly aye it drew;
And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw.

“Ye're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa;

And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava."

"I send him the rings from my white fin-
gers,

The garlands off my hair ;
I send him the heart that's in my breast :
What would my love have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there."

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she :
" An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me,—
That, if I die in fair England,
In Scotland gar bury me.

" At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung ;

" At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
You deal gold for my sake ;
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Oh there you'll bury me at !

" And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me : "

"Your asking is but small," he said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

[The lady asks the same boon and receives a similar answer, first from her mother, then from her sister, and lastly from her seven brothers.]

Then down as dead that lady drapp'd,
Beside her mother's knee ;
Then out it spak an auld witch wife,
By the fire-side sat she :

Says,—“Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her rose red lips,
And she will speak again :
For much a lady young will do,
To her true love to win.”

They drapp'd the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin ;
They drapp'd it on her red rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room,
To make to her a bier ;
The boards of it were cedar wood,
And the plates on it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room,
To make to her a sark ;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking silken wark.

“ But well is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee ;
Come shew to me any love tokens
That you have brought to me.”

“ She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair ;
She sends you the heart within her breast
And what would you have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
She bids you meet her there.”

“ Come hither, all my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine ;
For we must on to fair England,
To free my love from pine.”

At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
They dealt gold for her sake ;

And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true love met them at.

"Set down, set down the corpsé," he said,
"Till I look on the dead ;
The last time that I saw her face,
She ruddy was and red ;
But now, alas, and woe is me !
She's wallowed like a weed."

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin ;
With lily white cheek, and lemin' eyne,
She lookt and laugh'd to him.

"Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine ;
For I have fasted for your love,
These weary lang days nine ;
There's not a steed in your stable,
But would have been dead ere syne.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn ;
For you can say in the South of England,
Your sister gave you a scorn.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the meal ;

But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the silks so weel.

“ I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the dead ;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the gold so red.”



APPENDIX.

11-11

YOUNG HUNTING. See p. 3.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 118.

LADY MAISRY forth from her bower came,
And stood on her tower head ;
She thought she heard a bridle ring,
The sound did her heart guid.

She thought it was her first true love,
Whom she loved ance in time ;
But it was her new love, Hunting,
Come frae the hunting o' the hyn'.

" Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
God make you safe and free !
I'm come to take my last farewell,
And pay my last visit to thee."

" O stay, O stay then, young Hunting,
O stay with me this night ;
Ye shall ha'e cheer, an' charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright.

" Have no more cheer, you lady fair,
An hour langer for me ;

I have a lady in Garmouth town
I love better than thee."

" O if your love be changed, my love,
Since better canno' be,
Nevertheless, for auld lang syne,
Ye'll stay this night wi' me.

" Silver, silver shall be your wage,
And gowd shall be your fee ;
And nine times nine into the year,
Your weed shall changed be.

" Will ye gae to the cards or dice,
Or to a tavern fine ?
Or will ye gae to a table forebye,
And birl baith beer and wine ? "

" I winna gang to the cards nor dice,
Nor to a tavern fine ;
But I will gang to a table forebye,
And birl baith beer and wine."

Then she has drawn for young Hunting
The beer but and the wine,
Till she got him as deadly drunk
As ony unhallowed swine.

Then she's ta'en out a trusty brand,
That hang below her gare ;
Then she's wounded him, young Hunting,
A deep wound and a sair.

Then out it speaks her comrade,
Being in the companie :

"Alas! this deed that ye ha'e done,
Will ruin baith you and me."

"Heal well, heal well, you Lady Katharine,
Heal well this deed on me;
The robes that were shapen for my bodie,
They shall be sewed for thee."

"Tho' I wou'd heal it never sae well,
And never sae well," said she,
"There is a God above us baith,
That can baith hear and see."

They booted him and spurred him,
As he'd been gaun to ride;
A hunting-horn about his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

And they rode on, and farther on,
All the lang summer's tide,
Until they came to wan water,
Where a' man ca's it Clyde.

¹ The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
² There they flang him in,
And put a turf on his breast bane,
To had young Hunting down.

O out it speaks a little wee bird,
As she sat on the brier:
"Gae hame, gae hame, ye Lady Maisry,
And pay your maiden's hire."

¹ And the. ² And there.

" O I will pay my maiden's hire,
And hire I'll gi'e to thee ;
If ye'll conceal this fatal deed,
Ye's ha'e gowd for your fee."

Then out it speaks a bonny bird,
That flew aboon their head ;
" Keep well, keep well your green claithing
Frae ae drap o' his bluid."

" O I'll keep well my green claithing
Frae ae drap o' his bluid,
Better than I'll do your flattering tongue,
That flutters in your head.

" Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
Light down upon my hand ;
For ae gowd feather that's in your wing,
I wou'd gi'e a' my land."

" How shall I come down, how can I come down,
How shall I come down to thee ?
The things ye said to young Hunting,
The same ye're saying to me."

But it fell out on that same day,
The king was going to ride,
And he call'd for him, young Hunting,
For to ride by his side.

Then out it speaks the little young son,
Sat on the nurse's knee,
" It fears me sair," said that young babe,
" He's in bower wi' yon ladie."

Then they ha'e call'd her, Lady Katharine,
And she sware by the thorn,
That she saw not him, young Hunting,
Sin' yesterday at morn.

Then they ha'e call'd her, Lady Maisry,
And she sware by the moon,
That she saw not him, young Hunting,
Sin' yesterday at noon.

"He was playing him at the Clyde's water,
Perhaps he has fa'en in : "
The king he call'd his divers all,
To dive for his young son.

They div'd in thro' the wan burn-bank,
Sae did they out thro' the other :
"We'll dive nae mair," said these young men,
"Suppose he were our brother."

Then out it spake a little bird,
That flew aboon their head :
"Dive on, dive on, ye divers all,
For there he lies indeed.

"But ye'll leave aff your day diving,
And ye'll dive in the night ;
The pot where young Hunting lies in,
The candles they'll burn bright.

"There are twa ladies in yon bower,
And even in yon ha',
And they ha'e kill'd him, young Hunting,
And casten him awa'.

" They booted him and spurred him,
As he'd been gaun to ride ;
A hunting horn tied round his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

" The deepest pot o' Clyde's water,
There they flang him in,
Laid a turf on his breast bane,
To had young Hunting down."

Now they left aff their day diving,
And they dived on the night ;
The pot that young Hunting lay in,
The candles were burning bright.

The king he call'd his hewers all,
To hew down wood and thorn,
For to put up a strong bale-fire,
These ladies for to burn.

And they ha'e ta'en her, Lady Katharine,
And they ha'e pitten her in ;
But it wadna light upon her cheek,
Nor wou'd it on her chin,
But sang the points o' her yellow hair,
For healing the deadly sin.

Then they ha'e ta'en her, Lady Maisry,
And they ha'e put her in :
First it lighted on her cheek,
And syne upon her chin,
And sang the points o' her yellow hair,
And she burnt like keckle-pin.

YOUNG WATERS. — See p. 88.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, l. p. 15.

It fell about the gude Yule time,
When caps and stoups gaed roun',
Down it came him young Waters,
To welcome James, our king.

The great, the great, rade a' together,
The sma' came a' behin';
But wi' young Waters, that brave knight,
There came a gay gatherin'.

The horse young Waters rade upon,
It cost him hunders nine;
For he was siller shod before,
And gowd graith had behin'.

At ilka tippit o' his horse mane
There hang a siller bell;
The wind was loud, the steed was proud,
And they gae a sindry knell.

The king he lay ower's castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And he beheld him, young Waters,
Come riding to the town.

He turn'd him right and round about,
And to the queen said he,—
“ Who is the bravest man, my dame,
That ever your een did see ? ”

“ I've seen lairds, and I've seen lords,
And knights o' high degree ;
But a braver man than young Waters
My e'en did never see.”

He turn'd him right and roun' about,
And ane angry man was he ;
“ O wae to you, my dame, the queen ;
Ye might ha'e excepted me ! ”

“ Ye are nae laird, ye are nae lord,
Ye are the king that wears the crown ;
There's nae a lord in fair Scotland,
But unto you maun a' bow down.”

“ O lady, for your love choicing,
Ye shall win to your will ;
The morn, or I eat or drink,
Young Waters I'll gar kill.”

And nevertheless, the king cou'd say,
“ Ye might ha'e excepted me ;
Yea for yea,” the king cou'd say,
“ Young Waters he shall die.

“ Likewise for your ill-wyled words
Ye sall ha'e cause to mourn ;
Gin ye hadna been sae big wi' child,
Ye on a hill su'd burn.”

Young Waters came before the King,
Fell low down on his knee;
"Win up, win up, young Waters,
What's this I hear o' thee?"

"What ails the king at me, he said,
What ails the king at me?"
"It is tauld me the day, sir knight,
Ye've done me treasonie."

Liars will lie on sell gude men,
Sae will they do on me;
I wudna wish to be the man
That liars on wudna lie."

Nevertheless, the king cou'd say,
"In prison strang gang ye;
O yea for yea," the king cou'd say,
"Young Waters, ye shall die."

Syne they ha'e ta'en him, young Waters,
Laid him in prison strang,
And left him there wi' fetters boun',
Making a heavy mane.

"Aft ha'e I ridden thro' Striveling town
Thro' heavy wind and weet;
But ne'er rade I thro' Striveling town
Wi' fetters on my feet.

"Aft ha'e I ridden thro' Striveling town,
Thro' heavy wind and rain;
But ne'er rade I thro' Striveling town
But thought to ridden't again."

They brought him to the heading-hill,
His horse, bot and his saddle ;
And they brought to the heading-hill
His young son in his cradle.

And they brought to the heading-hill,
His hounds intill a leish ;
And they brought till the heading-hill,
His gos-hawk in a jess.

King James he then rade up the hill,
And mony a man him wi',
And called on his trusty page,
To come right speedilie.

" Ye'll do' ye to the Earl o' Mar,
For he sits on yon hill ;
Bid him loose the brand frae his bodie,
Young Waters for to kill."

" O gude forbid," the Earl he said,
" The like su'd e'er fa' me,
My bodie e'er su'd wear the brand
That gars young Waters die."

Then he has loos'd his trusty brand,
And casten't in the sea ;
Says, " Never lat them get a brand,
Till it come back to me."

The scaffold it prepared was,
And he did mount it hie ;
And a' spectators that were there,
The saut tears blint their e'e.

" O had your tongues, my brethren dear,
And mourn nae mair for me ;
Ye're seeking grace frae a graceless face,
For there is nane to gie.

" Ye'll tak' a bit o' canvas claith,
And pit it ower my ee ;
And Jack, my man, ye'll be at hand,
The hour that I su'd die.

" Syne aff' ye'll tak' my bluidy sark,
Gie it fair Margaret Grahame ;
For she may curse the dowie dell
That brought King James him hame.

" Ye'll bid her mak' her bed narrow,
And mak' it naeways wide ;
For a brawer man than young Waters
Will ne'er streak by her side.

" Bid her do weel to my young son,
And gie him nurses three ;
For gin he live to be a man,
King James will gar him die."

He call'd upon the headsman then,
A purse o' gowd him gae ;
Says, " Do your office, headsman, boy,
And mak' nae mair delay."

" O head me soon, O head me clean,
And pit me out o' pine ;
For it is by the king's command ;
Gang head me till his min'.

"Tho' by him I'm condemn'd to die,
I'm lieve to his ain kin ;
And for the truth, I'll plainly tell,
I am his sister's son."

"Gin ye're my sister's son," he said,
"It is unkent to me."
"O mindna ye on your sister Bess,
That lives in the French countrie ?"

"Gin Bess then be your mither dear,
As I trust well she be,
Gae hame, gae hame, young Waters,
Ye'se ne'er be slain by me."

But he lay by his napkin fine,
Was saft as ony silk,
And on the block he laid his neck,
Was whiter than the milk.

Says, "Strike the blow, ye headsman, boy,
And that right speedilie ;
It's never be said here gaes a knight,
Was ance condemn'd to die."

The head was ta'en frae young Waters,
And mony tears for him shed ;
But mair did mourn for fair Margaret,
As raving she lyes mad.

LAMMIKIN. See p. 94.

Fiulay's *Scottish Ballads*, ii. 47.

LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason
As ever hewed a stane ;
He biggit Lord Weire's castle,
But payment gat he' nane.

" Sen ye winna gie me my guerdon, lord,
Sen ye winna gie me my hire,
This gude castle, sae stately built,
I sall gar rock wi' fire.

" Sen ye winna gie me my wages, lord,
Ye sall hae cause to rue : "
And syne he brewed a black revenge,
And syne he vowed a vow.

The Lammikin sair wroth, sair wroth,
Returned again to Downe ;
But or he gaed, he vow'd and vow'd,
The castle should sweep the ground.

" O byde at hame, my gude Lord Weire,
I weird ye byde at hame ;
Gang na to this day's hunting,
To leave me a' alane.

" Yae night, yae night, I dreamt this bower
O red, red blude was fu' ;
Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
I sall hae cause to rue."

" Wha looks to dreams, my winsome dame ?
Nae cause hae ye to fear : "
And syne he kindly kissed her cheek,
And syne the starting tear.

Now to the gude green-wood he's gane,
She to her painted bower ;
But first she closed the windows and doors
Of the castle, ha', and tower.

They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,
Close to the cheek and chin ;
They steeked them a' but a wee wicket,
And Lammikin crap in.

" Where are the lads o' this castle ? "
Says the Lammikin ;
" They are a' wi Lord Weire, hunting,"
The false nourice did sing.

" Where are the lasses o' this castle ? "
Says the Lammikin ;
" They are a' out at the washing,"
The false nourice did sing.

" But where's the lady o' this castle ?
Says the Lammikin ;
" She is in her bower sewing,"
The false nourice did sing.

" Is this the bairn o' this house ? "
Says the Lammikin ;
" The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,
The false nourice did sing.

Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
While loud false nourice sings ;
Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
Till high the red blude springs.

" Still my bairn, nourice,
O still him if ye can : "
" He will not still, madam,
For a' his father's lan'."

" O gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi' the keys : "
" He will not still, fair lady,
Let me do what I please."

" O still my bairn, kind nourice,
O still him wi' the ring : "
" He will not still, my lady,
Let me do any thing."

" O still my bairn, gude nourice,
O still him wi' the knife : "
" He will not still, dear mistress mine,
Gin I'd lay down my life."

" Sweet nourice, loud, loud cries my bair-
O still him wi' the bell : "
" He will not still, dear lady,
Till ye cum down yoursell."

The first step she stepped,
She stepped on a stane,
The next step she stepped,
She met the Lammikin.

And when she saw the red, red blude,
A loud skriech skrieched she :
" O monster, monster, spare my child,
Who never skaithed thee !

" O spare, if in your bluidy breast
Abides not heart of stane !
O spare, an' ye sall hae o' gold
That ye can carry hame ! "

" I carena for your gold," he said,
" I carena for your fee :
I hae been wranged by your lord,
Black vengeance ye sall drie.

" Here are nae serfs to guard your haa's,
Nae trusty spearmen here ;
In yon green wood they sound the horn,
And chace the doe and deer.

" Tho merry sounds the gude green wood
Wi' huntsmen, hounds, and horn,
Your lord sall rue ere sets yon sun
He has done me skaith and scorn."

" O nourice, wanted ye your meat,
Or wanted ye your fee,
Or wanted ye for any thing,
A fair lady could gie ? "

" I wanted for nae meat, ladie,
I wanted for nae fee ;
But I wanted for a hantle
A fair lady could gie."

Then Lammikin drew his red, red sword,
And sharped it on a stane,
And through and through this fair ladie,
The cauld, cauld steel is gane.

Nor lang was't after this foul deed,
Till Lord Weire cumin' hame,
Thocht he saw his sweet bairn's bluid
Sprinkled on a stane.

" I wish a' may be weel," he says,
" Wi' my ladie at hame ;
For the rings upon my fingers
Are bursting in twain."

But mair he look'd, and dule saw he,
On the door at the trance,
Spots o' his dear ladys bluid
Shining like a lance.

" There's bluid in my nursery,
There's bluid in my ha',
There's bluid in my fair lady's bower,
An' that's warst of a'."

O sweet, sweet sang the birdie,
Upon the bough sae hie,
But little cared false nourice for that,
For it was her gallows tree.

Then out he set, and his braw men
Rode a' the country roun';
Ere lang they fand the Lammikin
Had sheltered near to Downe.

They carried him a' airts o' wind,
And mickle pain had he,
At last before Lord Weire's gate
They hanged him on the tree.

LONG LONKIN. See p. 94.

From Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, viii. 410.

THE lord said to his ladie,
As he mounted his horse,
"Beware of Long Lonkin
That lies in the moss."

The lord said to his ladie,
As he rode away,
"Beware of Long Lonkin
That lies in the clay."

"What care I for Lonkin,
Or any of his gang?
My doors are all shut
And my windows penned in."

There are six little windows,
And they were all shut,
But one little window,
And that was forgot.

* * * * *

And at that little window
Long Lonkin crept in.

"Where's the lord of the hall?"
Says the Lonkin;

"He's gone up to London,"
Says Orange to him.

"Where's the men of the hall?"
Says the Lonkin;

"They're at the field ploughing,"
Says Orange to him.

"Where's the maids of the hall?"
Says the Lonkin;

"They're at the well washing,"
Says Orange to him.

"Where's the ladies of the hall?"
Says the Lonkin;

"They're up in their chambers,"
Says Orange to him.

"How shall we get them down?"
Says the Lonkin;

"Prick the babe in the cradle,"
Says Orange to him.

"Rock well my cradle,
And bee-ba my son;

Ye shall have a new gown
When the lord he comes home."

Still she did prick it,
And bee-ba she cried;
"Come down, dearest mistress,
And still your own child."

"O still my child, Orange,
Still him with a bell;"
"I can't still him, ladie,
'Till you come down yourself."

• • • • •

"Hold the gold basin,
For your heart's blood to run in,"

• • • • •

"To hold the gold basin,
It grieves me full sore;
Oh kill me, dear Lonkin,
And let my mother go."

• • • • •

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN. See p. 107.

“JOHN KINCAID, Laird of Waristoun, (an estate situated between the city of Edinburgh and the sea, towards Leith,) was murdered, on the 2d of July, 1600, by a man named Robert Weir, who was employed to do so by his wife, Jean Livingstone, daughter of the Laird of Dunipace. The unfortunate woman, who thus became implicated in a crime so revolting to humanity, was only twenty-one years of age at the time. It is probable from some circumstances, that her husband was considerably older than herself, and also that their marriage was any thing but one of love. It is only alleged, however, that she was instigated to seek his death by resentment for some bad treatment on his part, and, in particular, for a bite which he had inflicted on her arm. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder, she sent for a quondam servant of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun, to see her; but, for some unexplained reason was not admitted. She again sent for him, and he again went. Again he was not admitted.

At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged, that Weir should be concealed in a cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed, to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leant inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leapt upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him several dreadful blows on vital parts, particularly one on the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures: he seized him by the throat with both hands, and compressing that part with all his force, succeeded, after a few minutes, in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first death-shout, she leapt out of bed, in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall: but she made no effort to countermand her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over.

"Weir made an immediate escape from justice; but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were

immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the Laird of Dunipace, was a favourite of King James VI., and he made all the interest he could with his majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king, was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible.

"The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet, in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the disgust which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling. Her execution took place at four in

the morning of the 5th of July, at the Watergate, near Holyroodhouse; and at the same hour her nurse was burnt on the castle-hill. It is some gratification to know, that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after."

CHAMBERS'S *Scottish Ballads*, p. 129.

From *Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 56.

MY mother was an ill woman,
In fifteen years she married me;
I hadna wit to guide a man,
Alas! ill counsel guided me.

O Warriston, O Warriston,
I wish that ye may sink for sin;
I was but bare fifteen years auld,
Whan first I enter'd your yates within.

I hadna been a month married,
Till my gude lord went to the sea;
I bare a bairn ere he came hame,
And set it on the nourice knee.

But it fell ance upon a day,
That my gude lord return'd from sea;
Then I did dress in the best array,
As blythe as ony bird on tree.

I took my young son in my arms,
Likewise my nourice me forebye,
And I went down to yon shore side,
My gude lord's vessel I might spy.

My lord he stood upon the deck,
I wyte he hail'd me courteouslie;
"Ye are thrice welcome, my lady gay,
Whase aught that bairn on your knee?"

She turn'd her right and round about,
Says, "Why take ye sic dreads o' me?
Alas! I was too young married.
To love another man but thee."

"Now hold your tongue, my lady gay,
Nae mair falsehoods ye'll tell to me;
This bonny bairn is not mine,
You've loved another while I was on sea."

In discontent then hame she went,
And aye the tear did blin' her e'e;
Says, "Of this wretch I'll be revenged,
For these harsh words he's said to me."

She's counsell'd wi' her father's steward,
What way she cou'd revenged be;
Bad was the counsel then he gave,—
It was to gar her gude lord dee.

The nourice took the deed in hand,
I wat she was well paid her fee;
She kiest the knot, and the loop she ran,
Which soon did gar this young lord dee.

His brother lay in a room hard by,
Alas! that night he slept too soun';
But then he waken'd wi a cry,
"I fear my brother's putten down."

" O get me coal and candle light,
And get me some gude companie ; "
But before the light was brought,
Warriston he was gart dee.

They've ta'en the lady and fause nourice,
In prison strong they ha'e them boun' ;
The nourice she was hard o' heart,
But the bonny lady fell in swoon.

In it came her brother dear,
And aye a sorry man was he ;
" I wou'd gie a' the lands I heir,
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee."

" O borrow me brother, borrow me,—
O borrow'd shall I never be ;
For I gart kill my ain gude lord,
And life is nae pleasure to me."

In it came her mother dear,
I wyte a sorry woman was she ;
" I wou'd gie my white monie and gowd,
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee."

" Borrow me mother, borrow me,—
O borrow'd shall I never be ;
For I gart kill my ain gude lord,
And life's now nae pleasure to me."

Then in it came her father dear,
I wyte a sorry man was he ;
Says, " Ohon, alas ! my bonny Jean,
If I had you at hame wi' me.

"Seven daughters I ha'e left at hame,
As fair women as fair can be ;
But I wou'd gi'e them ane by ane,
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee."

"O borrow me father, borrow me,—
O borrow'd shall I never be ;
I that is worthy o' the death,
It is but right that I shou'd dee."

Then out it speaks the king himsell,
And aye as he steps in the fleer ;
Says, "I grant you your life, lady,
Because you are of tender year."

"A boon, a boon, my liege the king,
The boon I ask, ye'll grant to me :"
"Ask on, ask on, my bonny Jean,
Whate'er ye ask it's granted be."

"Cause take me out at night, at night,
Lat not the sun upon me shine ;
And take me to yon heading hill,
Strike aff this dowie head o' mine.

"Ye'll take me out at night, at night,
When there are nane to gaze and see ;
And ha'e me to yon heading hill,
And ye'll gar head me speedilie."

They've ta'en her out at nine at night,
Loot not the sun upon her shine ;
And had her to yon heading hill,
And headed her baith neat and fine.

Then out it speaks the king himsell,
I wyte a sorry man was he;
"I've travell'd east, I've travell'd west,
And sailed far beyond the sea,
But I never saw a woman's face
I was sae sorry to see dee.

"But Warriston was sair to blame,
For slighting o' his lady so;
He had the wyte o' his ain death,
And bonny lady's overthrow."

MARY HAMILTON. See p. 118.

A "North Country" version from Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 252. The Editor furnishes the two following stanzas of another copy:—

My father is the Duke of Argyle,
My mother's a lady gay,
And I mysel am a daintie dame,
And the king desired me.

He shaw'd me up, he shaw'd me down,
He shaw'd me to the ha',
He shaw'd me to the low cellars,
And that was warst of a'.

In one of Motherwell's copies, and in Buchan's, the heroine calls herself daughter of the Duke of York.

"WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe,
And stood at my mither's knee,
Nae witch nor warlock did unfauld
The death I was to drie.

" But my mither was a proud woman,
A proud woman and a bauld ;
And she hired me to Queen Mary's bouer
When scarce eleven years auld.

" O happy, happy, is the maid,
That's born of beauty free !
It was my dimpling rosy cheeks
That's been the dule o' me ;
And wae be to that weirdless wicht,
And a' his witcherie."

Word's gane up and word's gane down,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Mary Hamilton was wi' bairn,
And na body ken'd to wha.

But in and cam the Queen hersel,
Wi' gowd plait on her hair ;—
Says, " Mary Hamilton, whare is the babe
That I heard greet sae sair ? "

" There is na babe within my bouer,
And I hope there ne'er will be ;
But it's me wi' a sair and sick colic,
And I'm just like to dee."

But they looked up, they looked down,
Atween the bowsters and the wa',
It's there they got a bonnie lad-bairn,
But it's life it was awa'.

" Rise up, rise up, Mary Hamilton,
Rise up, and dress ye fine,

For you maun gang to Edinbruch,
And stand afore the nine.¹

"Ye'll no put on the dowie black,
Nor yet the dowie brown ;
But ye'll put on the robes o' red,
To sheen thro' Edinbruch town."

"I'll no put on the dowie black,
Nor yet the dowie brown ;
But I'll put on the robes o' red,
To sheen thro' Edinbruch town."

As they gaed thro' Edinbruch town,
And down by the Nether-bow,
There war monie a lady fair
Siching and crying, "Och how !"

"O weep na mair for me, ladies,
Weep na mair for me ;
Yestreen I killed my ain bairn,
The day I deserve to dee.

"What need ye hech ! and how ! ladies,
What need ye how ! for me ;
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,—
Queen Mary has nane to gie."

"Gae forward, gae forward," the Queen she said
"Gae forward, that ye may see ;

¹ An iustly the supreme criminal court of Scotland, composed of nine members, viz. the Justiciar, or Justice General, and his eight Deputes. KINLOCH.

For the very same words that ye hie said,
Sall hang ye on the gallows tree.'

As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
She gied loud laughters three ;
But or ever she cam down again,
She was condemn'd to dee.

" O tak example frae me, Maries,
O tak example frae me,
Nor gie your luv to courtly lords,
Nor heed their witchin' ee.

" But wae be to the Queen hersel,
She micht hae pardon'd me ;
But sair she's striven for me to hang
Upon the gallows tree.

" Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three ;
There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carnichael, and me.

" Aft hae I set pearls in her hair,
Aft hae I lac'd her gown,
And this is the reward I now get,
To be hang'd in Edinbruch town .

" O a' ye mariners, far and near,
That sail ayont the faem,
O dinna let my father and mither ken,
But what I am coming hame.

" O a' ye mariners, far and near,
That sail ayont the sea,

Let na my father and mither ken,
The death I am to dee.

“Sae, weep na mair for me, ladies,
Weep na mair for me,
The mither that kills her ain bairn,
Deserves weel for to dee.”

• • • • •

MARY HAMILTON. See p 118.

Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 19.

111

THEN down cam Queen Marie
Wi' gold links in her hair,
Saying, " Marie mild, where is the child,
That I heard greet sair sair ? "

" There was nae child wi' me, madam,
There was nae child wi' me ;
It was but me in a sair cholic,
When I was like to die."

" I'm not deceived," Queen Marie said.
" No, no, indeed, not I !
So Marie mild, where is the child ?
For sure I heard it cry."

She turned down the blankets fine,
Likewise the Holland sheet,
And underneath, there strangled lay
A lovely baby sweet.

"O cruel mother," said the Queen,
"Some fiend possessed thee;
But I will hang thee for this deed,
My Marie tho' thou be!"

* * * * *

When she cam to the Nether-Bow Port,
She laugh't loud laughters three;
But when she cam to the gallows foot,
The saut tear blinded her ee.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael and me.

"Ye mariners, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let not my father or mother wit
The death that I maun die.

"I was my parents' only hope,
They ne'er had ane but me;
They little thought when I left hame,
They should nae mair me see!"

MR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

See p. 136.

in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 51 ; taken down from recitation.

YESTERDAY was brave Hallowday,
And, above all days of the year,
The schoolboys all got leave to play,
And little Sir Hugh was there.

He kicked the ball with his foot,
And kepped it with his knee,
And even in at the Jew's window
He gart the bonnie ba' flee.

Out then came the Jew's daughter,—
"Will ye come in and dine?"
"I winna come in and I canna come in
Till I get that ball of mine.

"Throw down that ball to me, maiden,
Throw down the ball to me."
"I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,
Till ye come up to me."

She pu'd the apple frae the tree,
It was baith red and green,
She gave it unto little Sir Hugh,
With that his heart did win.

She wiled him into ae chamber,
She wiled him into twa,
She wiled him into the third chamber,
And that was warst o't a'.

She took out a little penknife,
Hung low down by her spare,
She twined this young thing o' his life,
And a word he ne'er spak mair.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood,
There was nae mair within.

She laid him on a dressing table,
She dress'd him like a swine,
Says, "Lie ye there, my bonnie Sir Hugh,
Wi' ye're apples red and green!"

She put him in a case of lead,
Says, "Lie ye there and sleep!"
She threw him into the deep draw-well
Was fifty fathom deep.

A schoolboy walking in the garden
Did grievously hear him moan,
He ran away to the deep draw-well
And fell down on his knee.

Says, "Bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir Hugh
I pray you speak to me;
If you speak to any body in this world,
I pray you speak to me."

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And every body went hame,
Then every lady had her son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She rolled her mantle her about,
And sore, sore did she weep;
She ran away to the Jew's castle,
When all were fast asleep.

She cries, "Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray you speak to me;
If you speak to any body in this world,
I pray you speak to me."

"Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
I'll tell ye where to seek;
Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
He's in the well sae deep."

She ran away to the deep draw-well,
And she fell down on her knee;
Saying, "Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray ye speak to me;
If ye speak to any body in the world,
I pray ye speak to me."

"Oh! the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well it is wondrous deep;
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I downa to ye speak.

But lift me out o' this deep draw-well,
And bury me in yon churchyard;

"Put a Bible at my head," he says,
"And a testament at my feet,
And pen and ink at every side,
And I 'll lie still and sleep.

"And go to the back of Maitland town,
Bring me my winding sheet;
For it 's at the back of Maitland town
That you and I shall meet."

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom that makes full sore,
A woman's mercy is very little,
But a man's mercy is more.

SIR HUGH. See p. 136.

from Hume's *Sir Hugh of Lincoln*, p. 85; obtained from
recitation, in Ireland.

'Twas on a summer's morning,
Some scholars were playing at ball;
When out came the Jew's daughter
And lean'd her back against the wall.

She said unto the fairest boy,
"Come here to me, Sir Hugh."
"No! I will not," said he,
"Without my playfellows too."

She took an apple out of her pocket,
And trundled it along the plain;
And who was readiest to lift it,
Was little Sir Hugh, again.

She took him by the milk-white han',
An' led him through many a hall,
Until they came to one stone chamber,
Where no man might hear his call.

She sat him in a goolden chair,
And jagg'd him with a pin;
And called for a goolden cup
To houl' his heart's blood in.

She tuk him by the yellow hair,
An' also by the feet ;
An' she threw him in the deep draw well,
It was fifty fadom deep.

Day bein' over, the night came on,
And the scholars all went home ;
Then every mother had her son,
But little Sir Hugh's had none.

She put her mantle about her head,
Tuk a little rod in her han',
An' she says, " Sir Hugh, if I fin' you here,
I will bate you for stayin' so long."

First she went to the Jew's door,
But they were fast asleep ;
An' then she went to the deep draw-well,
That was fifty fadom deep.

She says, " Sir Hugh, if you be here,
As I suppose you be,
If ever the dead or quick arose,
Arise and spake to me."

Yes, mother dear, I am here,
I know I have staid very long ;
But a little penknife was stuck in my heart,
Till the stream ran down full strong.

And mother dear, when you go home,
Tell my playfellows all,
That I lost my life by leaving them
When playing that game of ball.

SIR HUGH.

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And ere another day is gone,
My winding-sheet prepare,
And bury me in the green churchyard
Where the flowers are bloomin' fair.

Lay my Bible at my head,
My testament at my feet;
The earth and worms shall be my bed,
Till Christ and I shall meet.

OL. III.

22

SIR PATRICK SPENS. See p. 147.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 1.

THE King sits in Dunfermline town,
A-drinking at the wine ;
Says, " Where will I get a good skipper
Will sail the saut seas fine ? "

Out it speaks an eldren knight
Among the companie,—
" Young Patrick Spens is the best skipper
That ever sail'd the sea."

The king he wrote a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his ring ;
Says, " Ye'll gi'e that to Patrick Spens :
See if ye can him find."

He sent this, not wi' an auld man,
Nor yet a simple boy,
But the best o' nobles in his train
This letter did convoy.

When Patrick look'd the letter upon
A light laugh then ga'e he ;
But ere he read it till an end,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"Ye'll eat and drink, my merry men a',
An' see ye be weell thorn;
For blaw it weet, or blaw it wind,
My guid ship sails the morn."

Then out it speaks a guid auld man,
A guid death mat he dee,—

"Whatever ye do, my guid master,
Tak' God your guide to bee.

"For late yestreen I saw the new moon
The auld moon in her arm."

"Ohon, alas!" says Patrick Spens,
"That bodes a deadly storm.

"But I maun sail the seas the morn,
And likewise sae maun you;
To Noroway, wi' our king's daughter,—
A chosen queen she's now.

"But I wonder who has been sae base.
As tauld the king o' mee:
Even tho' hee ware my ae brither,
An ill death mat he dee."

Now Patrick he rigg'd out his ship,
And sailed ower the faem;
But mony a dreary thought had hee,
While hee was on the main.

They hadna sail'd upon the sea
A day but barely three,
Till they came in sight o' Noroway,
It's there where they must bee.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

They hadna stayed into that place
A month but and a day,
Till he caus'd the flip in mugs gae roun'
And wine in cans sae gay.

The pipe and harp sae sweetly play'd,
The trumpets loudly soun' ;
In every hall where in they stay'd,
Wi' their mirth did reboun'.

Then out it speaks an auld skipper,
An inbearing dog was hee,—
"Ye've stay'd ower lang in Noroway,
Spending your king's monie."

Then out it speaks Sir Patrick Spens,—
"O how can a' this bee?
I ha'e a how o' guid red gowd
Into my ship wi' mee.

"But betide me well, betide me wae,
This day I'll leave the shore ;
And never spend my king's monie
'Mong Noroway dogs no more."

Young Patrick hee is on the sea,
And even on the faem,
Wi' five-an-fifty Scots lords' sons,
That lang'd to bee at hame.

They hadna sail'd upon the sea
A day but barely three,
Till loud and boistrous grew the wind,
And stormy grew the sea.

"O where will I get a little wee boy
Will tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to my tapmast,
And see for some dry land?"

He hadna gane to his tapmast
A step but barely three;
Ere thro' and thro' the bonny ship's side,
He saw the green haw sea.

"There are five-an-fifty feather beds
Well packed in ae room;
And ye'll get as muckle guid canvas
As wrap the ship a' roun';

"Ye'll pict her well, and spare her not,
And mak' her hale and soun'."
But ere he had the word well spoke
The bonny ship was down.

O laith, laith were our guid lords' sons
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
To weet their coal-black shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
They wat their hats aboon.

It's even ower by Aberdour
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And yonder lies Sir Patrick Spens,
And a's men at his feet.

It's even ower by Aberdour,
There's mony a craig and fin,
And yonder lies Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' mony a guid lord's son.

Lang, lang will the ladyes look
Into their morning weed,
Before they see young Patrick Spens
Come sailing ower the fleed.

Lang, lang will the ladyes look
Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see him, Patrick Spens,
Come sailing to dry land.

LORD LIVINGSTON.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 29.

It fell about the Lammas time,
When wightsmen won their hay ;
A' the squires in merry Linkum,
Went a' forth till a play.

They play'd until the evening tide,
The sun was gaeing down ;
A lady thro' plain fields was bound,
A lily leesome thing.

Two squires that for this lady pledged,
In hopes for a renown ;
The one was call'd the proud Seaton,
The other Livingston.

" When will ye, Michael o' Livingston,
Wad for this lady gay ? "

" To-morrow, to-morrow," said Livingston,
" To-morrow, if you mav."

Then they hae wadded their wagers,
And laid their pledges down ;
To the high castle o' Edinbro'
They made them ready boun'.

The chamber that they did gang in,
There it was daily dight ;
The kipples were like the gude red gowd,
As they stood up in hight ;
And the roof-tree like the siller white,
And shin'd like candles bright.

The lady fair into that ha'
Was comely to be seen ;
Her kirtle was made o' the pa',
Her gowns seem'd o' the green.

Her gowns seem'd like green, like green,
Her kirtle o' the pa' ;
A siller wand intill her hand,
She marshall'd ower them a'.

She gae every knight a lady bright,
And every squire a may ;
Her own sell chose him, Livingston,
They were a comely tway.

Then Seaton started till his foot,
The fierce flame in his e'e :
" On the next day, wi' sword in hand,
On plain fields, meet ye me."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' man bound for bed ;

Lord Livingston and his fair dame
In bed were sweetly laid.

The bed, the bed, where they lay in,
Was cover'd wi' the pa' ;
A covering o' the gude red gowd,
Lay nightly ower the twa.

So they lay there, till on the morn
The sun shone on their feet ;
Then up it raise him, Livingston,
To draw to him a weed.

The first an' weed that he drew on,
Was o' the linen clear ;
The next an' weed that he drew on,
It was a weed o' weir.

The niest an' weed that he drew on,
Was gude iron and steel ;
Twa gloves o' plate, a gowden helmet,
Became that hind chiel weel.

Then out it speaks that lady gay,
A little forbye stood she ;
" I'll dress mysell in men's array,
Gae to the fields for thee."

" O God forbid," said Livingston,
" That e'er I drce the shame ;
My lady slain in plain fields,
And I coward knight at hame !"

He scarcely taavelled frae the town
A mile but barely twa,

Till he met wi' a witch woman,
I pray to send her wae.

"This is too gude a day, my lord,
To gang sae far frae town ;
This is too gude a day, my lord,
On field to make you boun'.

"I dream'd a dream concerning thee,
O read ill dreams to guid !
Your bower was full o' milk-white swans,
Your bride's bed full o' bluid."

"O bluid is gude," said Livingston,
"To bide it whoso may ;
If I be frae yon plain fields,
Nane knew the plight I lay."

Then he rade on to plain fields,
As swift's his horse cou'd hie ;
And there he met the proud Seaton,
Come boldly ower the lee.

"Come on to me now, Livingston,
Or then take foot and flee ;
This is the day that we must try
Who gains the victorie."

Then they fought with sword in hand,
Till they were bluidy men ;
But on the point o' Seaton's sword
Brave Livingston was slain.

His lady lay ower castle wa',
Beholding dale and down,

When Blenchant brave, his gallant steed,
Came prancing to the town.

"O where is now my ain gude lord,
He stays sae far frae me?"

"O dinna ye see your ain gude lord,
Stand bleeding by your knee?"

"O live, O live, Lord Livingston,
The space o' ae half hour;
There's nae a leech in Edinbro' town
But I'll bring to your door."

"Awa' wi' your leeches, lady," he said,
"Of them I'll be the waur;
There's nae a leech in Edinbro' town,
That can strong death debar."

"Ye'll take the lands o' Livingston,
And deal them liberallie;
To the auld that may not, the young that cannot,
And blind that does na see;
And help young maidens' marriages,
That has nae gear to gie."

"My mother got it in a book,
The first night I was born,
I wou'd be wedded till a knight,
And him slain on the morn."

"But I will do for my love's sake
What ladies woudna thole;
Ere seven years shall hae an end,
Nae shoe's gang on my sole."

"There's never lint gang on my head,
Nor kame gang in my hair,
Nor ever coal nor candle light,
Shine in my bower mair."

When seven years were near an end,
The lady she thought lang;
And wi' a crack her heart did brake,
And sae this ends my sang.

CLERK TAMAS.

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, l. 43.

CLERK TAMAS lov'd her, fair Annie,
As well as Mary lov'd her son ;
But now he hates her, fair Annie,
And hates the lands that she lives in.

" Ohon, alas ! " said fair Annie,
" Alas ! this day I fear I'll die ;
But I will on to sweet Tamas,
And see gin he will pity me."

As Tamas lay ower his shott-window,
Just as the sun was gaen down,
There he beheld her, fair Annie,
As she came walking to the town

" O where are a' my well-wight men,
I wat that I pay meat and fee,
For to lat a' my hounds gang loose,
To hunt this vile whore to the sea ! "

The hounds they knew the lady well,
And nane o' them they wou'd her bite;
Save ane that is ca'd Gaudy-where,
I wat he did the lady smite.

"O wae mat worth ye, Gaudy-where,
An ill reward this is to me;
For ae bit that I gae the lave,
I'm very sure I've gi'en you three.

"For me, alas! there's nae remeid,
Here comes the day that I maun die;
I ken ye lov'd your master well,
And sae, alas for me, did I!"

A captain lay ower his ship window,
Just as the sun was gaen down;
There he beheld her, fair Annie,
As she was hunted frae the town.

"Gin ye'll forsake father and mither,
And sae will ye your friends and kin,
Gin ye'll forsake your lands sae broad,
Then come and I will take you in."

"Yes, I'll forsake baith father and mither,
And sae will I my friends and kin,
Yes, I'll forsake my lands sae broad,
And come, gin ye will take me in."

Then a' thing gaed frae fause Tamas,
And there was naething byde him wi';
Then he thought lang for Arrandella,
It was fair Annie for to see.

"How do ye now, ye sweet Tamas?
And how gaes a' in your countrie?"
"I'll do better to you than ever I've done,
Fair Annie, gin ye'll come an' see."

"O Guid forbid," said fair Annie,
"That e'er the like fa' in my hand;
Wou'd I forsake my ain gude lord,
And follow you, a gae-through-land?"

"Yet nevertheless now, sweet Tamas,
Ye'll drink a cup o' wine wi' me;
And nine times in the live lang day,
Your fair claithing shall changed be."

Fair Annie pat it till her cheek,
Sae did she till her milk-white chin,
Sae did she till her flattering lips,
But never a drap o' wine gaed in.

Tamas pat it till his cheek,
Sae did he till his dimpled chin;
He pat it till his rosy lips,
And then the well o' wine gaed in.

"These pains," said he, "are ill to bide;
Here is the day that I maun die;
O take this cup frae me, Annie,
For o' the same I am weary."

"And sae was I, o' you, Tamas,
When I was hunted to the sea;
But I've gar bury you in state,
Which is mair than ye'd done to me."

JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. ix. The same
in Buchan's collection, ii. 159.

JOHN THOMSON fought against the Turks
Three years, intill a far countrie ;
And all that time, and something mair,
Was absent from his gay ladie.

But it fell ance upon a time,
As this young chieftain sat alane,
He spied his lady in rich array,
As she walk'd ower a rural plain.

" What brought ye here, my lady gay,
So far awa from your ain countrie ?
I've thought lang, and very lang,
And all for your fair face to see."

For some days she did with him stay,
Till it fell ance upon a day,
" Fareweel, for a time," she said,
" For now I must boun hame away."

He's gi'en to her a jewel fine,
 Was set with pearl and precious stane;
 Says, " My love, beware of these savages bold
 That's in your way as ye gang hame.

" Ye'll tak the road, my lady fair,
 That leads you fair across the lea :
 That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,
 And likewise from base Violentrie."

Wi' heavy heart thir twa did pairt,
 She mintet as she wuld gae hame ;
 Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,
 But to base Violentrie she's gane.

When a twelvemonth had expired,
 John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,
 And he has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it weel wi' his ain hand.

He sent it with a small vessel
 That there was quickly gaun to sea ;
 And sent it on to fair Scotland,
 To see about his gay ladie.

But the answer he received again,—
 The lines did grieve his heart right sair :
 Nane of her friends there had her seen,
 For a twelvemonth and something mair.

Then he put on a palmer's weed,
 And took a pike-staff in his hand ;
 To Violentrie's castell he bied ;
 But slowly, slowly he did gang.

When within the hall he came,
 He jooked and couch'd out ower his tree :
 " If ye be lady of this hall,
 Some of your good bountith gie me."

" What news, what news, palmer," she said,
 " And from what countrie cam ye ? "
 " I'm lately come from Grecian plains,
 Where lies some of the Scots armie."

" If ye be come from Grecian plains,
 Some mair news I will ask of thee,—
 Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
 If he has lately seen his gay ladie."

" It is twa months, and something mair,
 Since we did pairt on yonder plain ;
 And now this knight has began to fear
 One of his foes he has her ta'en."

" He has not ta'en me by force nor slight ;
 It was a' by my ain free will ;
 He may tarry into the fight,
 For here I mean to tarry still."

" And if John Thomson ye do see,
 Tell him I wish him silent sleep ;
 His head was not so coziely,
 Nor yet sae weel, as lies at my feet."

With that he threw aff his strange disguise,
 Laid by the mask that he had on ;
 Said, " Hide me now, my lady fair,
 For Violentrie will soon be hame."

"For the love I bore thee ance,
 I'll strive to hide you, if I can :"
 Then she put him down in a dark cellar
 Where there lay many a new slain man.

But he hadna in the cellar been,
 Not an hour but barely three,
 Then hideous was the noise he heard,
 When in at the gate cam Violentrie.

Says, "I wish you well, my lady fair,
 It's time for us to sit to dine ;
 Come, serve me with the good white bread
 And likewise with the claret wine."

"That Scots chieftain, our mortal fae,
 Sae aft frae the field has made us flee,
 Ten thousand zechins this day I'll give
 That I his face could only see."

"Of that same gift wuld ye give me,
 If I wuld bring him unto thee ?
 I fairly hold you at your word ;—
 Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord."

Then from the vault John Thomson came,
 Wringing his hands most piteouslie :

"What wuld ye do," the Turk he cried,
 "If ye had me as I hae thee ?"

"If I had you as ye have me,
 I'll tell ye what I'd do to thee ;
 I'd hang you up in good greenwood,
 And cause your ain hand wale the tree."

"I meant to stick you with my knife
For kissing my beloved ladie :"
"But that same weed ye've shaped for me,
It quickly shall be sewed for thee."

Then to the wood they baith are gane ;
John Thomson clamb frae tree to tree ;
And aye he sighed and said, "Och hone!
Here comes the day that I must die."

He tied a ribbon on every branch,
Put up a flag his men might see ;
But little did his false faes ken
He meant them any injurie.

He set his horn unto his mouth,
And he has blawn baith loud and schill :
And then three thousand armed men
Cam tripping all out ower the hill.

"Deliver us our chief," they all did cry ;
"It's by our hand that ye must die ;"
"Here is your chief," the Turk replied,
With that fell on his bended knee.

"O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,
Mercy I pray you'll grant to me ;"
"Such mercy as ye meant to give,
Such mercy we shall give to thee."

This Turk they in his castel burnt,
That stood upon yon hill so hie ;
John Thomson's gay ladie they took
And hanged her on yon greenwood tree.

LORD THOMAS STUART.

From Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 1.

THOMAS STUART was a lord,
A lord of mickle land ;
He used to wear a coat of gold,
But now his grave is green.

Now he has wooed the young countess,
The Countess of Balquhin,
An' given her for a morning gift,
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

But women's wit is aye willful,
Alas ! that ever it was sae ;
She longed to see the morning gift
That her gude lord to her gae.

When steeds were saddled an' weel bridled,
An' ready for to ride,
There came a pain on that gude lord,
His back, likewise his side.

He said, " Ride on, my lady fair,
May goodness be your guide ;
For I'm sae sick an' weary that
No farther can I ride."

Now ben did come his father dear,
Wearing a golden band ;
Says, " Is there nae leech in Edinburgh,
Can cure my son from wrang ? "

" O leech is come, an' leech is gane,
Yet, father, I'm aye waur ;
There's not a leech in Edinbro'
Can death from me debar.

" But be a friend to my wife, father,
Restore to her her own ;
Restore to her my morning gift,
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

" It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd born a son ;
He would have got my land an' rents,
Where they lie out an' in.

" It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd born an heir ;
He would have got my land an' rents,
Where they lie fine an' fair."

The steeds they strave into their stables,
The boys could'nt get them bound ;
The hounds lay howling on the leech,
'Cause their master was behind.

" I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,
I wish it may be good,
That our chamber was full of swine,
An' our bed full of blood.

" I saw a woman come from the West,
Full sore wringing her hands,
And aye she cried, ' Ohon alas !
' My good lord's broken bands.'

" As she came by my good lord's bower,
Saw mony black steeds an' brown ;
I'm feared it be mony unco lords
Havin' my love from town."

As she came by my gude lord's bower,
Saw mony black steeds an' grey ;
" I'm feared its mony unco lords
Havin' my love to the clay."

THE SPANISH VIRGIN.

From Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 316.

THE three following pieces are here inserted merely as specimens of a class of tales, horrible in their incidents but feeble in their execution, of which whole dreary volumes were printed and read about two centuries ago. They were all of them, probably, founded on Italian novels.

"The subject of this ballad is taken from a collection of tragical stories, entitled, *The Theatre God's Judgments*, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 16 Pt. 2, p. 89. The text is given (with correction from two copies; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden :

Oh jealousie! thou art nurst in hell:
Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

ALL tender hearts, that ake to hear
Of those that suffer wrong ;
All you that never shed a tear,
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy
My tale doth far exceed :
Alas, that so much cruelty
In female hearts should breed !

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
Who was of high degree;
Whose wayward temper did create
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so filled her head
With many a vain surmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait;
With bravest dames she might compare;
Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid,
And taxt her with disloyaltye,
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft as she came in his way,
Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,
She burnt with wrath extreame;
At length the fire that long did glow,
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell,
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence
And many a grievous fault,
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore,—
A dungeon dark and deep,
Where they were wont, in days of yore,
Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
Dispers'd the hideous gloom;
But dank and noisome vapours play
Around the wretched room:

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
The fair one innocent
Was cast, before her lady's face ;
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
But strait, alas ! she hears
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss .
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her assail,
Which makes the damsel sorely weep,
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
Her body to defend ;
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
But all is to no end.

A servant listening near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise,
Strait ran his lady to implore ;
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen
To mark the maiden's groans ;
And plainly hears, within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies,
With all the haste he may ;
She into furious passion flies,
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn,
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls.

"Too sure, O lady," now quoth he,
"Your cruelty hath sped;
Make haste, for shame, and come and see,
I fear the virgin's dead."

She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run;
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found
The virgin stretch'd along;
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist,
Had twin'd his fatal wreath;
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so fill'd,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady, at this sight,
With horror strait ran mad;
So raving dy'd, as was most right,
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,
Of jealousy beware :
It causeth many a one to fall,
And is the devil's snare.

THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

"THIS ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263, folio. It is there entitled, *The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty; being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murder, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble Duke, &c. To the tune of The Lady's Fall.* To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, entitled, *The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation.*" Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 199.

The copy in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholly*, v. 53, is nearly *verbatim* the same.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble traine
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine,
To see both sport and playe,
His ladye went, as she did feigne,
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,
Whose beauty shone so bright,
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
 A creature faire was shee ;
 She was her fathers only joye ;
 As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mother
 Did envye her so much,
 That daye by daye she sought her life,
 Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook
 To take her life awaye ;
 And taking of her daughter's book,
 She thus to her did saye :—

“ Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,
 Go hasten presentlie,
 And tell unto the master-cook
 These wordes that I tell thee.

“ And bid him dresse to dinner streight
 That faire and milk-white doe
 That in the parke cloth shine so bright,
 There's none so faire to showe.”

This ladye fearing of no harme,
 Obey'd her mothers will ;
 And presentlie she hasted home,
 Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
 Her message for to tell ;
 And there she spied the master-cook,
 Who did with malice swell.

"Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
Do that which I thee tell :
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well."

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands,
He on the ladye layd ;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he sayd :

"Thou art the doe that I must dresse ;
See here, behold my knife ;
For it is pointed presently
To ridd thee of thy life."

"O then," cried out the scullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee,
"O save her life, good master-cook,
And make your pyes of mee !

"For pityes sake do not destroye
My ladye with your knife ;
You know shee is her father's joye ;
For Christes sake save her life !"

"I will not save her life," he sayd,
"Nor make my pyes of thee ;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee."

Now when this lord he did come home
For to sitt down and eat,
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

"Now sit you downe," his ladye sayd,
 "O sit you downe to meat ;
 Into some nunnery she is gone ;
 Your daughter deare forget."

Then solemnly he made a vowe
 Before the companie,
 That he would neither eat nor drinke,
 Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
 With a loud voice so hye ;
 "If now you will your daughter see,
 My lord, cut up that pye :

"Wherein her fleshe is minced small,
 And parched with the fire ;
 All caused by her step-mother,
 Who did her death desire.

"And cursed bee the master-cook,
 O cursed may he bee !
 I proffered him my own heart's blood,
 From death to set her free."

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne,
 And for his daughters sake,
 He judg'd her cruell step-mother
 To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
 In boiling lead to stand,
 And made the simple scullion-boye
 The heire of all his land.

THE CRUEL BLACK.

A Collection of Old Ballads, (1723,) ii. 152: a
Evans's *Old Ballads*, iii. 232. Entered in the Stationers' Registers, 1569-70. A writer in the *British Bibliographer*, (iv. 182,) has pointed out that this is one of Bandello's novels versified. The novel is the 21st of the Third Part, (London, 1792.)

A lamentable Ballad of the tragical End of a gallant Lord and virtuous Lady; together with the untimely Death of their two Children: wickedly performed by a Heathenish and Blood-thirsty Black-a-moor, their Servant; the like of which Cruelty and Murder was never before heard of.

In Rome a nobleman did wed
A virgin of great fame;
A fairer creature never did
Dame Nature ever frame:
By whom he had two children fair,
Whose beauty did excel;
They were their parents only joy,
They lov'd them both so well.

The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
The tiger, and the boar;

And still for swiftness always took
With him a black-a-moor:
Which black-a-moor within the wood
His lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
In hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end;
Then homewards he did haste,
Where, with his lady he did rest,
Until the night was past.
Then in the morning he did rise,
And did his servants call;
A hunting he provides to go;
Straight they were ready all.

To cause the toyl the lady did
Intreat him not to go:
"Alas, good lady," then quoth he,
"Why art thou grieved so?
Content thyself, I will return
With speed to thee again."
"Good father," quoth the little babes,
"With us here still remain."

"Farewel, dear children, I will go
A fine thing for to buy;"
But they, therewith nothing content,
Aloud began to cry.
The mother takes them by the hand,
Saying, "Come, go with me
Unto the highest tower, where
Your father you shall see."

The black-a-moor, perceiving now,
Who then did stay behind,
His lord to be a hunting gone,
Began to call to mind:
"My master he did me correct,
My fault not being great;
Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
She shall not me intreat."

The place was moated round about;
The bridge he up did draw;
The gates he bolted very fast;
Of none he stood in awe.
He up into the tower went,
The lady being there;
Who, when she saw his countenance grim,
She straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it quakes
To think what I must write;
My senses all begin to fail,
My soul it doth affright.
Yet must I make an end of this
Which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
Before that I have done.

This wretch unto the lady went,
And her with speed did will,
His lust forthwith to satisfy,
His mind for to fulfil.
The lady she amazed was,
To hear the villain speak;

"Alas," quoth she, "what shall I do?
With grief my heart will break."

With that he took her in his arms;
She straight for help did cry;
"Content yourself, lady," he said,
"Your husband is not nigh:
The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,
Therefore come lie with me,
Or else I do protest and vow,
Thy butcher I will be."

The crystal tears ran down her face,
Her children cried amain,
And sought to help their mother dear,
But all it was in vain;
For that egregious filthy rogue
Her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might,
He threw her on the ground.

With that she shriek'd, her children cried,
And such a noise did make,
That town-folks, hearing her laments,
Did seek their parts to take:
But all in vain; no way was found
To help the lady's need,
Who cried to them most piteously,
"O help! O help with speed!"

Some run into the forest wide,
Her lord home for to call;

And they that stood still did lament
This gallant lady's fall.
With speed her lord came posting home;
He could not enter in;
His lady's cries did pierce his heart;
To call he did begin:

"O hold thy hand, thou savage moor,
To hurt her do forbear,
Or else be sure, if I do live,
Wild horses shall thee tear."
With that the rogue ran to the wall,
He having had his will,
And brought one child under his arm,
His dearest blood to spill.

The child, seeing his father there,
To him for help did call:
"O father! help my mother dear,
We shall be killed all."
Then fell the lord upon his knee,
And did the moor intreat,
To save the life of this poor child,
Whose fear was then so great.

But this vile wretch the little child
By both the heels did take
And dash'd his brains against the wall,
Whilst parent's hearts did ake:
That being done, straightway he ran
The other child to fetch,
And pluck'd it from the mother's breast,
Most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,
The child within the other;
And holding it over the wall,
Saying, "Thus shall die thy mother,"
With that he cut the throat of it;
Then to the father he did call,
To look how he the head did cut,
And down the head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the wall
Into the moat so deep;
Which made the father wring his hands,
And grievously to weep.
Then to the lady went this rogue,
Who was near dead with fear,
Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
Did drag her by the hair;

And drew her to the very wall,
Which when her lord did see,
Then presently he cried out,
And fell upon his knee:
Quoth he, "If thou wilt save her life,
Whom I do love so dear,
I will forgive thee all is past,
Though they concern me near.

"O save her life, I thee beseech;
O save her, I thee pray,
And I will grant thee what thou wilt
Demand of me this day."
"Well," quoth the moor, "I do regard
The moan that thou dost make:

If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
I'll save her for thy sake."

"O save her life, and then demand
Of me what thing thou wilt."
"Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
Of her blood shall be spilt."
With that the lord presently took
A knife within his hand,
And then his nose he quite cut off,
In place where he did stand.

"Now I have bought my lady's life,"
He to the moor did call;
"Then take her," quoth this wicked rogue,
And down he let her fall.
Which when her gallant lord did see,
His senses all did fail;
Yet many sought to save his life,
But nothing could prevail.

When as the moor did see him dead,
Then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant lord
And lady did complain:
Quoth he, "I know you'll torture me,
If that you can me get,
But all your threats I do not fear,
Nor yet regard one whit.

"Wild horses shall my body tear,
I know it to be true,

prevent you of that pain:"
down himself he threw.

God a death for such a wretch,
illain void of fear!
thus doth end as sad a tale
ever man did hear.

BOOK IV.

KING MALCOLM AND SIR COLVIN. See
p. 173.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 6

THERE ance liv'd a king in fair Scotland,
King Malcolm called by name ;
Whom ancient history gives record,
For valour, worth, and fame.

And it fell ance upon a day,
The king sat down to dine ;
And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
Whose name was Sir Colvin.

But out it speaks another knight,
Ane o' Sir Colvin's kin ;
" He's lyin' in bed, right sick in love,
All for your daughter Jean."

" O waes me," said the royal king,
" I'm sorry for the same ;
She maun take bread and wine sae red,
Give it to Sir Colvin."

Then gently did she bear the bread,
 Her page did carry the wine,
 And set a table at his bed ;—
 “ Sir Colvin, rise and dine.”

“ O well love I the wine, lady,
 Come frae your lovely hand ;
 But better love I your fair body,
 Than all fair Scotland's strand.”

“ O hold your tongue now, Sir Colvin,
 Let all your folly be ;
 My love must be by honour won,
 Or nane shall enjoy me.

“ But on the head o' Elrick's hill,
 Near by yon sharp hawthorn,
 Where never a man with life e'er came,
 Sin our sweet Christ was born ;—

“ O ye'll gang there and walk a' night,
 And boldly blaw your horn ;
 With honour that ye do return,
 Ye'll marry me the morn.”

Then up it raise him, Sir Colvin,
 And dress'd in armour keen ;
 And he is on to Elrick's hill,
 Without light of the meen.

At midnight mark the meen upstarts ;
 The knight walk'd up and down ;
 While loudest cracks o' thunder roar'd,
 Out ower the bent sae brown.

Then by the twinkling of an e'e
 He spied an armed knight;
 A fair lady bearing his brand,
 Wi' torches burning bright.

Then he cried high, as he came nigh,
 "Coward, thief, I bid you flee!
 There is not ane comes to this hill,
 But must engage wi' me.

"Ye'll best take road before I come,
 And best take foot and flee;
 Here is a sword baith sharp and broad,
 Will quarter you in three."

Sir Colvin said, "I'm not afraid
 Of any here I see;
 You hae not ta'en your God before;
 Less dread hae I o' thee."

Sir Colvin then he drew his sword,
 His foe he drew his brand;
 And they fought there on Elrick's hill
 Till they were bluidy men.

The first an' stroke the knight he strake,
 Gae Colvin a slight wound;
 The next an' stroke Lord Colvin strake,
 Brought's foe unto the ground.

"I yield, I yield," the knight he said,
 "I fairly yield to thee;
 Nae ane came e'er to Elrick-hill
 E'er gain'd such victorie.

"I and my forbears here did haunt
 Three hundred years and more ;
 I'm safe to swear a solemn oath,
 We were never beat before."

"An asking," said the lady gay,
 "An asking ye'll grant me :"
 "Ask on, ask on," said Sir Colvin,
 "What may your asking be ?"

"Ye'll gie me hame my wounded knight,
 Let me fare on my way ;
 And I'se ne'er be seen on Elrick's hill,
 By night, nor yet by day ;
 And to this place we'll come nae mair,
 Cou'd we win safe away ;

"To trouble any Christian one
 Lives in the righteous law,
 We'll come nae mair unto this place,
 Cou'd we win safe awa'."

"O ye'se get hame your wounded knight,
 Ye shall not gang alane ;
 But I maun hae a wad o' him,
 Before that we twa twine."

Sir Colvin being a book-learn'd man,
 Sae gude in fencing tee,
 He's drawn a stroke behind his hand,
 And followed in speedilie.

Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin's drawn,
 And followed in speedilie,

382 KING MALCOLM AND SIR COLVIN.

The knight's brand and sword hand
In the air he gar'd them flee.

It flew sae high into the sky,
And lighted on the ground ;
The rings that were on these fingers
Were worth five hundred pound.

Up he has ta'en that bluidy hand,
Set it before the king ;
And the morn it was Wednesday,
When he married his daughter Jean.

KICEN ANNA; FAIR ANNIE, See p. 191.

TRANSLATED in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii.
, from Syv's *Kjæmpe Viser*. See another copy in
strup's *Danske Viser*, iv. 59.

THE reivers they wad a stealing gang,
To steal sae far frae hame;
And stown ha'e they the king's daughter,
Fair Annie hight by name.

They've carried her into fremmit lands,
To a duke's son of high degree;
And he has gie'n for Fair Annie
Mickle goud and white money.

And eight lang years o' love sae leal
Had past atween them twae;
And now a bonny bairntime
O' seven fair sons had they.

That lord he was of Meckelborg land,
Of princely blood and stemme;
And for his worth and curtesy
That lord a king became.

But little wist that noble king,
As little his barons bald,
That it was the king of England's daughter,
Had sae to him been sald !

And eight lang years sae past and gane,
Fair Annie now may rue ;
For now she weets in fremmit lands
Anither bride he'll wooe.

Fair Annie's till his mither gane ;
Fell low down on her knee ;
"A boon, a boon, now lady mither,
Ye grant your oys and me !

"If ever ye kist, if ever ye blest,
And bade them thrive and thee,
O save them now frae scaith and scorn,
O save your oys and me !

"Their father's pride may yet relent ;
His mither's rede he'll hear ;
Nor for anither break the heart
That ance to him was dear.

"He had my love and maiden pride ;
I had nae mair to gi'e ;
He well may fa' a brighter bride,
But nane that lo'es like me."

"A brighter bride he ne'er can fa'
A richer well he may ;
But daughter dearer nor Fair Annie,
His mither ne'er can ha'e."

That princess stood her son before :

“ My lord the king,” said she,

“ Fy on the lawless life ye lead,

Dishonour’d as ye be !

“ *Its Annie’s gude, and Annie’s fair,*

And dearly she lo’es thee ;

And the brightest gems in a’ your crown

Your seven fair sons wad be.

“ *Her love, her life, her maiden fame,*

Wi’ you she shar’d them a’ ;

Now share wi’ her your bridal bed ;

Her due she well may fa’.”

“ *To my bridal bed, my mither dear,*

Fair Annie ne’er can win ;

I coft her out of fremmit lands,

Nor ken her kith or kin.”

And he’s gard write a braid letter,

His wedding to ordein ;

And to betrothe anither bride

To be his noble queen.

Fair Annie up at her bower window

Heard a’ that knight did say :

“ O God, my heavenly Father ! gif

My heart mat brast in twae ! ”

Fair Annie stood at her bower window,

And heard that knight sae bald :

“ O God, my heavenly Father ! gif

I mat my dearest hald ! ”

That lord is to Fair Annie gane :
Says, "Annie, thou winsome may,
O whatten a gude gift will ye gi'e
My bride on her bridal day ? "

" I'll gi'e her a gift, and a very gude gift,
And a dear-bought gift to me ;
For I'll gi'e her my seven fair sons,
Her pages for to be."

" O that is a gift, but nae gude gift,
Frae thee, Fair Annie, I ween ;
And ye maun gi'e some richer gift
Befitting a noble queen."

" I'll gi'e her a gift, and a dear, dear gift,
And a gift I brook wi' care ;
For I'll gi'e her my dearest life,
That I dow brook nae mair."

" O that is a gift, but a dowie gift,
Now, Annie, thou winsome may ;
Ye maun gi'e her your best goud girdle,
Her gude will for to ha'e."

" Oh na, that girdle she ne'er shall fa' ;
That I can never bear ;
The luckless morn I gave you a',
Ye gae me that girdle to wear."

That lord before his bride gan stand :
" My noble bride and queen !
O whatten a gift to my lemman Annie
Will now by you be gi'en ? "

"I'll gi'e her a gift, and a very gude gift,
My lord the king," said she;
"For I'll gi'e her my auld shoe to wear,
Best fitting her base degree."

"O that is a gift, but nae gude gift,
My noble bride and queen;
And ye maun gi'e her anither gift,
If you'll my favour win."

"Then I'll gi'e her a very gude gift,
My lord the king," said she;
"I'll gie her my millers seven, that lig
Sae far ayont the sea."

"Well are they fed, well are they clad,
And live in heal and weal;
And well they ken to measure out
The wheat, but and caneel."

Fair Annie says, "My noble lord,
This boon ye grant to me;
Let me gang up to the bridal bower,
Your young bride for to see."

"O gangna, Annie, gangna, there,
Nor come that bower within;
Ye maunna come near that bridal bower,
Wad ye my favour win."

Fair Annie is till his mither gane:

"O lady mither," said she,
"May I gang to the bridal bower,
My lord's new bride to see?"

SKIDEN ANNA; FAIR ANNIE.

"That well ye may," his mither said;
But see that ye're buskit bra',
And clad ye in your best cleading,
Wi' your bower maidens a'."

Fair Annie she's gaen to the bower,
Wi' heart fu' sair and sad;
Wi' a' her seven sons her before,
In the red scarlet clad.

Fair Annie's taen a silver can,
Afore the bride to skink;
And down her cheeks the tears ay run,
Upon hersell to think.

The bride gan stand her lord before:
"Now speak, and dinna spare;
Whare is this fair young lady frae?
Whareto greets she sae sair?"

"O hear ye now, dear lady mine,
The truth I tell to thee;
It is but a bonny niece of mine,
That is come o'er the sea."

"O wae is me, my lord," she says,
"To hear you say sic wrang;
It can be nane but your auld lemman;
God rede whare she will gang!"

"Then till her sorrow, and till her wae,
I'll tell the truth to thee;
For she was sald frae fremmit lands,
For mickle goud to me."

" Her bairntime a' stand her before,
Her seven young sons sae fair ;
And they maun now your pages be,
That maks her heart sae sair."

" A little sister ance I had,
A sister that hight Ann ;
By reivers she was stown awa',
And sald in fremmit land.

" She was a bairn when she was stown,
Yet in her tender years ;
And sair her parents mourn'd for her,
Wi' mony sighs and tears.

" Art thou fair Annie, sister mine,
Thou noble violet flower ?
Her mither never smil'd again
Frae Annie left her bower !

" O thou art she ! a sister's heart
Wants nane that tale to tell !
And there he is, thy ain true lord ;
God spare ye lang and well !"

And gladness through the palace spread,
Wi' mickle game and glee ;
And blythe were a' for fair Annie,
Her bridal day to see.

And now untill her father's land
This young bride she is gane ;
And her sister Annie's youngest son
She hame wi' her has ta'en.

LADY MARGARET. See p. 205.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 180.

"THE corn is turning ripe, Lord John,
The nuts are growing fu',
And ye are bound for your ain countrie;
Fain wad I go wi' you."

"Wi me, Marg'ret, wi me, Marg'ret,
What wad ye do wi' me?
I've mair need o' a pretty little boy,
To wait upon my steed."

"It's I will be your pretty little boy,
To wait upon your steed;
And ilka town that we come to,
A pack of hounds I'll lead."

"My hounds will eat o' the bread o' wheat,
And ye of the bread of bran:
And then you will sit and sigh,
That e'er ye loed a man."

The first water that they cam to,
I think they call it Clyde,
He saftly unto her did say,—
“Lady Marg’ret, will ye ride?”

The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee;
Says, “Wae be to ye, waefu’ water,
For through ye I maun be.”

The second step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle,
And sigh’d, and said, Lady Margaret,
“I’ve stain’d my gowden girdle.”

The third step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the neck;
The pretty babe within her sides,
The cauld it garr’d it squake.

“Lie still my babe, lie still my babe,
Lie still as lang’s ye may,
For your father rides on horseback high,
Cares little for us twae.”

It’s whan she cam to the other side,
She sat down on a stane;
Says, “Them that made me, help me now,
For I am far frae hame.

“How far is it frae your mither’s bouer,
Gude Lord John tell to me?”
“It’s therty miles, Lady Margaret,
It’s therty miles and three :

And ye'se be wed to ane o' her serving men,
For ye'se get na mair o' me."

Then up bespak the wylie parrot,
As it sat on the tree ;—
" Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John," it said,
" Sae loud as I hear ye lee.

" Ye say it's thirty miles frae your mither's boue
Whan it's but barely three ;
And she'll ne'er be wed to a serving man,
For she'll be your ain ladie."

* * * * *

Monie a lord and fair ladie
Met Lord John in the closs,
But the bonniest face amang them a',
Was hauding Lord John's horse.

Monie a lord and gay ladie
Sat dining in the ha',
But the bonniest face that was there,
Was waiting 'on them a'.

O up bespak Lord John's sister,
A sweet young maid was she :
" My brither has brought a bonnie young page
His like I ne'er did see ;
But the red flits fast frae his cheek,
And the tear stands in his ee."

But up bespak Lord John's mither,
She spak wi' meikle scorn :

"He's liker a woman gret wi' bairn,
Than onie waiting-man."

"It's ye'll rise up, my bonnie boy,
And gie my steed the hay :"—

"O that I will, my dear master,
As fast as I can gae."

She took the hay aneath her arm,
The corn intil her hand ;
But atween the stable door and the staw,
Lady Marg'ret made a stand.

* * * * *

"O open the door, Lady Margaret,
O open and let me in ;
I want to see if my steed be fed,
Or my grey hounds fit to rin."

"I'll na open the door, Lord John," she said,
"I'll na open it to thee,
Till ye grant to me my ae request,
And a puir ane it's to me.

"Ye'll gie to me a bed in an outhouse,
For my young son and me,
And the meanest servant in a' the place,
To wait on him and me."

"I grant, I grant, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"A' that, and mair frae me,
The very best bed in a' the place
To your young son and thee :
And my mither, and my sister dear,
To wait on him and thee

LADY MARGARET.

" And a' thae lands, and a' thae rents,
They sall be his and thine ;
Our wedding and our kirking day,
They sall be all in ane."

And he has tane Lady Margaret,
And row'd her in the silk ;
And he has tane his ain young son,
And wash'd him in the milk.

EARL RICHARD (B). See p. 260.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 15.

THERE was a shepherd's dochter
Kept sheep on yonder hill ;
Bye cam a knight frae the king's court,
And he wad hae his will.

Whan he had got his wills o' her,
His will as he has tane ;
“ Wad ye be sae gude and kind,
As tell to me your name ? ”

“ Some ca's me Jock, some ca's me John,
Some disna ken my name ;
But whan I'm in the king's court,
Mitchcock is my name.”

“ Mitchcock ! hey ! ” the lady did say,
And spelt it oure again ;
“ If that's your name in the Latin tongue,
Earl Richard is your name ! ”

O jumpt he upon his horse,
And said he wad gae ride ;
Kilted she her green claitthing,
And said she wad na bide.

And he was never sae discreet,
As bid her loup on and ride ;
And she was ne'er sae meanly bred,
As for to bid him bide.

And whan they cam to yon water,
It was running like a flude ;
" I've learnt it in my mither's bouer,
I've learnt it for my gude,
That I can soum this wan water,
Like a fish in a flude.

" I've learnt it in my father's bouer,
Ive learnt it for my better,
And I will soum this wan water,
As tho' I was ane otter."

" Jump on behind, ye weill-faur'd may,
Or do ye chuse to ride ? "
" No, thank ye, sir," the lady said,
" I wad rather chuse to wyde ;"
And afore that he was 'mid-water,
She was at the ither side.

" Turn back, turn back, ye weill-faur'd may,
My heart will brak in three ; "
" And sae did mine, on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wad na let me be."

" Whare gat ye that gay claithing,
This day I see on thee ? "
" My mither was a gude milk-nurse,
And a gude nourice was she,

She nurs'd the Earl o' Stockford's ae dochter,
And gat a' this to me."

Whan she cam to the king's court,
She rappit wi' a ring ;
Sae ready was the king himsel'
To lat the lady in.

" Gude day, gude day, my liege the king,
Gude day, gude day, to thee ; "
" Gude day," quo' he, " my lady fair,
What is't ye want wi' me ? "

" There is a knicht into your court,
This day has robbed me ; '
" O has he tane your gowd," he says,
" Or has he tane your fee ? "

" He has na tane my gowd," she says,
" Nor yet has he my fee ;
But he has tane my maiden-head,
The flow'r o' my bodie."

" O gin he be a single man,
His body I'll gie thee ;
But gin he be a married man,
I'll hang him on a tree."

Then out bespak the queen hersel',
Wha sat by the king's knee :
" There's na a knicht in a' our court
Wad hae dune that to thee,
Unless it war my brither, Earl Richard,
And forbid it, it war he ! "

"Wad ye ken your fause love,
Amang a hundred men?"
"I wad," said the bonnie ladie,
"Amang five hundred and ten."

The king made a' his merry men pass,
By ane, by twa, and three;
Earl Richard us'd to be the first man,
But was hindmost man that day.

He cam hauping on ae foot,
And winking wi' ae ee;
"Ha! ha!" cried the bonnie ladie,
"That same young man are ye."

He has pou'd out a hundred pounds,
Weel lockit in a glove;
"Gin ye be a courteous may,
Ye'll chose anither love."

"What care I for your hundred pounds?
Nae mair than ye wad for mine;
What's a hundred pounds to me,
To a marriage wi' a king!

"I'll hae nane o' your gowd,
Nor either o' your fee;
But I will hae your ain bodie,
The king has grantit me."

"O was ye gentle gotten, maid?
Or was ye gentle born?
Or hae ye onie gerss growin'?
Or hae ye onie corn?"

“ Or hae ye onie lands or rents
Lying at libertie ?

Or hae ye onie education,
To dance alang wi’ me ? ”

“ I was na gentle gotten, madam,
Nor was I gentle born ;
Neither hae I gers growin’,
Nor hae I onie corn.

“ I hae na onie lands or rents,
Lying at libertie ;
Nor hae I onie education,
To dance along wi’ thee.”

Whan the marriage it was oure,
And ilk ane took their horse,—
“ It never sat a beggar’s brat,
At na knight’s back to be.”

He lap on ae milk-white steed,
And she lap on anither,
And syne the twa rade out the way
Like sister and like brither.

The ladie met wi’ a beggar-wife,
And gied her half o’ crown—
“ Tell a’ your neebours whan ye gae hame,
That Earl Richard’s your gude-son.”

“ O hand your tongue, ye beggar’s brat,
My heart will brak in three ; ”
“ And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wad na lat me be.”

Whan she cam to yon nettle-dyke—

“An my auld mither was here,
Sae weill as she wad ye pou;

She wad boil ye weill, and butter ye we
And sup till she war fou,

Syne laye her head upo’ her dish doup,
And sleep like onie sow.”

And whan she cam to Tyne’s water,
She wylilie did say—

“Fareweil, ye mills o’ Tyne’s water,
With thee I bid gude-day.

“Fareweil, ye mills o’ Tyne’s water,
To you I bid gude-een;

Whare monie a time I’ve fill’d my pock,
At mid-day and at een.”

“Hoch! had I drank the well-water,
Whan first I drank the wine,

Never a mill-capon
Wad hae been a love o’ mine.”

Whan she cam to Earl Richard’s house,
The sheets war Hollan’ fine;

“O haud awa thae linen sheets,
And bring to me the linsey clouts,
I hae been best used in.”

“O haud your tongue, ye beggar’s brat,
My heart will brak in three;”

“And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wadna lat me be.”

"I wish I had drank the well-water,
Whan first I drank the beer;
That ever a shepherd's dochter
Shou'd hae been my only dear!"

"Ye'll turn about, Earl Richard,
And mak some mair o' me;
An ye mak me lady o' ae puir plow,
I can mak you laird o' three."

"If ye be the Earl o' Stockford's dochter,
As I've some thoughts ye be,
Aft hae I waited at your father's yett,
But your face I ne'er could see."

Whan they cam to her father's yett,
She tirl'd on the pin;
And an auld belly-blind man was sittin' there.
As they were entering in:—

"The meetest marriage," the belly-blind did
cry,
"Atween the ane and the ither;
Atween the Earl o' Stockford's ae dochter,
And the Queen o' England's brither."



ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
B A L L A D S.

VOLUME IV.

BOOK IV. (Continued.)

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1

1

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

AN inspection of the first hundred lines of Robert f Gloucester's *Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket*, edited for the Percy Society by W. H. Black, vol. ix,) will leave no doubt that the hero of this ancient and beautiful tale is veritably Gilbert Becket, father of the renowned Saint Thomas of Canterbury. Robert f Gloucester's story coincides in all essential particulars with the traditionary legend, but Susie Pye is, unfortunately, spoken of in the chronicle by no other name than the daughter of the Saracen Prince Admiraud.

In some mysterious way this little romance seems to have been transported from England to Italy. At any rate it is found there, and in a beautiful form. The story is also found in Andalusia, Catalonia, and the Asturias. See *Moran d'Inghilterra*, Nigra, *Canzoni Popolari*, Rivist. Con. vol. xxxi. p. 3.

We have thought it well to present the three best versions of so popular and interesting a ballad. The two which are given in the body of this work are Jamieson's, from *Popular Ballads*, ii. 117, and ii. 127. In the Appendix is Kinloch's, from *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 260. Other printed copies are *Lord Beichan*, in Richardson's *Borderer's Table Book*, vii. 20, communicated by J. H. Dixon, who has inserted the same in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 85 ; *Lord Bateman*, the common

English broadside (at p. 95 of the collection just cited); and *Young Bondwell*, published from Buchan's MS. in *Scottish Traditionary Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 1, (Percy Soc. vol. xvii.) identical, we suppose, with the copy referred to by Motherwell in *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, Peterhead, 1819. There is a well-known burlesque of the ordinary English ballad, called *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*, with comical illustrations by Cruikshank. On this was founded a burlesque drama, produced some years ago at the Strand Theatre, London, with great applause.

"This ballad, and that which succeeds it in this collection, (both on the same subject,) are given from copies taken from Mrs. Brown's recitation, collated with two other copies procured from Scotland, one in MS., another very good one printed for the stalls; third, in the possession of the late Reverend Jonathan Boucher of Epsom, taken from recitation in the North of England; and a fourth, about one third as long as the others, which the Editor picked off an old wall in Piccadilly."

Jamieson's interpolations have been omitted.

IN London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land;
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore ;
In every bore they've putten a tree ;
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see ;
For seven years they kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye ;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

O so it fell, upon a day
She heard young Beichan sadly sing ;
" My hounds they all go masterless ;
My hawks they flee from tree to tree ;
My younger brother will heir my land ;
Fair England again I'll never see ! "

All night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on ;
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has open'd the prison doors,
I wot she open'd two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wonder'd he that may to see ;
He took her for some fair captive ;—
“ Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie ? ”

“ O have ye any lands,” she said,
“ Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free ? ”

“ Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles two or three ;
I'll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free.”

“ Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me.”

“ I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I'll freely gie,
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to me.”

And she has brib'd the proud warder
Wi' mickle gold and white monie ;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice-cake,
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
She's bidden him sometimes think on her,
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she :
"Keep it, to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free.

"And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie ;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

But long ere seven years had an end,
She long'd full sore her love to see ;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee."
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turn'd her back on her own countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came ;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd ?
What news hast thou to tell to me ?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was never in this countrie.

6 YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
Has lasted these thirty days and three;
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that's yond the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie;
"Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirl'd softly at the pin;
So ready was the proud porter
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o' his weddin."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighin', said that gay ladie,
"I wish I were in my own countrie."

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me."

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneeled down low on his knee——
“What aileth thee, my proud porter,
Thou art so full of courtesie?”¹

“I’ve been porter at your gates,
It’s thirty long years now and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o’ her did I never see;

“For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid finger she has three;
And as meickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom to me.”

Its out then spak the bride’s mother,
Aye and an angry woman was shee;
“Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie.”

“O hold your tongue, thou bride’s mother;
Of all your folly let me be;
She’s ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that’s in your companie.

¹ But when he came Lord Jockey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee:
“What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie?”

The Lovers’ Quarrel, v. 133-136.

"She begs one sheave of your white bread—
But and a cup of your red wine;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last reliev'd you out of pine."

"O well-a-day!" said Beichan then,
"That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me."

And quickly hied he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dree'd so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride,—

“My lord, your love it changeth soon ;
This morning I was made your bride,
And another chose ere it be noon.”

“O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride ;
Ye’re ne’er a whit the worse for me ;
And whan ye return to your own countrie,
A double dower I’ll send with thee.”

He’s taen Susie Pye by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down ;
And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,
“Ye’re welcome, jewel, to your own.”

He’s taen her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane ;
He’s changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he’s call’d her his bonny love, Lady
Jane.

YOUNG BEKIE.

YOUNG Bekie was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea;
And he's doen him to the court o' France,
To serve for meat and fee.

He hadna been in the court o' France
A twelvemonth nor sae lang,
Till he fell in love wi' the king's daughter,
And was thrown in prison strang.

The king he had but ae daughter,
Burd Isbel was her name;
And she has to the prison gane,
To hear the prisoner's mane.

3. *Court o' France.* "And first, here to omit the progra
of him and his mother, named Rose, whom Polyd. Virgil
falsely nameth to be a Saracen, when indeed she came
of the parts bordering neere to *Normandy*." Fox, *Acts*
Monuments, cited by Motherwell, p. xvi.

“O gin a lady wad borrow me,
At her stirrup I wad rin;
Or gin a widow wad borrow me,
I wad swear to be her son.

“Or gin a virgin wad borrow me,
I wad wed her wi’ a ring;
I’d gi’e her ha’s, I’d gi’e her bowers,
The bonny towers o’ Linne.”

O barefoot barefoot gaed she but,
And barefoot cam she ben;
It wasna for want o’ hose and shoon,
Nor time to put them on;

But a’ for fear that her father
Had heard her makin’ din;
For she’s stown the keys of the prison,
And gane the dungeon within.

And when she saw him, young Bekie,
Wow, but her heart was sair!
For the mice, but and the bald rattons,
Had eaten his yellow hair.

She’s gotten him a shaver for his beard,
A comber till his hair;
Five hundred pound in his pocket,
To spend, and nae to spare.

She's gi'en him a steed was good in need,
And a saddle o' royal bane;
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter,
And Hector called ane.

Atween thir twa a vow was made,
"Twas made full solemnlie,
That or three years were come and gane,
Weel married they should be.

He hadna been in's ain countrie
A twelvemonth till an end,
Till he's forced to marry a duke's daughter,
Or than lose a' his land.

"Ochon, alas!" says young Bekie,
"I kenna what to dee;
For I canna win to Burd Isbel,
And she canna come to me."

O it fell out upon a day
Burd Isbel fell asleep,
And up it starts the Billy Blin,
And stood at her bed feet.

"O waken, waken, Burd Isbel;
How can ye sleep so soun';
When this is Bekie's wedding day,
And the marriage gaing on?"

"Ye do ye till your mither's bower,
As fast as ye can gang;
And ye tak three o' your mother's marys,
To haud ye unthocht lang.

"Ye dress yoursel i' the red scarlet,
And your marys in dainty green;
And ye put girdles about your middle
Wad buy an earldome.

"Syne ye gang down by yon sea-side,
And down by yon sea-strand;
And bonny will the Hollans boats
Come rowin' till your hand.

"Ye set your milk-white foot on board,
Cry, 'Hail ye, Domine!'
And I will be the steerer o't,
To row you o'er the sea."

She's ta'en her till her mither's bower,
As fast as she could gang;
And she's ta'en twa o' her mither's marys,
To haud her unthocht lang.

She's drest hersel i' the red scarlet,
Her marys i' the dainty green;
And they've put girdles about their middle
Would buy an earldome.

And they gaed down by yon sea-side,
And down by yon sea-strand ;
And sae bonny as the Hollans boats
Come rowin' till their hand.

She set her milk-white foot on board,
Cried, "Hail ye, Domine !"
And the Billy Blin was the steerer o't,
To row her o'er the sea.

Whan she cam to young Bekie's gate,
She heard the music play ;
And her mind misgae by a' she heard,
That 'twas his wedding day.

She's pitten her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en the porter markis three ;
"Hae, take ye that, ye proud porter,
Bid your master speake to me."

O whan that he cam up the stair,
He fell low down on his knee :
He hail'd the king, and he hail'd the queen,
And he hail'd him, young Bekie.

"O I have been porter at your gates
This thirty years and three ;
But there are three ladies at them now,
Their like I did never see.

"There's ane o' them drest in red scarlet,
And twa in dainty green ;
And they hae girdles about their middles
Would buy an earldome."

Then out and spak the bierdly bride,
Was a' goud to the chin ;
"Gin she be fine without," she says,
"We's be as fine within."

Then up it starts him, young Bekie,
And the tear was in his e'e :
"I'll lay my life it's Burd Isbel,
Come o'er the sea to me."

O quickly ran he down the stair ;
And whan he saw 'twas she,
He kindly took her in his arms,
And kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye forgotten now, young Bekie,
The vow ye made to me,
When I took you out of prison strang,
When ye was condemned to die ?

"I gae you a steed was good in need,
And a saddle o' royal bane ;
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter ;
And Hector called ane."

It was weel kent what the lady said,
That it was nae a lie;
For at the first word the lady spak,
The hound fell at her knee.

“Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear;
A blessing gang her wi’;
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,
That’s come o’er the sea to me.”

“Is this the custome o’ your house,
Or the fashion o’ your land,
To marry a maid in a May morning,
Send her back a maid at e’en?”

HYND HORN.

THOSE metrical romances, which in the chivalrous ages, constituted the most refined pastime of a rude nobility, are known in many cases to have been adapted for the entertainment of humbler hearers, by abridgment in the form of ballads. Such was the case with the ancient *gest* of *King Horn*. Preserved in several MSS., both French and English, in something of its original proportions, an epitome of it has also descended to us through the mouths of the people.

An imperfect copy of the following piece was inserted by Cromek in his *Select Scottish Songs*, (London, 1810, vol. ii. p. 204-210.) Better editions have since been furnished by Kinloch, *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 138; Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, p. 95; and Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 268. Of these, we reprint the last two.

All the poems relating to Horn, in French and English, including the Scottish ballads above mentioned, are collected by Michel in a beautiful volume of the Bannatyne Club, *Horn et Rimenhild*, Paris, 1845.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 35.

NEAR Edinburgh was a young child born,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the King,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And it's a' for the sake of his dochter Jean,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The King an angry man was he,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"O I never saw my love before,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Till I saw her thro' an augre bore,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
With three shining diamonds set therein,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

And I gave to her a silver wand,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
With three singing laverocks set thereon,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

What if those diamonds lose their hue,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Just when my love begins for to rew,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie?"

For when your ring turns pale and wan,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Then I'm in love with another man,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

He's left the land, and he's gone to the sea,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And he's stayed there seven years and a day,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring may be,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

But when he looked this ring upon,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

O the ring it was both black and blue,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And she's either dead, or she's married,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

He's left the seas, and he's come to the land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And the first he met was an auld beggar man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news, what news, my silly auld man ?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For it's seven years since I have seen land,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news, what news, thou auld beggar man
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
What news, what news, by sea or land ?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"No news at all," said the auld beggar man,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
"But there is a wedding in the King's hall,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There is a King's dochter in the West,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And she has been married thir nine nights past,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

" Into the bride-bed she winna gang,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Till she hears tell of her ain Hynd Horn,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

" Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

" Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And I'll give to thee my good gray steed,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The auld beggar man cast off his coat,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man threw down his staff,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And he has mounted the good gray steed,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn for the King's hall,
 And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

When he came to the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
That at the yett there stands an auld man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"I'll go through nine fires so hot,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But I'll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's
sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

She went to the gate where the auld man ~~and~~
stand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;

And she gave him a drink out of her own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

She gave him a cup out of her own hand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
He drunk out the drink, and dropt in the ring,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Got thou it by sea, or got thou it by land ?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
Or got thou it off a dead man's hand ?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For I got it out of thine own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And I'll follow thee from town to town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"I'll cast off my gowns of red,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
And along with thee I'll beg my bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;

For I can make thee lady of many a town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride
wed,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But young Hynd Horn took the bride to the bed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

HYND HORN.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 268.

"HYND HORN fair, and Hynd Horn free,
O where were you born, in what countrie?"
"In gude greenwood, there I was born,
And all my forbears me befor.

"O seven years I served the king,
And as for wages, I never gat nane;
But ae sight o' his ae daughter,
And that was thro' an augre bore.

"My love gae me a siller wand,
'Twas to rule ower a' Scotland;
And she gae me a gay gowd ring,
The virtue o't was above a' thing."

"As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true;
But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye'll know I love another man."

He hoist up sails, and awa' sail'd he,
And sail'd into a far countrie ;
And when he look'd upon his ring,
He knew she loved another man.

He hoist up sails and home came he,
Home unto his ain countrie ;
The first he met on his own land,
It chanc'd to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man ?"
"What news, what news, hae ye to me ?"
"Nae news, nae news," said the auld man,
"The morn's our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed,
And I'll lend you my riding steed ?"
"My begging weed will ill suit thee,
And your riding steed will ill suit me."

But part be right, and part be wrang,
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan ;
"Auld man, come tell to me your leed,
What news ye gie when ye beg your bread."

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike staff ye lend ye till ;
But whan ye come near by the yett,
Straight to them ye will upstep.

“Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
Nane frae high or low o’ them all ;
And frae them all ye will take nane,
Until it comes frae the bride’s ain hand.”

He took nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,
Nane frae the high nor low o’ them all ;
And frae them all he would take nane,
Until it came frae the bride’s ain hand.

The bride came tripping down the stair,
The combs o’ red gowd in her hair ;
A cup o’ red wine in her hand,
And that she gae to the beggar man.

Out o’ the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring ;
“O got ye’t by sea, or got ye’t by land,
Or got ye’t on a drown’d man’s hand ?”

“I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,
Nor got I it on a drown’d man’s hand ;
But I got it at my wooing gay,
And I’ll gie’t you on your wedding day.”

“I’ll take the red gowd frae my head,
And follow you, and beg my bread ;
I’ll take the red gowd frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair.”

Atween the kitchen and the ha',
He loot his cloutie cloak down fa';
And wi' red gowd shone ower them a',
And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta'.

KATHARINE JANFARIE.

A STORY similar to this occurs in various forms both in Scotland and the Scandinavian kingdoms. Scott inserted the ballad in his first edition under the title of *The Laird of Laminton*; the present copy is an improved one obtained by him from several recitations. (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 122.) Other versions are Motherwell's, printed with this, *Maidment's*, in his *North Countrie Garland*, p. 34, (*Catharine Jaffery*), and Buchan's, in his *Gleanings*, p. 74, (*Loch-in-var*.) *Sweet William*, in Motherwell's collection, (see Appendix,) is still another variety.

Jamieson has translated a Danish ballad which, though not cognate with these, exhibits nearly the same incidents, and we have inserted it in the Appendix.

It need hardly be remarked that the spirited ballad of *Lochinvar* in *Marmion* is founded on this ancient legend.

THERE was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen :
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border ;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin ;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out then cam Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he told na the bonnie may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see ;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger,
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—it was the fairy court,
To see him in array!

“O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play,
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?”

“I come na here to fight,” he said,
“I come na here to play;
I’ll but lead a dance wi’ the bonny bride,
And mount, and go my way.”

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He’s ta’en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He’s mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir’d na leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar,
Now take her, if you may!
But if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,
"O wae's me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing,
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Bora:
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day,
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

CATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

OBTAINED from recitation, in the West of Scot
land. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 225.

THERE was a lass, as I heard say,
Liv'd low down in a glen;
Her name was Catherine Johnstone,
Weel known to many men.

Doun came the laird o' Lamington,
Doun from the South Countrie;
And he is for this bonnie lass,
Her bridegroom for to be.

He's ask'd her father and mother,
The chief of a' her kin;
And then he ask'd the bonnie lass,
And did her favour win.

Doun came an English gentleman,
Doun from the English border;
He is for this bonnie lass,
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mother,
As I do hear them say ;
But he never ask'd the lass hersell,
Till on her wedding day.

But she has wrote a long letter,
And sealed it with her hand ;
And sent it to Lord Lamington,
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain ;
But or he read the letter o'er,
He was baith pale and wan.

Then he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land ;
And four-and-twenty armed men
Was all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them on the lee ;
And he's awa to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
As I do understand,
There were four-and-twenty belted knights
Sat at a table round.

They rose all to honour him,
For he was of high renown ;
They rose all for to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups did flow ;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups gaed round ;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

“ O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play ?
Or came ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding day ? ”

“ I came not here for sport,” he said,
“ Neither did I for play ;
But for one word o’ your bonnie bride,
I’ll mount and go away.”

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say ;
But the first question he ask’d at her
Was always answered nay ;
The next question he ask’d at her
Was, “ Mount and come away ? ”

It's up the Couden bank,
And doun the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a weel won play.

O meikle was the blood was shed
Upon the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a' fair play.

Come, a' ye English gentlemen,
That is of England born,
Come na doun to Scotland,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,
And that's foul play;
And they'll dress you frogs instead of fish,
Just on your wedding day.

BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON.

JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, ii. 135, from ~~M~~
Brown's recitation. *Barbara Livingston*, a ~~story~~
piece, with a different catastrophe, is given in ~~t~~
Appendix, from Motherwell's collection.

O BONNY Baby Livingstone
Gaed out to view the hay ;
And by it cam him Glenlyon,
Staw bonny Baby away.

And first he's taen her silken coat,
And neist her satten gown ;
Syne row'd her in his tartan plaid,
And happ'd her round and roun.'

He's mounted her upon a steed,
And roundly rade away ;
And ne'er loot her look back again
The lee-lang simmer day.

He's carried her o'er yon hich hich hill,
 Intill a Highland glen,
 And there he met his brother John
 Wi' twenty armed men.

And there were cows, and there were ewes,
 And there were kids sae fair;
 But sad and wae was bonny Baby,
 Her heart was fu' o' care.

He's taen her in his arms twa,
 And kist her cheek and chin;
 "I wad gi'e a' my flocks and herds,
 Ae smile frae thee to win."

"A smile frae me ye'se never win;
 I'll ne'er look kind on thee;
 Ye've stown me awa frae a' my kin,
 Frae a' that's dear to me.

"Dundee, kind sir, Dundee, kind sir,
 Tak me to bonny Dundee;
 For ye sall ne'er my favour win
 Till it ance mair I see."

"Dundee, Baby! Dundee, Baby!
 Dundee ye ne'er shall see;
 But I will carry you to Glenlyon,
 Where you my bride shall be.

"Or will ye stay at Achingour,
And eat sweet milk and cheese;
Or gang wi' me to Glenlyon,
And there we'll live at our ease?"

"I winna stay at Achingour;
I care neither for milk nor cheese;
Nor gang wi' thee to Glenlyon;
For there I'll ne'er find ease."

Then out it spak his brother John;
"If I were in your place,
I'd send that lady hame again,
For a' her bonny face.

"Commend me to the lass that's kind,
Though nae sae gently born;
And, gin her heart I coudna win,
To take her hand I'd scorn."

"O haud your tongue, my brother John;
Ye wisna what ye say;
For I hae lued that bonny face
This mony a year and day.

"I've lued her lang, and lued her weel,
But her love I ne'er could win;
And what I canna fairly gain,
To steal I think nae sin."

When they cam to Glenlyon castle,
They lighted at the yett ;
And out they cam, his three sisters,
Their brother for to greet.

And they have taen her, bonny Baby,
And led her o'er the green ;
And ilka lady spak a word,
But bonny Baby spake nane.

Then out it spak her, bonny Jane,
The youngest o' the three :
O lady, why look ye sae sad ?
Come tell your grief to me."

O wharefore should I tell my grief,
Since lax I canna find ?
'm far frae a' my kin and friends,
And my love I left behind.

But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Afore that it were day,
yet might get a letter wrate,
And sent to Johnie Hay.

And gin I had a bonny boy,
To help me in my need,
That he might rin to bonny Dundee,
And come again wi' speed !"

And they hae gotten a bonny boy
Their errand for to gang;
And bade him run to Bonny Dundee,
And nae to tarry lang.

The boy he ran o'er muir and dale,
As fast as he could flee;
And e'er the sun was twa hours hight,
The boy was at Dundee.

Whan Johnie lookit the letter on,
A hearty laugh leuch he;
But ere he read it till an end,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has stown my love frae me?
Although he were my ae brither,
An ill dead sall he die.

"Gae, saddle to me the black," he says;
"Gae, saddle to me the brown;
Gae, saddle to me the swiftest steed,
That ever rade frae the town."

He's call'd upon his merry men a',
To follow him to the glen;
And he's vow'd he'd neither eat nor sleep
Till he got his love again.

He's mounted him on a milk-white steed,
And fast he rade away ;
And he's come to Glenlyon's yett,
About the close o' day.

As Baby at her window stood,
And the west-wind saft did blaw,
She heard her Johnie's well-kent voice
Aneath the castle wa'.

"O Baby, haste, the window loup ;
I'll kep you in my arm ;
My merry men a' are at the yett
To rescue you frae harm."

She to the window fix'd her sheets,
And slipped safely down ;
And Johnie caught her in his arms,
Ne'er loot her touch the groun'.

Glenlyon and his brother John
Were birling in the ha',
When they heard Johnie's bridle ring
As fast he rade awa'.

"Rise, Jock ; gang out and meet the priest ;
I hear his bridle ring ;
My Baby now shall be my wife,
Before the laverock sing."

"O brother, this is nae the priest;
I fear he'll come o'er late;
For armed men wi' shining brands
Stand at the castle yett."

"Haste, Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh,
Haste, tak your sword and spear;
We'll gar these traytors rue the hour
That e'er they ventured here."

The Highlandmen drew their claymores,
And gae a warlike shout;
But Johnie's merry men kept the yett,
Nae ane durst venture out.

The lovers rade the lee-lang night,
And safe got on their way;
And Bonny Baby Livingstone
Has gotten Johnny Hay.

"Awa, Glenlyon! fy for shame!
Gae hide you in some den;
You've latten your bride be stown frae you,
For a' your armed men."

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 37. For other versions, see *Bonny May*, Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 159, and Johnson's *Museum*, p. 113; *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*, Buchan, i. 172; *Laird of Ochiltree*, Kinloch, 0; *Laird of Lochnie*, Kinloch, 167.

O THE broom, and the bonny bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

There was a troupe o' gentlemen
Came riding merrilie by,
And one of them has rode out o' the way,
To the bought to the bonny may.

•

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."—

"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"—

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will you be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"—

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out of the bought I dare na come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang."—

"O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?"—

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken you by your weel-busket hat,
And your merrie twinkling ee,
That ye're the Laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."—

“But I am not the Laird o’ the Oakland hills,
 Ye’re far mista’en o’ me ;
 But I’m ane o’ the men about his house,
 An’ right aft in his companie.”—

He’s ta’en her by the middle jimp,
 And by the grass-green sleeve ;
 He’s lifted her over the fauld-dyke,
 And speer’d at her sma’ leave.

O he’s ta’en out a purse o’ gowd,
 And streek’d her yellow hair ;
 “Now, take ye that, my bonny may,
 Of me till you hear mair.”—

O he’s leapt on his berry-brown steed,
 An’ soon he’s o’erta’en his men ;
 And ane and a’ cried out to him,
 “O master, ye’ve tarry’d lang!”—

“O I hae been east, and I hae been west,
 An’ I hae been far o’er the knowes,
 But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
 Is i’ the bought, milking the ewes.”—

She set the cog upon her head,
 An’ she’s gane singing hame ;
 “O where hae ye been, my ae daughter ?
 Ye hae na been your lane.”—

"O naebody was wi' me, father,
 O naebody has been wi' me;
 The night is misty and mirk, father,
 Yee may gang to the door and see.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
 And an ill deed may he die;
 He bug the bought at the back o' the knowe,
 And a tod has frightened me.

"There came a tod to the bought door,
 The like I never saw;
 And ere he had ta'en the lamb he did,
 I had loured he had ta'en them a'."—

O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
 Fifteen weeks and three,
 That lassie began to look thin and pale,
 An' to long for his merry-twinkling ee.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
 She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
 Bye came a troop o' gentlemen,
 A' merrilie riding bye.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonny may,
 Weel may ye save and see!
 Weel I wat, ye be a very bonny may,
 But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'?"—

Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame,
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But "I have a gudeman at hame."—

"Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,
Sae loud as I hear you lie ;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry-twinkling ee,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."—

Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
An' he's set that fair may on—
"Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursell,
For she's never ca' them out again.

"I am the Laird of the Oakland hills,
I hae thirty plows and three ;
An' I hae gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south countrie."

JOHNIE SCOT.

THE edition of this ballad here printed was prepared by Motherwell from three copies obtained from recitation. (*Minstrelsy*, p. 204.) Other versions have been published in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 78, Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, p. 248, and his *Gleanings*, p. 122. The proper names which occur in the course of the piece vary considerably in the different copies. In two of Motherwell's the hero's designation was Johnie Scot, in a third Johnie M'Naughton. In one of Buchan's he is styled Love John, in the other, Lang Johnny Moir. In Kinloch's copy, "Bunestan is his name," and he is also called "Jack that little Scot," which seems to have been the title of the ballad in an unpublished collection quoted by Ritson in his *Dissertation on Scottish Song*, p. lxxxi. In like manner, for the King of Aulsberry, (v. 111,) we have the various readings Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Mulberry, Duke of York, and Duke of Winesberrie, and in the following verse, James the Scottish King, for the King of Spain.

The following passage, illustrative of the feat of arms accomplished by Johnie Scot, was pointed out to Motherwell by Mr. Sharpe :—James Macgill, of Lindores, having killed Sir Robert Balfour, of Denmiln, in a duel, “immediately went up to London in order to procure his pardon, which, it seems, the King (Charles the Second) offered to grant him, upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator, or bravo, or, as he was called, a bully, which, it is said, none could be found to do. Accordingly, a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the King and court. Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little; being a taller man than Sir James, in his mighty gasconading and brava-doing, he actually leapt over the knight as if he would swallow him alive; but, in attempting to do this a second time, Sir James ran his sword up through him, and then called out, ‘I have spitted him, let them roast him who will.’ This not only procured his pardon, but he was also knighted on the spot.”—*Small’s Account of Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife*, p. 217.

From Buchan’s *Lang Johnny Moir*, printed in the Appendix, it will be seen that the title of Little Scot is not to be taken literally, but that the doughty champion was a man of huge stature.

O JOHNIE SCOT’s to the hunting gane,
Unto the woods sae wild;
And Earl Percy’s ae daughter
To him goes big wi’ child.

O word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the highest towers,
Among the nobles a'.

"If she be wi' child," her father said,
"As woe forbid it be!
I'll put her into a prison strang,
And try the veritie."

"But if she be wi' child," her mother said,
"As woe forbid it be!
I'll put her intill a dungeon dark,
And hunger her till she die."

O Johnie 's called his waiting man,
His name was Germanie:
"It 's thou must to fair England gae,
Bring me that gay ladie."

"And here it is a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her come to the merry green wood,
To Johnie her true love."

He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,
He tirmed at the pin:
"O wha is there?" said the proud porter;
"But I daurna let thee in."

It's he rode up, and he rode down,
He rode the castle about,
Until he spied a fair ladie
At a window looking out.

"Here is a silken sark," he said,
"Thy ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
And ye must gae to the merry green woods,
To Johnie Scot thy love."

"The castle it is high, my boy,
And walled round about ;
My feet are in the fetters strong,
And how can I get out ?

"My garters are o' the gude black iron,
And O but they be cold ;
My breast-plate's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold.

"But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Wi' candle at my command,
It's I would write a lang letter
To John in fair Scotland."

Then she has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' her hand,
And sent it to the merry green wood,
Wi' her own boy at command.

The first line of the letter Johnie read,
A loud, loud lauch leuch he ;
But he had not read ae line but twa,
Till the saut tears did blind his ee.

“ O I must up to England go,
Whatever me betide,
For to relieve mine own fair ladie,
That lay last by my side.”

Then up and spak Johnie's auld mither,
A weel spoke woman was she :
“ If you do go to England, Johnie,
I may take fareweel o' thee.”

And out and spak his father then,
And he spak well in time :
“ If thou unto fair England go,
I fear ye'll ne'er come hame.”

But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
“ Five hundred of my good life-guards
Shall bear him companie.”

When they were all on saddle set,
They were comely to behold ;
The hair that hung owre Johnie's neck shined
Like the links o' yellow gold.

When they were all marching away,
Most pleasant for to see,
There was not so much as a married man
In Johnie's companie.

Johnie Scot himsell was the foremost man
In the company that did ride;
His uncle was the second man,
Wi' his rapier by his side.

The first gude town that Johnie came to,
He made the bells be rung;
And when he rode the town all owre,
He made the psalms be sung.

The next gude town that Johnie came to,
He made the drums beat round;
And the third gude town that he came to,
He made the trumpets sound,
Till King Henry and all his merry men
A-marvelled at the sound.

And when they came to Earl Percy's yates,
They rode them round about;
And who saw he but his own true love
At a window looking out?

"O the doors are bolted with iron and steel,
So are the windows about;

And my feet they are in fetters strong;
And how can I get out?

"My garters they are of the lead,
And O but they be cold;
My breast-plate's of the hard, hard steel,
Instead of beaten gold."

But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,
They tirl'd at the pin;
None was so ready as Earl Percy himsell
To open and let them in.

"Art thou the King of Aulsberry,
Or art thou the King of Spain?
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,
M'Nachton be thy name?"

"I'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain;
But am one of our gay Scots lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name."

When Johnie came before the king,
He fell low down on his knee:
"If Johnie Scot be thy name," he said,
"As I trew weel it be,
Then the brawest lady in a' my court
Gaes big wi' child to thee."

"If she be with child," fair Johnie said,
"As I trew weel she be,
I'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie."

"But if she be wi' child," her father said,
"As I trew weel she be,
To-morrow again eight o'clock,
High hanged thou shalt be."

Out and spoke Johnie's uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
"Before that we see fair Johnie hanged,
We'll a' fight till we die."

"But is there ever an Italian about your court,¹
That will fight duels three ?
For before that I be hanged," Johnie said,
"On the Italian's sword I'll die."²

"Say on, say on," said then the king,
"It is weel spoken of thee ;
For there is an Italian in my court³
Shall fight you three by three."

O some is to the good green wood,
And some is to the plain,

1, 2, 3 Taillant.

The queen with all her ladies fair,
The king with his merry men,
Either to see fair Johnie flee,
Or else to see him slain.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
Wi' swords o' temper'd steel,
Until the draps o' red, red blood
Ran trinkling down the field.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
They fought right manfullie;
Till they left not alive, in a' the king's court,
A man only but three.

And they begoud at eight of the morn,
And they fought on till three;
When the Italian, like a swallow swift,¹
Owre Johnie's head did flee:

But Johnie being a clever young boy,
He wheeled him round about;
And on the point of Johnie's broad-sword,
The Italian he slew out.²

"A priest, a priest," fair Johnie cried,
"To wed my love and me;"

^{1, 2} Taillant.

"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,
"To sum her tocher free."

"I'll hae none of your gold," fair Johnie cried,
"Nor none of your other gear;
But I will have my own fair bride,
For this day I've won her dear."

He's ta'en his true love by the hand,
He led her up the plain :
"Have you any more of your English dogs
You want for to have slain?"

He put a little horn to his mouth,
He blew 't baith loud and shill;
And honour is into Scotland gone,
In spite of England's skill.

He put his little horn to his mouth,
He blew it owre again ;
And aye the sound the horn cryed
Was "Johnie and his men !"

BROWN ADAM.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 159.

“THERE is a copy of this ballad in Mrs. Brown's collection. The editor has seen one, printed on a single sheet. The epithet, “Smith,” implies, probably, the surname, not the profession, of the hero, who seems to have been an outlaw. There is, however, in Mrs. Brown's copy, a verse of little merit, here omitted, alluding to the implements of that occupation.”

SCOTT.

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they hae banished him, Brown Adam.
Frae father and frae mother;
And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
Frae sister and frae brother.

And they hae banish'd him, Brown Adam,
The flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigged a bower in gude green-wood
Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
Brown Adam he thought lang;
And, for to hunt some venison,
To green-wood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude green-wood
As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the brier;
And he sent it hame to his ladye,
Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot down,
The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam to his lady's bour door
He stude a little forbye,
And there he heard a fou fause knight
Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
Had cost him many a poun',
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And this sall be thy own"—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said;
"I trew sae does he me;
I wadna gie Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."—

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string,
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this sall be thine."—

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel" she says;
"I wot sae does he me:
I wadna be your light leman,
For mair than ye could gie."—

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or thro' ye this sall gang!"—
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"—

Then in and starts him Brown Adam,
Says—"I'm just at your hand."—
He's gar'd him leave his bonny bow,
He's gar'd him leave his brand,
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge—
Four fingers o' his right hand.

LIZIE LINDSAY.

COMPLETE copies of this pretty ballad are given in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 102, and in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 51. The latter we have printed with the present version, which, though lacking a stanza or two, is better in some respects than either of the others.—Robert Allan has made a song out of this ballad, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, ii. 100.

"Transmitted to the Editor by Professor SCOTT of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman. It is very popular in the north-east of Scotland, and was familiar to the editor in his early youth; and from the imperfect recollection which he still retains of it, he has corrected the text in two or three unimportant passages." JAMIESON'S *Popular Ballads*, ii. 149.

"WILL ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey?"

Then out spak Lizie's mother,
A good old lady was she,
"Gin ye say sic a word to my daughter,
I'll gar ye be hanged high."

"Keep weel your daughter frae me, madam;
Keep weel your daughter frae me;
I care as little for your daughter,
As ye can care for me."

Then out spak Lizie's ain maiden,
A bonny young lassie was she;
Says,—“were I the heir to a kingdom,
Awa' wi' young Donald I'd be.”

“O say you sae to me, Nelly?
And does my Nelly say sae?
Maun I leave my father and mother,
Awa' wi' young Donald to gae?”

And Lizie's ta'en till her her stockings,
And Lizie's ta'en till her her shoen;
And kilted up her green claithing,
And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

The road it was lang and weary;
The braes they were ill to climb;
Bonny Lizie was weary wi' travelling,
And a fit further coudna win.

And sair, O sair did she sigh,
And the saut tear bli'd her e'e;
“Gin this be the pleasures o' looing,
They never will do wi' me!”

“Now, haud your tongue, bonny Lizie;
Ye never shall rue for me;
Gi'e me but your love for my love,
It is a' that your tocher will be.

“And haud your tongue, bonny Lizie;
Altho' that the gait seem lang,
And you's ha'e the wale o' good living
Whan to Kincawsen we gang.

“There my father he is an auld cobler,
My mother she is an auld dey;
And we'll sleep on a bed o' green rashes,
And dine on fresh cruds and green whey.”

“You're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
You're welcome hame to me.”

“O ca' me nae mair Sir Donald;
There's a bonny young lady to come;
3ae ca' me nae mair Sir Donald,
But ae spring Donald your son.”

"Ye're welcome hame, young Donald;
 Ye're welcome hame to me;
 Ye're welcome hame, young Donald,
 And your bonny young lady wi' ye."

She's made them a bed of green rashes,
 Weel cover'd wi' hooding o' grey;
 Bonny Lizie was weary wi' travelling,
 And lay till 'twas lang o' the day.

"The sun looks in o'er the hill-head,
 And the laverock is liltin' gay;
 Get up, get up, bonny Lizie,
 You've lain till its lang o' the day.

"You might ha'e been out at the shealin,
 Instead o' sae lang to lye,
 And up and helping my mother
 To milk baith her gaits and kye."

Then out spak Lizie Lindsay,
 The tear blindit her eye;
 "The ladies o' Edinburgh city
 They neither milk gaits nor kye."

Then up spak young Sir Donald,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

"For I am the laird o' Kincawsyn,

And you are the lady free ;

And * * * * *
 * * * * * *

LIZZIE LINDSAY.

"THIS version of *Lizzie Lindsay* is given from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and is a faithful transcript of the ballad as it used to be sung in the West of Scotland." WHITELOW'S *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 51.—A very good copy, from Mr. Kinloch's MS., is printed in Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, i. 269, (*Donauld of the Isles*.)

THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh
And mony braw ladies were there,
But nae ane at a' the assembly
Could wi' Lizzie Lindsay compare.

In cam' the young laird o' Kincassie,
An' a bonnie young laddie was he—
"Will ye lea' yere ain kintra, Lizzie,
An' gang to the Hielands wi' me?"

She turned her roun' on her heel,
An' a very loud laughter gaed she—
"I wad like to ken whar I was ganging,
And wha I was gaun to gang wi'."

"My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny;
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye!

"My father he is an auld shepherd,
My mother she is an auld dame;
If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye's neither want curds nor cream."

"If ye'll call at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port call on me,
I'll give you a bottle o' sherry,
And bear you companie."

He ca'd at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port called he;
She drank wi' him a bottle o' sherry,
And bore him guid companie.

"Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye shall not want curds nor green whey."

In there cam' her auld mither,
A jolly auld lady was she—
"I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,
And wha she was gaun to gang wi'."

" My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny,
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye !

" O but I would give you ten guineas,
To have her one hour in a room,
To get her fair body a picture
To keep me from thinking long."

" O I value not your ten guineas,
As little as you value mine ;
But if that you covet my daughter,
Take her with you, if you do incline."

" Pack up my silks and my satins,
And pack up my hose and my shoon,
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
And away wi' young Donald I'll gang."

They pack'd up her silks and her satins,
They pack'd up her hose and her shoon,
And likewise her clothes in small bundles,
And away with young Donald she's gane

When that they cam' to the Hielands,
The braes they were baith lang and stey,
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging—
She had travell'd a lang summer day.

"O are we near hame, Sir Donald,
O are we near hame, I pray?"
"We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
Nor yet the half o' the way."

They cam' to a homely poor cottage,
An auld man was standing by;
"Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
Ye've been sae lang away."

"O call me no more Sir Donald,
But call me young Donald your son;
For I have a bonnie young lady
Behind me for to come in."

"Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
Come in, come in," said he,
"Although that our cottage be little,
Perhaps the better we'll 'gree."

"O make us a supper, dear mother,
And make it of curds an' green whey;
And make us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it o'er wi' green hay."

Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
Why lie ye so long in the day;
Ye might ha'e been helping my mother
To make the curds and green whey."

"O haud your tongue, Sir Donald,
O haud your tongue I pray ;
I wish I had ne'er left my mother,
I can neither make curds nor whey."

"Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
And put on your satins so fine ;
For we maun to be at Kincassie
Before that the clock strikes nine."

But when they came to Kincassie
The porter was standing by ;—
"Ye're welcome home, Sir Donald,
Ye've been so long away."

It's down then came his auld mither,
With all the keys in her hand,
Saying, "Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
All under them's at your command."

LIZAE BAILLIE.

FROM Herd's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 50. A longer version, from Buchan's larger collection, is in the Appendix. Mr. Chambers, assuming that the foregoing ballad of *Lizie Lindsay* was originally the same as *Lizie Baillie*, has made out of various copies of both one story in two parts: *The Scottish Ballads*, p. 158. Smith has somewhat altered the language of this ballad: *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 90.

LIZAE BAILLIE'S to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister Jean ;
And there she's met wi' Duncan Græme,
And he's convoy'd her hame.

" My bonny Lizae Baillie,
I'll row ye in my plaidie,
And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
And be a Highland lady."

" I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir ;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye ;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather :

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and sattin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid,
To row amang the braken.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady ;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
And row her in his plaidie.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary ;
She aften looked back, and said,
"Farewell to Castlecarray."

"The first place I saw my Duncan Græme,
Was near yon holland bush ;
My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse.

“ But I wadna gie my Duncan Græme
For a’ my father’s land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a’ at my command.”

• • • • •

Now wae be to you, loggerheads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa’ sic a bonny lass,
A Highlandman to marry.

GLASGOW PEGGY.

FROM recitation, in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 174. Other copies are printed in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 155, (*Donald of the Isles*,) Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 40, (and Chambers's *Popular Rhymes*, p. 27,) Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 78.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
But the hieland lads are brisk and gaudy;
And they are awa near Glasgow toun,
To steal awa a bonnie lassie.

"I wad gie my gude brown steed,
And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,
That I war fifty miles frae the toun,
And nane wi' me but my bonnie Peggy."

But up then spak the auld gudman,
And vow but he spak wondrous saucie;--
"Ye may steal awa our cows and ewes,
But ye sanna get our bonnie lassie."

"I have got cows and ewes anew,
I've got gowd and gear already;
Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,
But I will hae your bonnie Peggy."

"I'll follow you oure moss and muir,
I'll follow you oure mountains many,
I'll follow you through frost and snaw,
I'll stay na langer wi' my daddie."

He set her on a gude brown steed,
Himself upon a gude grey naigie;
They're oure hills, and oure dales,
And he's awa wi' his bonnie Peggy.

As they rade out by Glasgow toun,
And down by the hills o' Achildounie,
There they met the Earl of Hume,
And his auld son, riding bonnie.

Out bespak the Earl of Hume,
And O but he spak wondrous sorry,—
"The bonniest lass about a' Glasgow toun,
This day is awa wi' a hieland laddie."

As they rade bye auld Drymen toun,
The lassies leuch and lookit saucy,
That the bonniest lass they ever saw,
Sud be riding awa wi' a hieland laddie.

They rode on through moss and muir,
And so did they owre mountains many,
Until they cam to yonder glen,
And she's lain doun wi' her hieland laddie.

Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,
And brakens war her blankets bonnie;
Wi' his tartan plaid aneath her head,
And she's lain doun wi' her hieland laddie.

"There's beds and bowsters in my father's
house,
There's sheets and blankets, and a' thing
ready,
And wadna they be angry wi' me,
To see me lie sae wi' a hieland laddie."

"Tho' there's beds and beddin in your father's
house,
Sheets and blankets and a' made ready,
Yet why sud they be angry wi' thee,
Though I be but a hieland laddie?"

"It's I hae fifty acres of land,
It's a' plow'd and sawn already;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
And why sud na Peggy be call'd a lady?"

"I hae fifty gude milk kye,
A' tied to the staws already;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
And why sud na Peggy be call'd a lady!"

" See ye no a' yon castles and tow'rs ?
The sun sheens owre them a sae bonnie ;
I am Donald the Lord of Skye,
I think I'll mak ye as blythe as onie.

" A' that Peggy left behind
Was a cot-house and a wee kail-yardie ;
Now I think she is better by far,
Than tho' she had got a lawland lairdie."

GLENLOGIE.

FIRST published in the fourth volume of Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*. Great liberties, says Motherwell, have been taken with the songs in that work. Other versions are given in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, and in Buchan's larger collection, i. 188, (*Jean o' Bethelnie's Love for Sir G. Gordon.*)

Three score o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black
e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better
than he;"

"O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose
and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum again shun?"¹
"O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and
shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum again shun."²

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "wash and
go dine;"
'Twas "wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go
dine;"
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er
shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee;"
The first line that he read, a low smile ga'e he,
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table
flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the
brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a
town;"
But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought
to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

^{1, 2} shun again.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth
was there ;

Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair ;

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome,"
said she,

"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed
ben,

But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat
down ;

She turned awa' her head, but the smile was
in her e'e,

"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

‘ JOHN O’ HAZELGREEN.

NEITHER the present version of this ballad, (taken from Buchan’s *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 253,) nor that furnished by Kinloch, (*Jock o’ Hazelgreen*, p. 206,) is at all satisfactory. Another, much superior in point of taste, but made up from four different copies, is given in Chambers’s *Scottish Ballads*, p. 319.

Sir W. Scott’s song of *Jock o’ Hazeldean* was suggested by a single stanza of this ballad, which he had heard as a fragment, thus :

“ ‘ Why weep ye by the tide ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen : ’
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock o’ Hazeldean.”

As I went forth to take the air
Intill an evening clear,
And there I spied a lady fair
Making a heavy bier.
Making a heavy bier, I say,
But and a piteous meen ;
And aye she sigh’d, and said, alas !
For John o’ Hazelgreen.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The stars were shining clear ;
When thro' the thickets o' the wood,
A gentleman did appear.
Says, " who has done you the wrong, fair maid,
And left you here alane ;
Or who has kiss'd your lovely lips,
That ye ca' Hazelgreen ? "

" Hold your tongue, kind sir," she said,
" And do not banter so ;
How will ye add affliction
Unto a lover's woe ?
For none's done me the wrong," she said,
" Nor left me here alane ;
Nor none has kiss'd my lovely lips,
That I ca' Hazelgreen."

" Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
How blythe and happy might he be
Gets you to be his bride !
Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
And him I'll no bemean ;
But when I take my words again,
Whom call ye Hazelgreen ?

" What like a man was Hazelgreen ?
Will ye show him to me ? "

" He is a comely proper youth,
I in my sleep did see ;

Wi' arms tall, and fingers small,—
He's comely to be seen ;"
And aye she loot the tears down fall
For John o' Hazelgreen.

" If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,
And go along with me,
I'll wed you to my eldest son,
Make you a lady free."

" It's for to wed your eldest son
I am a maid o'er mean ;
I'll rather stay at home," she says,
" And die for Hazelgreen."

" If ye'll forsake young Hazelgreen,
And go along with me,
I'll wed you to my second son,
And your weight o' gowd I'll gie."

" It's for to wed your second son
I am a maid o'er mean ;
I'll rather stay at home," she says,
" And die for Hazelgreen."

Then he's taen out a siller comb,
Comb'd down her yellow hair ;
And looked in a diamond bright,
To see if she were fair.

" My girl, ye do all maids surpass
That ever I have seen ;
Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass,
And hate young Hazelgreen."

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And ever mair shall be;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
But aye she sigh'd, and said, alas!
And made a piteous meen;
And aye she loot the tears down fa',
For John o' Hazelgreen.

He looked high, and lighted low,
Set her upon his horse;
And they rode on to Edinburgh,
To Edinburgh's own cross.
And when she in that city was,
She look'd like ony queen;
"Tis a pity such a lovely lass
Shou'd love young Hazelgreen."

"Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,
And ever mair shall be;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
And aye she sigh'd, and said, alas!
And made a piteous meen;
And aye she loot the tears down fa',
For John o' Hazelgreen.

"Now hold your tongue, my well-far'd maid,
Lat a' your mourning be,
And a' endeavours I shall try,

To bring that youth to thee ;
If ye'll tell me where your love stays,
His stile and proper name."
" He's laird o' Taperbank," she says,
" His stile, Young Hazelgreen."

Then he has coft for that lady
A fine silk riding gown ;
Likewise he coft for that lady
A steed, and set her on ;
Wi' menji feathers in her hat,
Silk stockings and siller sheen ;
And they are on to Taperbank,
Seeking young Hazelgreen.

They nimbly rode along the way,
And gently spurr'd their horse,
Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,
To Hazelgreen's own close.
Then forth he came, young Hazelgreen,
To welcome his father free ;
" You're welcome here, my father dear,
And a' your companie."

But when he look'd o'er his shoulder,
A light laugh then gae he ;
Says, " If I getna this lady,
It's for her I must die ;
I must confess this is the maid
I ance saw in a dream,

A walking thro' a pleasant shade,
As fair's a cypress queen."

"Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,
Lat a' your folly be ;
If ye be wae for that lady,
She's thrice as wae for thee.
She's thrice as wae for thee, my son ;
As bitter doth complain ;
Well is she worthy o' the rigs
That lie on Hazelgreen."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
Led her thro' bower and ha' ;
"Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,
Ye're flower out o'er them a'.
This night shall be our wedding e'en,
The morn we'll say, Amen ;
Ye'se never mair hae cause to mourn,—
Ye're lady o' Hazelgreen."

THE FAUSE LOVER.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,
i. 298. The fourth and fifth stanzas are found as a
fragment in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 6, (ed. 1776,) thus :

" False luve, and hae ze played me this,
In the simmer, mid the flowers?
I sall repay ze back again,
In the winter mid the showers.

" Bot again, dear luve, and again, dear luve,
Will ze not turn again?
As ze look to ither women
Shall I to ither men."

Sir Walter Scott, also, as Chambers has pointed out, has, in *Waverley*, put two similar stanzas into the mouth of Davie Gellatley.

" False love, and hast thou played me this,
In summer, among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again,
In winter, amid the showers.

" Unless again, again, my love,
Unless ye turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men."

A FAIR maid sat in her bower door,
Wringing her lily hands ;
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day ?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turn'd about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee ?
I'm gaen to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now hae ye play'd me this, fause love,
In simmer, mid the flowers ?
I sall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again ?
For as ye look to ither women,
Shall I to ither men."

"Make your choose o' whom you please,
For I my choice will have ;
I've chosen a maid mair fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

But she's kilt up her claithing fine,
And after him gaed she ;
But aye he said, " ye'll turn back,
Nae farder gang wi' me."

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again ?
Alas ! for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again."

The first an' town that they came till,
He bought her brooch and ring ;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And gang nae farder wi' him.

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again ?
Alas ! for loving you sae well,
And you nae me again."

The niest an' town that they came till,
His heart it grew mair fain ;
And he was deep in love wi' her,
As she was ower again.

The niest an' town that they came till,
He bought her wedding gown ;
And made her lady o' ha's and bowers,
In bonny Berwick town.

THE GARDENER.

FROM Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 74.
The last stanza but one is found in the preceding ballad. Another copy is given by Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 187.

THE gard'ner stands in his bouer door,
Wi' a primrose in his hand,
And bye there cam a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand;
And bye there cam a leal maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand.

"O ladie can ye fancy me,
For to be my bride;
Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden,
To be to you a weed.

"The lily white sall be your smock;
It becomes your body best;
Your head sall be buskt wi' gelly-flower,
Wi' the primrose in your breist.

"Your gown sall be the Sweet William;
Your coat the camovine;
Your apron o' the sallads neat,
That taste baith sweet and fine.

"Your hose sall be the brade kail-blade,
That is baith brade and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the cute,
And brade, brade at the brawn.

"Your gloves sall be the marigold,
All glittering to your hand,
Weel spread owre wi' the blue blaewort,
That grows amang corn-land."

"O fare ye weil, young man," she says,
"Fareweil, and I bid adieu;
Sin ye've provided a weed for me
Amang the simmer flowers,
It's I'se provide anither for you,
Amang the winter-showers:

"The new fawn snaw to be your smock;
It becomes your bodie best;
Your head sall be wrapt wi' the eastern wind,
And the could rain on your breist.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

"TAKEN down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw." Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 170.

" I AM gaing awa, Jeanie,
I am gaing awa,
I am gaing ayont the saut seas,
I'm gaing sae far awa."

" What will ye buy to me, Jamie,
What will ye buy to me ? "
" I'll buy to you a silken plaid,
And send it wi' vanitie."

" That's na love at a', Jamie,
That's na love at a' ;
All I want is love for love,
And that's the best ava.

" Whan will ye marry me, Jamie,
Whan will ye marry me ?
Will ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or will ye marrv me ? "

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
How can I marry thee?
Whan I've a wife and bairns three,—
Twa wad na weill agree."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
Wae be to your fause tongue;
Ye promised for to marry me,
And has a wife at hame!

"But if your wife wad dee, Jamie,
And sae your bairns three,
Wad ye tak me to your countrie,—
Or wad ye marry me?

"But sin they're all alive, Jamie,
But sin they're all alive,
We'll tak a glass in ilka hand,
And drink, 'Weill may they thrive.'"

"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
And sae my bairns three,
I wad tak ye to my ain countrie,
And married we wad be."

"O an your head war sair, Jamie,
O an your head war sair,
I'd tak the napkin frae my neck,
And tie doun your yellow hair."

"I hae na wife at a', Jeanie,
I hae na wife at a',
I hae neither wife nor bairns three;
I said it to try thee."

"Licht are ye to loup, Jamie,
Licht are ye to loup,
Licht are ye to loup the dyke,
Whan I maun wale a slap."

"Licht am I to loup, Jeanie,
Licht am I to loup;
But the hiest dyke that we come to,
I'll turn and tak you up."

"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonnie Dunkel is whare I dwell,
And the boats o' Garry's mine."

"Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie,
Huntingtower is mine,
Huntingtower, and bonnie Belford,
And a' Balquhither's mine."

THE RANTIN' LADDIE.

AN imperfect copy of this ballad was printed in Johnson's *Museum*, (p. 474,) contributed, Mr. Stenhouse informs us, by Burns. The present copy is from the *Thistle of Scotland*, p. 7. Another, shorter than either, is given in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 66, *Lord Aboyne*. (Also in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iv. 6.)

"Aft hae I playd at cards and dice
For the love o' a bonny rantin' laddie,
But now I maun sit i' my father's kitchen nook,
And sing, 'Hush, balow, my baby.'

"If I had been wise, and had ta'en advice,
And dane as my bonny love bade me,
I would hae been married at Martinmas,
And been wi' my rantin' laddie.

"But I was na wise, I took nae advice,
Did not as my bonny love bade me,
And now I maun sit by mysel' i' the nook,
And rock my bastard baby.

"If I had horse at my command,
As often I had many,
I would ride on to the Castle o' Aboyne,
Wi' a letter to my rantin' laddie."

Down the stair her father came,
And looked proud and saucy;
"Who is the man, and what is his name,
'That ye ca' your rantin' laddie?"

"Is he a lord, or is he a laird,
Or is he but a caddie?
Or is it the young Earl o' Aboyne,
'That ye ca' your rantin' laddie?"

"He is a young and noble lord,
He never was a caddie;
It is the noble Earl o' Aboyne
'That I ca' my rantin' laddie."

"Ye shall hae a horse at your command,
As ye had often many,
To go to the Castle o' Aboyne,
Wi' a letter to your rantin' laddie."

"Where will I get a little page,
Where will I get a caddie,
That will run quick to bonny Aboyne,
Wi' this letter to my rantin' laddie?"

Then out spoke the young scullion boy,
Said, "Here am I, a caddie;
I will run on to bonny Aboyne
Wi' the letter to your rantin' laddie."

"Now when ye come to bonny Deeside,
Where woods are green and bonny,
Then will ye see the Earl o' Aboyne,
Among the bushes mony.

"And when ye come to the lands o' Aboyne,
Where all around is bonny,
Ye'll take your hat into your hand,
Gie this letter to my rantin' laddie."

When he came near the banks of Dee,
The birks were blooming bonny,
And there he saw the Earl o' Aboyne
Among the bushes mony.

"Where are ye going, my bonny boy,
Where are ye going, my caddie?"
"I am going to the Castle o' Aboyne
Wi' a letter to the rantin' laddie."

"See yonder is the castle there,
My young and handsome caddie,
And I myself am the Earl o' Aboyne,
Tho they ca' me the rantin' laddie."

" O pardon, my lord, if I've done wrong;
 Forgive a simple caddie;
O pardon, pardon, Earl o' Aboyne,
 I said but what she bade me."

" Ye've done no wrong, my bonny boy,
 Ye've done no wrong, my caddie;"
Wi' hat in hand he bowed low,
 Gave the letter to the rantin' laddie.

When young Aboyne looked the letter on,
 O but he blinkit bonny;
But ere he read four lines on end,
 The tears came trickling mony.

" My father will no pity shew,
 My mother still does slight me,
And a' my friends have turned from me,
 And servants disrespect me."

" Who are they dare be so bold
 To cruelly use my lassie?
But I'll take her to bonny Aboyne,
 Where oft she did caress me.

" Go raise to me five hundred men,
 Be quick and make them ready;
Each on a steed, to haste their speed,
 To carry home my lady."

As they rode on thro' Buchanshire,
The company were many,
Wi' a good claymore in every hand,
That glanced wondrous bonny.

When he came to her father's gate
He called for his lady ;
"Come down, come down, my bonny maid,
And speak wi' your rantin' laddie."

When she was set on high horseback,
Row'd in the highland plaidie,
The bird i' the bush sung not so sweet,
As sung this bonny lady.

As they rode on thro' Buchanshire,
He cried, "Each lowland lassie,
Lay your love on some lowland lown,
And soon will he prove fause t' ye.

"But take my advice, and make your choice
Of some young highland laddie,
Wi' bonnet and plaid, whose heart is staid,
And he will not beguile ye."

As they rode on thro' Garioch land,
He rode up in a fury,
And cried, "Fall back each saucy dame,
Let the Countess of Aboyne before ye."

THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 169.

"ALEXANDER, third Earl of Huntly, was succeeded, in 1523, by his grandson Alexander, Lord Gordon, who actually had three daughters. I. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John, Earl of Athol. II. Lady Margaret, married to John, Lord Forbes. III. Lady Jean, the youngest, married *first*, to James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom she was divorced in 1568; she married, *secondly*, Alexander, Earl of Southerland, who died in 1594; and surviving him, she married, *thirdly*, Captain Alexander Ogilvie, son and successor of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Boym, who died in 1606 without issue." STENHOUSE, *Musical Museum*, iv. 378.

The dukedom of Gordon was not created until 1684, and therefore the first line should probably run as quoted by Burns,—

"The *Lord* of Gordon had three daughters."

The duke of Gordon has three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;
They would not stay in bonny Castle-Gordon,
But they would go to bonny Aberdeen.

THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER. 103

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

"Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey;
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day."

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only three,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

"Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?"

"O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us," they did say;
"Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae."

When he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie,
Training up his men.

"O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die;
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged thou shalt be."

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

"I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery."

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

"If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This pennance I'll take wi';
If this be bonny Jeany Gordon,
All this I will dree."

THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER. 105

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
Another upon her knee.

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but I think lang!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter,
To follow a single man."

When they came to the Highland hills,
Cold was the frost and snow;
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
No farther could she go.

"O wo to the hills and the mountains!
Wo to the wind and the rain!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No further am I able to gang.

"Wo to the hills and the mountains!
Wo to the frost and the snow!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No farther am I able for to go.

"O! if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I would find the way to bonny Castle-Gordon,
Without either stockings or shoon."

When she came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green,
The porter gave out a loud shout,
"O yonder comes Lady Jean."

"O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
You are dear welcome to me ;
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,
But away with your Captain Ogilvie."

Now over seas went the captain,
As a soldier under command ;
A message soon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

"Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land ;
Come home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Be earl of Northumberland."

"O what does this mean ?" says the captain ;
"Where's my brother's children three ?"
"They are dead and buried,
And the lands they are ready for thee."

"Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,
Let's be jovial and free ;
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,
Then my dear Jeany I'll see."

He soon came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green ;
The porter gave out with a loud shout,
"Here comes Captain Ogilvie."

"You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear ;
No stranger can come unto my gates,
That I do love so dear."

"Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in ;
I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim."

"Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And drink of the beer and the wine ;
And thou shalt have gold and silver,
To count till the clock strike nine."

"I'll have none of your gold and silver,
Nor none of your white money ;
But I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon ;
And she shall go now with me."

Then she came tripping down the stair,
With the tear into her eye ;
One babe was at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

“ You're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,
With my young family ;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a countess thou shalt be.”

THE LAIRD O'LOGIE.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 131.

AN edition of this ballad was published in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, (i. 54,) and there is styled *The Young Laird of Ochiltree*. Scott recovered the following copy from recitation, which is to be preferred to the other, as agreeing more closely with the real fact, both in the name and the circumstances.

The incident here celebrated occurred in the year 1592. Francis, Earl Bothwell, being then engaged in a wild conspiracy against James VI., succeeded in obtaining some followers even among the king's personal attendants. Among these was a gentleman named Weymis of Logie. Accused of treasonable converse with Bothwell, he confessed to the charge, and was, of course, in danger of expiating his crime by death. But he was rescued through the address and courage of Margaret Twynstoun, a lady of the court, to whom he was attached. It being her duty to wait on the queen the night of Logie's accusation, she left the royal chamber while the king and queen were asleep, passed to the room where he was kept in custody, and ordered the guard to bring the prisoner into the presence of their majesties. She received her lover at the cham

ber door, commanding the guard to wait there, and conveyed him to a window, from which he escaped by a long cord. This is the story as related in *The Historie of King James the Sext*, quoted by Scott.

I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love of young Logie.

May Margaret sits in the queen's bouir,
Knicking her fingers ane by ane,
Cursing the day that she e'er was born,
Or that she e'er heard o' Logie's name.¹

"Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsell,
To seek the life o' young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair,—

¹ This stanza was obtained by Motherwell from recitation

"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
She knelit lowly on her knee.
"O what's the matter, May Margaret?
And what need's a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave
Is to grant me the life o' young Logie."

"O na, O na, May Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it mauna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life o' young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding kaim,
Likewise the queen her wedding knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;

It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake
Was,—“Where's the laird of young Logie?”

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wot the tear blinded his e'e,)—
“There came a token frae your grace
Has ta'en away the laird frae me.”

“Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?” quoth he:
“The morn the Justice Court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supplie.”

Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may drie,—
“O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!”

May Margaret turn'd her round about,
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she,)—

"The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie ;
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THIS ballad first appeared in print in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (ii. 282,) from which it was adopted into Herd's and Pinkerton's collections, Johnson's *Museum*, and Ritson's *Scottish Songs*. The version here selected, that of Finlay, (*Scottish Ballads*, ii. 39,) is nearly the same, but has two more stanzas, the third and the fourth. Different copies are given in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 360, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, iii. 90, *The Songs of England and Scotland*, (by Peter Cunningham,) ii. 346, and Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 329, (see our Appendix;) others, which we have not seen, in Mactaggart's *Gallovidian Dictionary*, Chambers's *Scottish Gypsies*, and *The Scot's Magazine* for November, 1817.

There is a popular tradition, possessing, we believe, no foundation in fact, that the incidents of this ballad belong to the history of the noble family of Cassilis. The Lady Jean Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Waddington, is said to have been constrained to marry a grim Covenanter, John, Earl of Cassilis, though her affections were already engaged to Sir John Faa of

Dunbar. In 1613, several years after their union, when the Countess had given birth to two or three children, her husband being absent from home on a mission to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, Sir John presented himself at Cassilis Castle, attended by a small band of gypsies, and himself disguised as one. The recollection of her early passion proved stronger than the marriage vow, and the lady eloped with her former lover. But before she had got far from home, the Earl happened to return. Learning what had occurred, he set out in pursuit with a considerable body of followers, and, arresting the fugitives, brought them back to his castle, where he hanged Sir John and his companions on a great tree before the gate. The Countess was obliged to witness the execution from a chamber window, and after a short confinement in the castle, was shut up for the rest of her life in a house in Maybole, four miles distant, which had been fitted up for her, with a staircase on which were carved a set of heads representing her lover and his troop.

Unfortunately for the truth of the story, letters are in existence, written by the Earl of Cassilis to the Lady Jean, after the date of these events, which prove the subsistence of a high degree of mutual affection and confidence; and Finlay assures us that after a diligent search, he had been able to discern nothing that in the slightest confirmed the popular tale. The whole story is perhaps the malicious invention of an enemy of the house of Cassilis, and as such would not be unparalleled in the history of ballad poetry. See Dauney's *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 269, and Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 143.

LAIRD OF DRUM.

FROM Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 200, obtained from recitation. Another copy is furnished by Buchan, *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 194, which, with some variations, is printed again in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 53.

"This ballad," says Kinloch, was composed on the marriage of Alexander Irvine of Drum to his second wife, Margaret Coutts, a woman of inferior birth and manners, which step gave great offence to his relations. He had previously, in 1643, married Mary, fourth daughter of George, second Marquis of Huntly.

THE Laird o' Drum is a wooing gane,
It was on a morning early,
And he has fawn in wi' a bonnie may
A-shearing at her barley.

"My bonnie may, my weel-faur'd may,
O will ye fancy me, O ;
And gae and be the lady o' Drum,
And lat your shearing abee, O ?"

"It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,
I winna fancy thee, O,
I winna gae and be Lady o' Drum,
And lat my shearing abee, O."

"But set your love on anither, kind sir,
Set it not on me, O,
For I am not fit to be your bride,
And your hure I'll never be, O."

"My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speir at him,
For I am at his will, O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O;
And he has gotten his consent
That the may was at his will, O."

"But my dochter can neither read nor write,
She was ne'er brought up at scheel, O;
But weel can she milk cow and ewe,
And mak a kebbuck weel, O."

"She'll win in your barn at bear-seed time,
Cast out your muck at Yule, O,
She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw aff your boots hersell, O."

"Have not I no clergymen?
Pay I no clergy fee, O?
I'll scheel her as I think fit,
And as I think weel to be, O.

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersell, O.

But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

Drum is to the hielands gane,
For to mak a' ready,
And a' the gentry round about,
Cried, "Yonder's Drum and his lady!

"Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,
And Drum is a wealthy laddie,
But he micht hae chosen a hier match,
Than onie shepherd's lassie!"

Then up bespak his brither John,
Says, "Ye've deen us meikle wrang, O;
Ye've married een below our degree,
A lake to a' our kin, O."

"Hold your tongue, my brither John,
I have deen you na wrang, O ;
For I've married een to wirk and win,
And ye've married een to spend, O.

"The first time that I had a wife,
She was far abeen my degree, O ;
I durst na come in her presence,
But wi' my hat upa my knee, O.

"The first wife that I did wed,
She was far abeen my degree, O ;
She wadna hae walk'd to the yetts o' Drum,
But the pearls abeen her bree, O.

"But an she was ador'd for as much gold,
As Peggy's for beautie, O,
She micht walk to the yetts o' Drum,
Amang gueed companie, O."

There war four and twenty gentlemen
Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O ;
There was na ane amang them a'
That welcom'd his lady in, O.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel, O,
And in thro' ha's, and in thro' bouers,—
"And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O."

Thrice he kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O ;
And twenty times her comely mou',—
“ And ye're welcome, Lady o' Drum, O.

“ Ye sall be cook in my kitchen,
Butler in my ha', O ;
Ye sall be lady in my command,
Whan I ride far awa, O.”—

“ But I told ye afore we war wed,
I was owre low for thee, O ;
But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,
And ye maun be content wi' me, O.

“ For an I war deáð, and ye war dead,
And baith in ae grave laid, O,
And ye and I war tane up again,
Wha could distan your moul frae mine, O?”

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

THE unhappy lady into whose mouth some unknown poet has put this lament, is now ascertained to have been Anne, daughter to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. Her faithless lover was her cousin, Alexander Erskine, son to the Earl of Mar. Lady Anne is said to have possessed great beauty, and Sir Alexander was reputed the handsomest man of his age. He was first a colonel in the French army, but afterwards engaged in the service of the Covenanters, and came to his death by being blown up, with many other persons of rank, in Douglass Castle, on the 30th of August, 1640. The events which occasioned the ballad seem to have taken place early in the seventeenth century. Of the fate of the lady subsequent to this period nothing is known. See Chambers, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 150, and *The Scots Musical Museum*, (1853,) iv. 203*.

In Brome's comedy of *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools*, acted in 1632, occur the two following stanzas. They are, perhaps, a part of the original Lament, which certainly has undergone great alterations in its progress down to our times.

124 LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

"Peace, wayward bairn! Oh cease thy moan!
Thy farre more wayward daddy's gone,
And never will recalled be,
By cryes of either thee or me:
For should wee cry
Until we dye,
Wee could not scant his cruelty.

Ballow, ballow, &c.

"He needs might in himselſe foreſee
What thou ſucceſſively might'ſt be;
And could hee then (though me foregoe)
His infant leave, ere hee did know
How like the dad
Would be the lad,
In time to make fond maydens glad?

Ballow, ballow, &c."

The first professed edition of this piece is in the Third Part of Watson's *Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, p. 79; the next in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, i. 161. Both of these copies have been modernized, but Ramsay's is the better of the two, and equally authentic. We therefore select Ramsay's, and add to it Percy's, which contains three stanzas not found in the others, and preserves somewhat more of the air of antiquity. There is a version extending to fifteen stanzas, arranged in a very different order, in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 259. Herd, Ritson, &c., have followed Ramsay.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT. 125

If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st, then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see.

The tempting look that ruin'd me,
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courtesy!
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst ;
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no mair, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again !
 From young men's flatt'ry I'd refrain ;
 For now unto my grief I find
 They all are perjur'd and unkind ;
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms ;—
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap :
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee ;
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has played :
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
 Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
 Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low ?

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair ;
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock, once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
 Ah me ! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

From Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 207.

"FROM a copy in the Editor's folio MS., corrected
by another in Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*."

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire :
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And when thou wakest, sweetly smile :
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !
 But yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luvng to thy father still :
 Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
 My luv with him doth still abyde :
 In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luvr trew,
 And nevir change her for a new :
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For womens banning 's wonderous sair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
 My babe and I 'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT. 131

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warned by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

THESE beautiful verses are thought to be only a part of *Lord Jamie Douglas*, (see the next piece,) in one copy or another of which, according to Motherwell, nearly all of them are to be found. They were first published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, (i. 231,) and are here given as they there appear, separate from an explicit story. Although in this condition they must be looked upon as a fragment, still, they are too awkwardly introduced in the ballad above mentioned, and too superior to the rest of the composition, to allow of our believing that they have as yet found their proper connection.

In Johnson's *Museum*, (i. 166,) besides several trifling variations from Ramsay's copy, the fourth is replaced by the following :

When cockle shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.

The third stanza stands thus in a Christmas medley,

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY. 133

quoted by Leyden from a "MS. Cantus of the latter part of the 17th century :"

Hey trolly loly, love is joly,
A whyle whill it is new ;
When it is old, it grows full cold,—
Woe worth the love untrue !
Complaynt of Scotland, i. 278.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love went to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me !

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me :

134 WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane!
For a maid again I'll never be.

LORD JAMIE DOUGLAS.

FROM the appendix to Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. v. An imperfect copy of this ballad was printed in Finlay's collection, vol. ii. p. 4; another, called the *Laird of Blackwood*, in Kinloch's, p. 60. Both of them may be seen at the end of this volume. Chambers has compiled a ballad in four parts from these three versions, another in manuscript, furnished by Kinloch, and the verses just given from Ramsay's *Miscellany*; and Aytoun, more recently, has made up a ballad from two copies obtained from recitation by Kinloch, and called it *The Marchioness of Douglas. Ballads of Scotland*, 2d ed. i. 135.

The circumstances which gave rise to the ballad are thus stated by Chambers: "James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September, 1670, Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the Tutor, and sometimes the Laird, of Blackwood. Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain or factor to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of

Iago, and in particular, by pretending to have discovered a pair of men's shoes underneath the Marchioness's bed, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The earl came with a large retinue to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The Marquis himself was so much overcome by the parting of his wife and child — for she had now borne a son — that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness. . . . Regarding the ultimate fate of the Marchioness I am altogether ignorant. It is, however, very improbable that any reconciliation ever took place between her and her husband, such as is related in the ballad." *Scottish Ballads*, p. 150.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly by yon burn side,
Where me and my lord was wont to gae

Hey nonny nonnie, but love is bonnie,
A little while when it is new;
But when love grows auld it grows mair cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

I lean'd my back against an aik,
I thocht it was a trustie tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it break,
And sae did my fause luvè to me.

My mother tauld me when I was young,
That young man's loyè was ill to trow ;
But untill her I would give nae ear,
And alace my ain wand dings me now !

O wherefore need I busk my head ?
O wherefore should I kaim my hair ?
For my good lord has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Gin I had wist or I had kisst
That young man's love was sae ill to win,
I would hae lockt my hert wi' a key o' gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

An I had kent what I ken now,
I'd never crosst the water Tay,
But stay'd still at Athole's gates ;—
He would have made me his lady gay.

When lords and lairds cam to this toun,
And gentlemen o' a high degree,
I took my auld son in my arms,
And went to my chamber pleasantlie.

But when lords and lairds come¹ through this
toun,
And gentlemen o' a high degree,
I must sit alane intill the dark,
And the babie on the nurse's knee.

I had a nurse, and she was fair ;
She was a dearly nurse to me ;
She took my gay lord frae my side,
And used him in her companie.

Awa, awa, thou fause Blackwood,
Aye, and an ill death may thou die !
Thou wert the first and occasion last
Of parting my gay lord and me.

When I lay sick, and very sick,
Sick I was and like to die,
A gentleman, a friend of mine,
He came on purpose to visit me ;
But Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear
He was ower lang in chamber with me.

When I was sick, and very sick,
Sick I was and like to die,
I drew me near to my stairhead,
And I heard my ain lord lichtly me.

"Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,
And drink the orange wine with me;
I'll set thee on a chair of gold,
And daüt thee kindly on my knee."

"When sea and sand turn far inland,
And mussels grow on ilka tree,
When cockle shells turn siller bells,
I'll drink the orange wine wi' thee."

"What ails you at our youngest son,
That sits upon the nurse's knee?
I'm sure he's never done any harm,
An it's not to his ain nurse and me."

If I had kent what I ken now,
That love it was sae ill to win,
I should ne'er hae wet my cherry cheek
For onie man or woman's son.

When my father came to hear
That my gay lord had forsaken me,
He sent five score of his soldiers bright
To take me safe to my ain countrie.

Up in the mornin' when I arose,
My bonnie palace for to lea',
I whispered in at my lord's window,
But the never a word he would answer me.

"Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas,
I need care as little as ye care for me;
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
And I soon will see my ain countrie.

"Ye thought that I was like yoursell,
And loving ilk ane I did see;
But here I swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved a man but thee."

Slowly, slowly rose I up,
And slowly, slowly I cam down;
And when he saw me sit in my coach,
He made his drums and trumpets sound.

When I into my coach was set,
My tenants all were with me tane;
They set them down upon their knees,
And they begg'd me to come back again.

It's "fare ye weel, my bonnie palace;
And fare ye weel, my children three:
God grant your father may get mair grace,
And love thee better than he has done me."

It's "fare ye weel, my servants all;
And you, my bonnie children three:
God grant your father grace to be kind
Till I see you safe in my ain countrie.

"But wae be to you, fause Blackwood,
Aye, and ill death may you die!
Ye are the first, and I hope the last,
That put strife between my good lord and
me."

When I came in through Edinburgh town,
My loving father came to meet me,
With trumpets sounding on every side;
But it was no comfort at all to me:
For no mirth nor music sounds in my ear,
Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.

"Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And of your weeping pray let abee;
For I'll send to him a bill of divorce,
And I'll get as good a lord to thee."

"Hold your tongue, my father dear,
And of your scoffing pray let abee;
I would rather hae a kiss of my ain lord's mouth
As all the lords in the north countrie."

When she came to her father's land,
The tenants a' cam her to see;
Never a word she could speak to them,
But the buttons aff her clothes did flee.¹

¹ See *Andrew Lammie*, vol. ii. 191.

"The linnet is a bonnie bird,
And aften flees far frae its nest;
So all the world may plainly see
They 're far awa that I love best!"

She looked out at her father's window,
To take a view of the countrie;
Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,
And along with him her children three.

There came a soldier to the gate,
And he did knock right hastilie:
"If Lady Douglas be within,
Bid her come down and speak to me."

"O come away, my lady fair,
Come away, now, alang with me:
For I have hanged fause Blackwood
At the very place where he told the lie."

THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE.

WE owe the preservation of this beautiful old ballad to *Arnold's Chronicle*, of which the earliest edition is thought to have been printed in 1502. In Laneham's account of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, the *Nutbrowne Maid* is mentioned as a book by itself, and there is said to be at Oxford a list of books offered for sale at that place in 1520, among which is the *Not-Broon Mayd*, price one penny; still, the ballad is not known to exist at present in any other ancient form than that of the *Chronicle*. We have no means of determining the date of the composition, but Percy has justly remarked that it is not probable that an antiquary would have inserted a piece in his historical collections which he knew to be modern. The language is that of the time at which it was printed.

The ballad seems to have been long forgotten, when it was revived in *The Muse's Mercury* for June, 1707, (Percy.) There Prior met with it, and, charmed with its merit, he took the story for the foundation of his *Henry and Emma*. Capel, in 1760, published a collated text from two different editions of the *Chronicle*,—we suppose that of 1502, and the second, which was printed in 1521, and exhibits some differences. Percy adopted Capel's text with a few alterations, (*Reliques*, ii. 30.) The text of the edition of 1502 has been twice reprinted since Percy's time: in the *Censura*

Literaria, vol. i. p. 15, and by Mr. Wright, in a little black-letter volume, London, 1836. We have adopted Mr. Wright's text, not neglecting to compare it with that of Sir Egerton Brydges.

It will be interesting to compare with this matchless poem a ballad in other languages, which has the same drift; — *Die Lind im Thale*, or *Liebesprobe*, Erk. *Deutscher Liederhort*, p. 1, 3; Uhland, No. 116; Hoffmann, *Schlesische V. L.*, No. 22, *Niederländische V. L.*, No. 26; Haupt and Schmalzer, *V. L. der Wenden*, i. 72 (Hoffmann).

In the sixteenth century a ridiculous attempt was made to supplant the popular ballads in the mouths and affections of the people by turning them into pious parodies. The *Nut-Brown Maid* was treated in this way, and the result may be seen in *The New Notborune Mayd*, printed by the Roxburghe Club, and by the Percy Society, vol. vi.

“BE it right or wrong, these men among
 On women do complaine,
 Affermyng this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vaine
 To love them wele, for never a dele
 They love a man agayne :
 For lete a man do what he can
 Ther favour to attayne,
 Yet yf a newe¹ do them pursue,
 Ther furst trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought, and from her thought
 He is a bannished man.”

¹ to.

"I say not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayde,
That womans fayth is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayed :
But nevertheles, right good witnes
In this case might be layde,
That they love trewe, and contynew,—
Recorde THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE ;
Whiche from her love, whan her to prove
He cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte
She lovyd but hym allone."

"Than betwene us lete us discusse
What was all the manér
Betwene them too ; we wyl also
Telle all the¹ peyne and fere
That she was in ; nowe I begynne,
²See that ye me answe're :
Wherfore [all] ye that present be,
I pray you geve an eare.
I am the knyght, I cum be nyght,
As secret as I can,
Sayng 'Alas ! thus stondyth the case,³
I am a bannisshed man !' "

"And I your wylle for to fulfyll
In this wyl not refuse,

¹ they.² Soe.³ cause.

Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe,
That men have an ille use,
To ther owne shame, wymen to blame,
And causeles them accuse :
Therfore to you I answerè now,
Alle wymen to excuse,
' Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere
I prey you telle anoon :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you allon.' "

" It stondith so : a deed is do
Wherof¹ moche harme shal growe.
My desteny is for to dey
A shamful dethe, I trowe,
Or ellis to flee,—the ton must be :
None other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adew, my owne hert trewe,
None other red I can ;
For I muste to the grene wode goo,
Alone, a bannysshed man."

" O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse
That chaungeth as the mone !
My somers day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.

¹ Wherfore

I here you saye Farwel : nay, nay,
We departe not soo sone.
Why say ye so? Wheder wyl ye goo?
Alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gon :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"I can beleve it shal you greve,
And somewhat you distrayne ;
But afterwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or tweyne,
Shal sone aslake, and ye shal take
Confort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for, to make thought
Your labour were in vayne :
And thus I do, and pray you, too,
As hertely as I can :
For I muste too the grene wode goo,
Alone, a banysshed man."

"Now syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shal me fynde :
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo,
I wol not leve behynde ;
Shal never be sayd the Nutbrowne Mayd
Was to her love unkind.

Make you redy, for soo am I,
All though it were anoon ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

" Yet I you rede to take good hede
What¹ men wyl thinke and sey ;
Of yonge and olde it shal be told,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfyll,
In grene wood you to play ;
And that ye myght from your delyte
Noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me
Be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo
Alone, a banysshed man."

" Though it be songe of olde and yonge
That I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large
In hurting of my name.
For I wyl prove that feythful love
It is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse,
To parte wyth you the same ;
And sure all thoo that doo not so,

Trewe lovers ar they noon ;
But in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"I counsel yow remembre how
It is noo maydens lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to renne out
To wod with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hande bere
A bowe to bere and drawe,
And as a thief thus must ye lyeve,
Ever in drede and awe ;
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow :—
Yet had I lever than
That I had too the grenewod goo
Alone, a banysshyd man."

"I thinke not nay ; but, as ye saye,
It is noo maydens lore ;
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote
To gete us mete and store ;
For soo that I your company
May have, I aske noo more ;
From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte
As colde as ony ston :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

“ For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde,
Without pytee hanged to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What rescous coude ye finde ?
For sothe, I trowe, you and your bowe
Shuld¹ drawe for fere behynde :
And noo merveyle ; for lytel awayle
Were in your councel than ;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo
Alone, a banysshed man.”

“ Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee
Ful febyl for to fyght ;
Noo womanhed is it indeede,
To bee bolde as a knight.
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were,
Amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande,
To greeve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have,
From deth many one :
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.”

“ Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the reyn,

¹ Shul.

The colde, the hete ; for, drye or wete,
We must lodge on the playn ;
And us aboove noon other rove
But a brake bussh or twayne ;
Whiche sone shulde greve you, I beleve,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

"Syth I have here been partynere
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo
Endure, as reason is ;
Yet am I sure of oo plesure,
And shortly, it is this ;
That where ye bee, mesemeth, *perdé*,
I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche
That we were soon agone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine ;
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene,
Made of thred and twyne :
Noon other house but levys and bowes
To kever your hed¹ and myn.

¹ bed, Wright.

Loo, myn herte swete, this ylle dyet
Shuld make you pale and wan :
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

" Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier
As men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plente ;
And watir cleere of the ryvere
Shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele
Endure, as ye shall see :
And er we go, a bed or too
I can provide anoon ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

" Loo, yet before, ye must doo more,
Yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere,
Your kirtel by the knee ;
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde
Your enmys, yf nede bee ;
And this same nyght, before daylight,
To woodward wyl I flee ;
And [if] ye wyl all this fulfyller,
Doo it shortely as ye can :
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

"I shal as now do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede,¹
 To short my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede ;
 O my swete moder, before all other,
 For you have I most drede !
 But now, adiew ! I must ensue
 Wher fortune duth me leede.
 All this make ye ; now lete us flee ;
 The day cums² fast upon ;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone."

"Nay, nay, not soo ; ye shal not goo ;
 And I shal telle you why ;
 Your appetyte is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele aspie :
 For right as ye have sayd to me,
 In lyke wyse, hardely,
 Ye wolde answer, who so ever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, sone hote, sone colde,
 And so is a woman ;
 Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo
 Alone, a banysshid man."

"Yef ye take hede, yt is³ noo nede
 Suche wordis to say bee me ;

¹ That, womanhood. ² cum. ³ yet is.

For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed,
Or I you lovid, perdé.
And though that I of auncestry
A barons doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degree ;
And ever shal, what so befalle,
To dey therfore anoon ;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde
I love but you alone."

"A barons childe to be begyled,
It were a curssed dede !
To be felow with an outlawe,
Almyghty God forbede !
Yet bettyr were the power squyer
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye another day,
That be [my] wyked dede
Ye were betrayed ; wherfore, good maide,
The best red that I can
Is that I too the greene wode goo
Alone, a banysshed man."

"Whatsoever befalle, I never shal
Of this thing you upbraid ;
But yf ye goo, and leve me soo,
Than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele,
For yf ye, as ye sayde,

Be so unkynde to leve behynd
Your love, the Notbrowne Maide,
Trust me truly, that I shal dey,
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent,
For in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide,
Whom I love more than you :
Another fayrer than ever ye were,
I dare it wel avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease;
So wyl I, yf I can ;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo
Alone, a banysshid man."

"Though in the wood I undirstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought,
But that I wil be your ;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde
And curteis every our,
Glad to fulfyll all that she wylle
Commaunde me, to my power ;
For had ye, loo, an hundred moo,

Yet wolde I be that one.¹
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

"Myn oune dere love, I see the prove
That ye be kynde and trewe ;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe ;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth
You shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed : whatsoever I sayd
To you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo ;
I am noo banysshyd man."

"Theis tidingis be more glad to me
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure ,
But it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they sbeke
The wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele fro me, I wene ;
Then were the case wurs than it was,
And I more woo-begone ;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

¹ Of them I wolde be one. Percy MS.

"Ye shal not nede further to drede :
I wyl not disparage
You, God defende ! sith you descende
Of so grete a lynage.
Nou understonde, to Westmerlande,
Which is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge,
Be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can :
Thus have ye wone an erles son,
And not a banysshyd man."

Here may ye see, that wymen be
In love meke, kinde, and stable :
Late never man repreve them than,
Or calle them variable ;
But rather prey God that we may
To them be comfortable,
Whiche somtyme provyth suche as loveth,
Yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde
Be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

FROM *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 177.
Another copy is in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 134.

"From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, *True love requited: Or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington.*"—PERCY.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son:
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see,—
“Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.”

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go,
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
“One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she sayd,
“Will ease me of much paine.”

“Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.”
“At Islington, kind sir,” sayd shee,
“Where I have had many a scorne.”

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride."

"O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore ;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF
BEDNALL GREEN.

THE copy here given of this favorite popular ballad is derived from *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, xvii. 60. It is there printed from a modern broadside, "carefully collated" with a copy in the Bagford collection. In Percy's edition, (*Reliques*, ii. 171,) besides many trivial emendations, eight modern stanzas (said to be the work of Robert Dodsley) are substituted for the first five of the Beggar's second song, "to remove absurdities and inconsistencies," and to reconcile the story to probability and true history! The copy in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 202, is not very different from the present, and the few changes that have been made in the text selected, unless otherwise accounted for, are adopted from that.

"Pepys, in his diary, 25th June, 1663, speaks of going with Sir William and Lady Batten, and Sir J. Minnes, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green, to dinner, 'a fine place;' and adds, 'This very house was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some outhouses of it.'" CHAPPELL, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 159.

THIS song's of a beggar who long lost his sight,
 And had a fair daughter, most pleasant and bright;
 And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
 And none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of complexion most fair,
 Yet seeing¹ she was but a beggar his heir,
 Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,
 Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did say,
 "Good father and mother, let me now go away,
 To seek out my fortune, whatever it be;"
 This suit then was granted to pretty Bessee.

This Bessee, that was of a beauty most bright,
 They clad in gray russet, and late in the night
 From father and mother alone parted she,
 Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-at-Bow,
 Then she knew not whither or which way to go;
 With tears she lamented her sad destiny,
 So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
 And went unto Rumford along the highway;
 And at the King's Arms entertained was she,
 So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee.

¹ And seeing.

She had not been there one month at an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend;
And every brave gallant that once did her see
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love they extoll'd;
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
She shewed herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their commandment still she would be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go,
They craved her favour, but still she said no;
"I would not have gentlemen marry with me,"—
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.

Now one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night;
The second, a gentleman of high degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not
small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal;
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

"If that thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,

"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight ;
My heart is enthralled in thy fair beauty,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee."

The gentleman said, "Come marry with me,
In silks and in velvets my Bessee shall be ;
My heart lies distracted, oh hear me !" quoth he,
"And grant me thy love, my dear pretty Bessee."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,
"Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay ;
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

Then Bessee she sighed, and thus she did say ;
"My father and mother I mean to obey ;
First get their goodwill, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your dear pretty Bessee."

To every one of them that answer she made ;
Therefore unto her they joyfully said,
"This thing to fulfill we all now agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?"

"My father," quoth she, "is soon to be seen ;
The silly blind beggar of Bednall Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the kind father of pretty Bessee."

"His marks and his token are knowen full well;
He always is led by a dog and a bell;
A poor silly old man, God knoweth, is he,
Yet he is the true father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay, nay," quoth the merchant, "thou art not
for me ;"

"She," quoth the innholder, "my wife shall not
be ;"

"I loathe," said the gentleman, "a beggars degree,
Therefore, now farewell, my pretty Bessee."

"Why then," quoth the knight, "happ better or
worse,

I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree;
Then welcome to me, my dear pretty Bessee.

"With thee to thy father forthwith I will go."

"Nay, forbear," quoth his kinsman, "it must not
be so :

A poor beggars daughter a lady sha'nt be ;
Then take thy adieu of thy pretty Bessee."

As soon then as it was break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee
away ;

The young men of Rumford, so sick¹ as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

¹ Percy has *thicke*.

166 THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall Green,
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slain;
The fray being ended, they straightway did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then bespoke the Blind Beggar, "Altho' I be poor,
Rail not against my child at my own door;
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with thee for my girl;

"And then if my gold should better her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail you, nor grudge you to see
The Blind Beggars daughter a lady to be.

"But first, I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop it shall be all you own;"
"With that," they replied, "contented we be;"
"Then heres," quoth the beggar, "for pretty
Bessee."

With that an angel he dropped on the ground,
And dropped, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentlemen one, the beggar dropped twain

So that the whole place wherein they did sit
With gold was covered every whit ;
The gentleman having dropt all his store,
Said, " Beggar, your hand hold, for I have no
more.

" Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright ; "
" Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight ;
" And then," quoth he, " I will throw you down,
An hundred pound more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, who his treasure had seen,
Admired the Beggar of Bednall Green.
And those that had been her suitors before,
Their tender flesh for anger they tore.

Thus was the fair Bessee matched to a knight,
And made a lady in others despite :
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the Blind Beggars daughter of Bednall
Green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what fine lords and ladies there prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure, and wished for delight.

PART II.

Of a blind beggars daughter so bright,¹
That late was betrothed to a young knight,
All the whole discourse therof you did see,²
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

It was in a gallant palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding it was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the love of pretty Bessee.

And all kind of dainties and delicates sweet
Was brought to their banquet, as it was thought
meet;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

The wedding thro' England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort,
Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then away went this gallant young
knight,
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,

¹ This stanza is wrongly placed at the end of the First Part in the copy from which we reprint. In ed. 1723 it does not occur. ² therof you did, Percy, for, *therefore you may*.

With troops of ladies, the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednall Green.

This wedding being solemnized then,
With music performed by skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,¹
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun,
And of the Blind Beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spoke the nobles, "Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot yet see!"
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father so base
Is loathe with his presence these states to
disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face, is a flattering thing;
But we think thy fathers baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They no sooner this pleasant word spoke,
But in comes the beggar in a silken cloak,
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician, forsooth, he would be.

¹ gentlemen down at the side.

And being led in, from catching of harm,
 He had a dainty lute under his arm ;
 Said, " Please you to hear any music of me,
 A song I will give you of pretty Bessee."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon began most sweetly to play,
 And after a lesson was played two or three,
 He strained out this song most delicately :—

*" A beggars daughter did dwell on a green,
 Who for her beauty might¹ well be a queen,
 A blythe bonny lass, and dainty was she,
 And many one called her pretty Bessee.*

*" Her father he had no goods nor no lands,
 But begged for a penny all day with his hands,
 And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
 Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.*

*" And here if any one do her disdain,
 Her father is ready with might and with main,
 To prove she is come of noble degree,
 Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee."*

With that the lords and the company round
 With a hearty laughter were ready to swoond ;
 At last said the lords, " Full well we may see,
 The bride and the bridegroom's beholden to thee."

¹ may.

With that the fair bride all blushing did rise,
With chrystal water all in her bright eyes;
“Pardon my father, brave nobles,” quoth she,
“That through blind affection thus doats upon me.”

“If this be thy father,” the nobles did say,
“Well may he be proud of this happy day,
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth with his fortune could never agree.

“And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee bewray,
And look that the truth to us¹ thou dost say,
Thy birth and thy parentage what it may be,
E’en for the love thou bearest to pretty Bessee.”

“Then give me leave, ye gentles each one,
A song more to sing and then I’ll begone;
And if that I do not win good report,
Then do not give me one groat for my sport:—

*“When first our king his fame did advance,
And sought his title in delicate France,
In many places great perils past he,
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.*

*“And at those wars went over to fight,
Many a brave duke, a lord, and a knight,
And with them young Monford of courage so free,
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.*

¹ look to us then the truth.

*"And there did young Monford with a blow on
the face*

*Lose both his eyes in a very short space ;
His life had been gone away with his sight,
Had not a young woman gone forth in the night.*

*"Among the slain men,¹ her fancy did move
To search and to seek for her own true love,
Who seeing young Monford there gasping to die,
She saved his life through her charity.*

*"And then all our victuals in beggars attire,
At the hands of good people we then did require ;
At last into England, as now it is seen,
We came, and remained in Bednall Green.*

*"And thus we have lived in Fortune's despyght,
Though poor, yet contented, with humble delight,
And in my old years, a comfort to me,
God sent me a daughter, called pretty Bessee.*

*"And thus, ye nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping by the same no man to offend ;
Full forty long winters thus I have been,
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Green."*

Now when the company every one
Did hear the strange tale he told in his song,
They were amazed, as well as they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee.

¹ said men.

With that the fair bride they all bid embrace,
Saying, "You are come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of high degree,
And thou art right worthy a lady to be."

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight;
A happy bridegroom was made the young knight,
Who lived in great joy and felicity,
With his fair lady, dear pretty Bessee.

THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN

OR,

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN.

FROM *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 216. Percy's edition, (iii. 126,) was from a written copy, "containing some improvements, (perhaps modern ones.*)" Mr. Kinloch has printed a fragment of this piece in its Scottish dress, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman in Lanark,—*Sweet Willie*, p. 96. Several of the verses in the following are found also in *The Lament of the Border Widow*; see *ante*, iii. 86.

A similar story is found in Swedish and Danish: *Liten Kerstin*, or *Stolts Botelid*, *Stalldräng*, *Soenska Folk-Visor*, ii. 15, 20, Arwidsson, ii. 179: *Stolt Ingeborgs Forklädning*, *Danske Viser*, No. 184.

You beauteous ladies, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir,
But when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower ;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
They robb'd my bower, and slew my knight
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My servants all from me did fly,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart more cold than any stone.

Yet, though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair ;
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From Fair Elise to Sweet William.

And therewithall I cut my hair,
And dress'd myself in man's attire,
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck.

With a silver rapier by my side,
So like a gallant I did ride;
The thing that I delighted on,
It was to be a serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous man's array
I bravely rode along the way;
And at the last it chanced so,
That I to the king's court did go.

Then to the king I bow'd full low,
My love and duty for to show;
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a serving-man's place might have.

"Stand up, brave youth," the king replied,
"Thy service shall not be denied;
But tell me first what thou canst do;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

"Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,
To wait on me when I do dine?

"Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed both soft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard?
And I will give thee thy reward."

Sweet William, with a smiling face,
Said to the king, "If't please your grace
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be."

The king then did the nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all ;
Who gave consent Sweet William he
The king's own chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass :
As the king one day a hunting was,
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then
With him at home, but an old man ;
And when he saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there :

Upon the lute Sweet William play'd,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a sweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice :

"My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford,
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight :

" And I myself a lady gay,
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array ;
The bravest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

" I had my music every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play ;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.

" But now, alas ! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled ;
My former joys are pass'd and gone,
For I am now a serving-man."

At last the king from hunting came,
And presently, upon the same,
He called for this good old man,
And thus to speak the king began :

" What news, what news, old man ? " quoth he ;
" What news hast thou to tell to me ? "
" Brave news," the old man he did say,
" Sweet William is a lady gay."

" If this be true thou tell'st to me
I'll make thee lord of high degree ;
But if thy words do prove a lie,
Thou shall be hang'd up presently."

But when the king the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound :
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William was a lady gay.

Therefore the king without delay
Put on her glorious rich array,
And upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then, for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife :
The like before was never seen,—
A serving-man to be a queen.

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBER-
LAND.

Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 75.

PRESERVED in Thomas Deloney's *History of Jack of Newbery*, whence it was extracted by Ritson. In that extraordinary book, *The Minstrelsy of the English Border*, (p. 201,) Ritson's copy is inserted without acknowledgment, and with a few alterations for the worse. Scottish versions of this ballad are given by Kinloch, (*The Provost's Tochter*, p. 131,) and by Buchan, (*The Betrayed Lady*, ii. 208.) The former of these is printed in our Appendix.

It was a Knight in Scotland born,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorn,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow, my love, 'come' over the strand,
Where he could not walk nor lye along,
Even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The Earl [s] sweet daughter walks that way,
And she is the fair Flower of Northumber-
land.

And passing by like an angel bright,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The prisoner had of her a sight,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The salt tears standing in his eye,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And let me not in prison die,
And you the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Thou being a foe to our country,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he said,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
For thee, the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 Having wife and children in thy country,
 And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 I have no wife nor children, I,
 Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 I vow that I will marry thee,
 So soon as I come in fair Scotland.

"Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
 Were I at home in fair Scotland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 And got her fathers ring away,
 To help this knight into fair Scotland.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 And all to help this forlorn knight,
 To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND. 183

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
She likewise took out of the stable,
To ride with the knight into fair Scotland.

And to the jaylor she sent this ring,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
The knight from prison forth 'to' bring,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Who straight went to this fair lady,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"Good Sir, how should I follow you here,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland?"

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And on my saddle I shall not keep,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fear not the foard, fair lady," quoth he,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 "For long I cannot stay for thee,
 And thou the fair Flower of Northumber-
 land."

The lady prickt her wanton steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 And over the river swom with speed,
 And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
 "Thus have I done for love of thee,
 And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

Thus rode she all one winters night,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 Till Edenborough they saw in sight,
 The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now chuse," quoth he, "thou wanton flower,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
 'Whether' thou wilt be my paramour,
 Or get thee home to Northumberland.

"For I have wife, and children five,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
 In Edenborough they be alive,
 Then get thee home to fair England.

"This favour thou shalt have to boot,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
I'll have 'thy' horse, go thou on foot,
Go, get thee home to Northumberland."

"O false and faithless knight," quoth she,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
"And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland?"

"Dishonour not a ladies name,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extream need,
And she the fair Flower of Northumber-
land.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow, my love, come over the strand;
At length two knights came riding by,
Two gallant knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Saying, "Courteous 'knights,' take pity on me,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And by a false knight, who brought me here
From the good Earl of Northumberland."

They took her up behind them then
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her father again,
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

All you fair maidens be warned by me,
Follow, my love, come over the strand,
Scots never were true, nor never will be,
To lord, nor lady, nor fair England.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

From *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, ii. 82.

“THE scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the Virgo Parathalassia, in his colloquy entitled, *Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones that were there shown him were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit or sent a present to Our Lady of Walsingham. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

“This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics.” PERCY.

GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon ;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence,
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
 I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

*For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My wayward cruelty could kill:
 And though my teares will nought avail,
 Most dearely I bewail him still.*

*He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere colde bee;
 Of comely mien and shape hee was,
 And tenderly hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grewe so proud his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know myselfe,
 Thought scorne of such a youth as hee*

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
 As women's lookes are often soe,
 He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
 Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes¹
 To see I pittyed not his greeffe,

¹ Stanzas 11, 12, 13, have been paraphrased by Goldsmith in his ballad of *Edwin and Emma*.

He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye ;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray :
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
For he must ever guide thee still :
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well ! ”

AS I CAME FROM WALSINGHAM.

FROM *The Garland of Good Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 111. Percy's copy was communicated to him by Shenstone, and was retouched by that poet.

"The pilgrimage to Walsingham," remarks the Bishop, "suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
'Now God you save, you jolly palmer!'
'Welcome, lady gay!
Oft have I sued to thee for love.'
'Oft have I said you nay.'

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.*

* 'Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her wenches after.'
Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo. l.

"The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's *'Knight of the Burning Pestle,'* Act ii. sc. ult., and in another old play, called "*Hans Beer pot, his invisible Comedy, &c.* 4to 1618, Act i."

As I went to Walsingham is quoted in "Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, sign. l." CHAPPELL.

"As you came from the holy-land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?"

"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy-land,
That have come, that have gone?"

"She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine,
On the earth, in the air."

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angellike face,
Who like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace."

"She hath left me here all alone,
All alone and unknown,

Who sometime lov'd me as her life,
And call'd me her own."

"What's the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
And her joy did thee make?"

"I loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see ;
Love liketh not the fallen fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

"For love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past ;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast.

"For love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy ;
He is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

"Such is the love of womankind,
Or the word abus'd,
Under which many childish desires,
And conceits are excus'd.

"But love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning."

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

FROM Richard Johnson's *Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses*, (1612,) as reprinted by the Percy Society, vi. 45. It is there simply entitled *A Song of a Beggar and a King*. Given in Percy's *Reliques*, 1202, "corrected by another copy."

This story, and it would appear this very ballad, is alluded to by Shakespeare and others of the dramatists.

Thus, the 13th verse is partly quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. ii. sc. 1 :

" Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

Again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, (printed in 1598,) A. i. sc. 2.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.

See also *Henry Fourth*, P. ii. A. v. sc. 3, *Richard Second*, A. v. sc. 3, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. iii. sc. 4,—all these cited by Percy.

In *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 138, is a *rifacimento* of this piece, in a different stanza, but following the story closely and preserving much of the diction. It is also printed in Evans's *Old Ballads*, ii. 361.

I READ that once in Affrica
 A prince that there did raine,
 Who had to name Cophetua,
 As poets they did faine.
 From natures workes he did incline,
 For sure he was not of my minde,
 He cared not for women-kind,
 But did them all disdain.
 But marke what happen'd by the way ;
 As he out of his window lay,
 He saw a beggar all in grey,
 Which did increase his paine.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim
 From heaven downe so high,
 He drew a dart and shot at him,
 In place where he did lye :
 Which soone did pierce him to the quick,
 For when he felt the arrow prick,
 Which in his tender heart did stick,
 He looketh as he would dye.
 " What sudden change is this," quoth he,
 " That I to love must subject be,
 Which never thereto would agree,
 But still did it defie ? "

Then from his window he did come,
 And laid him on his bed ;
 A thousand heapes of care did runne
 Within his troubled head.

For now he means to crave her love,
 And now he seeks which way to proove
 How he his fancie might remove,
 And not this beggar wed.
 But Cupid had him so in snare,
 That this poore beggar must prepare
 A salve to cure him of his care,
 Or els he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lie,
 He thought for to devise
 How he might have her company,
 That so did maze his eyes.
 "In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life ;
 For surely thou shalt be my wife,
 Or else this hand with bloody knife,
 The gods shall sure suffice."
 Then from his bed he 'soon' arose,
 And to his pallace gate he goes ;
 Full little then this beggar knowes
 When she the king espies.¹

"The gods preserve your majesty,"
 The beggars all gan cry ;
 "Vouchsafe to give your charity,
 Our childrens food to buy !"
 The king to them his purse did cast,
 And they to part it made great haste ;
 This silly woman was the last
 That after them did hye.

¹ espied.

The king he cal'd her back again,
 And unto her he gave his chaine ;
 And said, " With us you shall remain
 Till such time as we dye.

" For thou," quoth he, " shalt be my wife,
 And honoured like the queene ;
 With thee I meane to lead my life,
 As shortly shall be seene :
 Our wedding day shall appointed be,
 And every thing in their degree ;
 Come on," quoth he, " and follow me,
 Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
 What is thy name ?—go on," quoth he.
 " Penelophon, O King ! " quoth she ;
 With that she made a lowe courtsey ;
 A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
 Unto the kings palace :
 The king with courteous, comly talke
 This beggar doth embrace.
 The beggar blusheth scarlet read,
 And straight againe as pale as lead,
 But not a word at all she said,
 She was in such amaze.
 At last she spake with trembling voyce,
 And said, " O King, I do rejoyce
 That you will take me for your choice,
 And my degree so base ! "

And when the wedding day was come,
 The king commanded straight
 The noblemen, both all and some,
 Upon the queene to waight.
 And she behavd herself that day
 As if she had never walkt the way ;
 She had forgot her gowne of gray,
 Which she did wear of late.
 The proverb old is come to passe,
 The priest, when he begins the masse,
 Forgets that ever clarke he was ;
 He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
 Through fancie long time fed,
 Compelled by the blinded boy
 The beggar for to wed :
 He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
 To do the same was glad and fain,
 Or else he would himself have slaine,
 In stories as we read.
 Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
 But pittie now thy servant heere,
 Lest that it hap to thee this yeare,
 As to the king it did.

And thus they lead a quiet life
 During their princely raigne,
 And in a tombe were buried both,
 As writers shew us plaine.

The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pittiously,
Their death to them was pain.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

FROM *The Garland of Good-Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, xxx. 125. Other copies, slightly different, in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 191, and in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 246.

Percy conjectures that this ballad "took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth." The weight of tradition is decidedly, perhaps entirely, in favor of the hero's having been one of Essex's comrades in the Cadiz expedition, but *which* of his gallant captains achieved the double conquest of the Spanish Lady is by no means satisfactorily determined. Among the candidates put forth are Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, Staffordshire, Sir John Popham of Littlecote, Wilts, Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, Cheshire, and Sir John Bolle of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire. The right of the last to this distinction has been recently warmly contended for, and, as is usual in similar cases, strong circumstantial evidence is urged in his favor. The reader will judge for himself of its probable authenticity.

"On Sir John Bolle's departure from Cadiz," it is said, "the Spanish Lady sent as presents to his

wife a profusion of jewels and other valuables, among which was her portrait drawn in green ; plate, money, and other treasures." Some of these articles are maintained to be still in possession of the family, and also a portrait of Sir John, drawn in 1596, at the age of thirty-six, in which he wears *the* gold chain given him by his enamored prisoner. See *The Times* newspaper of April 30 and May 1, 1846, (the latter article cited in *Notes and Queries*, ix. 573,) and *the Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1846, Art. III. The literary merits of the ballad are also considered in the *Edinburgh Review*, of April, 1846.

Shenstone has essayed in his *Moral Tale of Love and Honour* to bring out "the Spanish Ladye and her Knight in less grovelling accents than the simple guise of ancient record," while Wordsworth, in a more reverential spirit, has taken this noble old romance as the model of his *Armenian Lady's Love*.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man ?
Garments gay as rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, had she on ;
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie ;
Cupid's bands did tie her faster,
By the liking of an eye ;
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury :
" Alas," then said this lady gay, " full woe is me ;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

" O gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress ;
Leave me not within the city,
For to die in heaviness ;
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison strong remains with thee."

" How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee ;
Serpents are where flowers grow."
" All the evil I think to thee, most gracious knight,
God grant unto myself the same may fully light !

" Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground ;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found.
With our city, you have won our hearts each one ;
Then to your country bear away that is your own."

" Rest you still, most gallant lady,
Rest you still, and weep no more ;

Of fair lovers there are plenty ;
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousie we often find ;
But English men throughout the world are counted
kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard ;
You alone enjoy my heart ;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
And so love is my desert.
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is
prest ;
The wife of every English man is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence ;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou
go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel, 'tis great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine
own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies
unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers ;
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
"Well in worth I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented ;
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsifie my vow for gold or gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many days of joy God send you !
Of my suit I'll make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for this offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady ;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold.
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defie ;

In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from other company :
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this,
[To pray] for thee and for thy love I will not
miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain,
And farewell my heart's content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent :
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady."

PATIENT GRISSEL.

THE story of Griselda was first told in the *Decameron*. Boccaccio derived the incidents from Petrarch, and Petrarch seems to have communicated them also to Chaucer, who (in his *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale*) first made known the tale to English readers. The theme was subsequently treated in a great variety of ways.* Two plays upon the subject are known to have been written, one of which (by Dekker, Chettle and Haughton) has been printed by the Shakespeare Society, while the other, an older production of the close of Henry VIII's reign, is lost. About the middle of the sixteenth century, (1565,) a *Song of Patient Grissell* is entered in the Stationers' Registers, and a prose history the same year. The earliest edition of the popular prose history as yet recovered, dated 1619, has been reprinted in the third volume of the Percy Society's Publications.

The ballad here given is taken from Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, a collection which was printed some time before 1596. It was circulated after that time, and probably even before the compilation of the *Garland*, as a broadside, in black-letter, and also, with the addition of a prose introduction and conclu-

* For the bibliography see Grässe's *Sagenkreise*, p. 282. The story is also found, says some one, in the Swedish saga of *Hakon Borkenbart*.

sion, as a tract or chap-book. In this last form it is printed in the above-mentioned volume of the Percy Society. The ballad in its proper simplicity is inserted in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 252.

Percy's *Patient Countess* (*Reliques*, i. 310) is extracted from *Albion's England*.

The title in *The Garland of Good Will* is, *Of Patient Grissel and a Noble Marquess. To the tune of the Bride's Good Morrow*. Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 82.

A NOBLE marquess, as he did ride a-hunting,
Hard by a river side,
A proper maiden, as she did sit a-spinning,
His gentle eye espy'd :
Most fair and lovely, and of comely grace was
she,
Although in simple attire ;
She sang most sweetly, with pleasant voice melodiously,
Which set the lord's heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might ;
Beauty bred his hearts delight,
And to this damsel he went.
" God speed," quoth he, " thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and vertue live with sweet content."

With comely gesture and modest mild behaviour
She bad him welcome then ;
She entertain'd him in a friendly manner,

And all his gentlemen.

The noble marquess in his heart felt such flame

Which set his senses all at strife ;

Quoth he, " Fair maiden, shew soon what is thy
name :

I mean to take thee to my wife."

" Grissel is my name," quoth she,

" Far unfit for your degree ;

A silly maiden, and of parents poor."

" Nay, Grissel, thou art rich," he said,

" A vertuous, fair, and comely maid ;

Grant me thy love, and I will ask no more."

At length she consented, and being both contented,

They married were with speed ;

Her country russet was turn'd to silk and velvet,

As to her state agreed :

And when that she was trimly attired in the
same,

Her beauty shin'd most bright,

Far staining every other brave and comely dame

That did appear in sight.¹

Many envied her therefore,

Because she was of parents poor,

And twixt her lord and her great strife did raise :

Some said this, and some said that,

Some did call her beggar's brat,

And to her lord they would her oft dispraise.

¹ G. G. W., in her sight.

"O noble marquess," quoth they, "why do you
wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
That might have got an honourable lady
Into your princely bed?
Who will not now your noble issue still deride,
Which shall be hereafter born,
That are of blood so base by the mother's side,
The which will bring them to scorn?
Put her, therefore, quite away;
Take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage may renownèd be."
Thus every day they seem'd to prate
At malic'd Grissel's good estate,
Who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the marquess did see that they were
bent thus
Against his faithful wife,
Whom most dearly, tenderly, and intirely
He loved as his life;
Minding in secret for to prove her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace;
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
That men might pity her case,—
Great with child this lady was,
And at length it came to pass,
Two lovely children at one birth she had;
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,

And which did make their mothers heart full
glad.

Great royal feasting was at the childrens christ-
'ning,

And princely triumph made ;

Six weeks together, all nobles that came thither

Were entertain'd and staid.

And when that these pleasant sportings quite were
done,

The marquess a messenger sent

For his young daughter and his pretty smiling son,

Declaring his full intent,

How that the babes must murthered be,

For so the marquess did decree.

"Come, let me have the children," he said :

With that fair Grissel wept full sore,

She wrung her hands, and said no more ;

"My gracious lord must have his will obey'd."

She took the babies from the nursing-ladies,

Between her tender arms ;

She often wishes, with many sorrowful kisses,

That she might help their harms.

"Farewel," quoth she, "my children dear ;

Never shall I see you again ;

'Tis long of me, your sad and woful mother dear,

For whose sake you must be slain.

Had I been born of royal race,

You might have liv'd in happy case ;

But now you must die for my unworthiness.
"Come, messenger of death," quoth she,
"Take my despised babes to thee,
And to their father my complaints express."

He took the children, and to his noble master
He brought them forth with speed ;
Who secretly sent them unto a noble lady,
To be nurst up indeed.
Then to fair Grissel with a heavy heart he goes,
Where she sat mildly all alone ;
A pleasant gesture and a lovely look she shows,
As if grief she had never known.
Quoth he, "My children now are slain ;
What thinks fair Grissel of the same ?
Sweet Grissel, now declare thy mind to me."
"Since you, my lord, are pleas'd with it,
Poor Grissel thinks the action fit ;
Both I and mine at your command will be."

"The nobles murmur, fair Grissel, at thine honour,
And I no joy can have
Till thou be banisht from my court and presence,
As they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stript out of thy stately garments ;
And as thou camest to me,
In homely gray, instead of silk and purest pall,
Now all thy cloathing must be.
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore ;

The poorest life must now content thy mind :
A groat to thee I may not give,
Thee to maintain, while I do live ;
'Gainst my Grissel such great foes I find."

When gentle Grissel heard these woful tidings,
The tears stood in her eyes ;
She nothing said, no words of discontentment
Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown most patiently she stript off,
Her girdle of silk with the same ;
Her russet gown was brought again with many a
scoff ;
To bear them all, herself [she] did frame.
When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,
"God send long life unto my lord," quoth she ;
"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my lord a parting kiss."
With wat'ry eyes, "Farewel, my dear !" quoth
he.

From stately palace, unto her father's cottage,
Poor Grissel now is gone ;
Full fifteen winters she lived there contented,
No wrong she thought upon ;
And at that time thro' all the land the speeches
went,
The marquess should married be
Unto a noble lady of high descent,

And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissel fair
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare,
That nothing should therein be found awry;
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some;
And Grissel took all this most patiently.

And in the morning when that they should be
wedded,
Her patience now was try'd;
Grissel was charged in princely manner
For to attire the bride.
Most willingly she gave consent unto the same;
The bride in her bravery was drest,
And presently the noble marquess thither came,
With all the ladies at his request.
"Oh Grissel, I would ask of thee
If to this match thou wouldst agree?
Methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy."
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel she replies the while,
"God send lord marquess many years of joy!"

The marquis was movèd to see his best belovèd
Thus patient in distress;
He stept unto her, and by the hand he took her;
These words he did express:
"Thou art the bride, and all the brides I mean to
have;

These two thy own children be."`
The youthful lady on her knees did blessing
 crave,
The brother as willing as she.
"And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame, and honour vertuous life;
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissel, my most constant wife."

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

FROM Thomas Delcney's *Garland of Good Will*,
as reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 52.
Other copies are in *Old Ballads*, (1723,) i. 181, Rit-
son's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 136, and Percy's *Reliques*, iii.
207,—the last altered by the editor.

In the days of old,
When fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told
Lovers felt annoy.
The king a daughter had,
Beauteous, fair, and lovely,
Which made her father glad,
She was his only joy.
A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
He woo'd her long, and lo, at last,
Look,¹ what he did require,
She granted his desire,

¹ Took.

Their hearts in one were linked fast,
Which when her father proved,
Lord, how he was moved
And tormented in his mind;
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,—
Fortune crosses lovers kind.

Whenas these princely twain
Were thus debarr'd of pleasure,
Through the king's disdain,
Which their joys withstood,
The lady lockt up close
Her jewels and her treasure,
Having no remorse
Of state or royal blood.
In homely poor array,
She went from court¹ away,
To meet her love and heart's delight;
Who in a forest great,
Had taken up his seat,
To wait her coming in the night.
But lo, what sudden danger,
'To this princely stranger,
Chancèd as he sat alone,
By outlaws he was robbed,
And with poinard stabbed,
Uttering many a dying groan.

¹ to court.

The princess, armed by him,
 And by true desire,
 Wandering all that night,
 Without dread at all,
 Still unknown, she past
 In her strange attire,
 Coming at the last
 Within echo's call.
 "You fair woods," quoth she,
 "Honoured may you be,
 Harboursing my heart's delight,
 Which doth encompass here,
 My joy and only dear,
 My trusty friend, and comely knight.
 Sweet, I come unto thee,
 Sweet, I come to wooe thee,
 That thou may'st not angry be;
 For my long delaying,
 And thy courteous staying,
 Amends for all I make to thee."

Passing thus alone
 Through the silent forest,
 Many a grievous groan
 Sounded in her ear;
 Where she heard a man
 To lament the sorest
 Chance that ever came,
 Forc'd by deadly fear.
 "Farewel, my dear!" quoth he,

" Whom I shall never see,
 For why, my life is at an end ;
 For thy sweet sake I die,
 Through villain's cruelty,
 To shew I am a faithful friend.
 Here lie I a-bleeding,
 While my thoughts are feeding
 On the rarest beauty found ;
 O hard hap that may be,
 Little knows my lady
 My heart-blood lies on the ground ! "

With that he gave a groan
 That did break asunder
 All the tender strings
 Of his gentle heart :
 She, who knew his voice,
 At his tale did wonder ;
 All her former joys
 Did to grief convert.
 Straight she ran to see
 Who this man should be,
 That so like her love did speak ;
 And found, whenas she came,
 Her lovely lord lay slain,
 Smeer'd in blood which life did break.
 Which when that she espied,
 Lord, how sore she cried !
 Her sorrows could not counted be ;
 Her eyes like fountains running,

While she cried out, "My darling,
Would God that I had dy'd for thee!"

His pale lips, alas !
Twenty times she kisséd,
And his face did wash
With her brinish tears ;
Every bleeding wound
Her fair face bedewed,
Wiping off the blood
With her golden hairs.
["Speak, my love," quoth she,]¹
"Speak, fair prince, to me ;
One sweet word of comfort give ;
Lift up thy fair eyes,
Listen to my cries,
Think in what great grief I live."
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
The prince's life was fled and gone ;
There stood she still mourning
Till the sun's returning,
And bright day was coming on.

In this great distress
Quoth this royal lady,
"Who can now express
What will become of me?"

¹ from *Old Ballads*, 1723.

To my father's court
 Never will I wander,
 But some service seek
 Where I may placed be."
 Whilst she thus made her moan,
 Weeping all alone,
 In this deep and deadly fear,
 A forester all in green,
 Most comely to be seen,
 Ranging the wood did find her there,
 Round beset with sorrow.
 "Maid," quoth he, "good morrow.
 What hard hap hath brought you here?"
 "Harder hap did never
 Chance to a maiden ever;
 Here lies slain my brother dear.

"Where might I be plac'd,
 Gentle forester tell me;
 Where might I procure
 A service in my need?
 Pains I will not spare,
 But will do my duty;
 Ease me of my care,
 Help my extream need."
 The forester all amazed
 On her beauty gazed,
 "Till his heart was set on fire
 "If, fair maid," quoth he,
 "You will go with me,

You shall have your heart's desire."
 He brought her to his mother,
 And above all other
 He set forth this maiden's praise:
 Long was his heart inflamed,
 At length her love he gained,
 So fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he matcht
 With the king's fair daughter;
 Children seven he had,
 Ere she to him was known.
 But when he understood
 She was a royal princess,
 By this means at last
 He shewèd forth her fame:
 He cloath'd his children then
 Not like other men,
 In party colours strange to see;
 The right side cloth of gold,¹

¹ "This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following motto:

'Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize;
 Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold.'

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. iii. p. 356." PERCY.

The left side to behold
 Of woollen cloth still framèd he.
 Men thereat did wonder,
 Golden fame did thunder
 This strange deed in every place;
 The king of France came thither¹
 Being pleasant weather,
 In the woods the hart to chase.

The children there did stand,
 As their mother willèd,
 Where the royal king
 Must of force come by;
 Their mother richly clad
 In fair crimson velvet,
 Their father all in gray,
 Most comely to the eye.
 When this famous king,
 Noting every thing,
 Did ask him how he durst be so bold,
 To let his wife to wear,
 And deck his children there,
 In costly robes of pearl and gold,—
 The forester bold replièd,
 And the cause descrièd,
 And to the king he thus did say:
 "Well may they by their mother
 Wear rich gold like other,
 Being by birth a princess gay."

¹ king he coming.

The king upon these words
 More heedfully beheld them,
 Till a crimson blush
 His conceit did cross.
 "The more I look," quoth he,
 Upon thy wife and children,
 The more I call to mind
 My daughter whom I lost."
 "I am that Child," quoth she,
 Falling on her knee;
 "Pardon me my sovereign liege!"
 The king perceiving this
 His daughter dear did kiss,
 Till joyful tears did stop his speech.
 With his train he turnèd,
 And with her sojournèd;
 Straight he dubb'd her husband knight;
 He made him Earl of Flanders,
 One of his chief commanders;—
 Thus was their sorrow put to flight.

CONSTANCE OF CLEVELAND.

From Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 163.

"THIS romantic ballad, in a somewhat plain and unpretending style, relates incidents that may remind the reader of the old story of Titus and Gisippus, which was told in English verse by Edw. Lewicke, as early as 1562: the ballad is not so ancient by, perhaps, thirty or forty years; and the printed copy that has come down to our day is at least fifty years more recent than the date when we believe the ballad to have been first published. The title the broadside ('Printed for F. Coles, J. W., T. Vere, W. Gilbertson,') bears is, '*Constance of Cleveland: A very excellent Sonnet of the most fair Lady Constance of Cleveland, and her disloyal Knight.*' We conclude that the incidents are mere invention, but *Constance of Rome* is the name of a play, by Drayton, Munday and Hathway, mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under the year 1600, (p. 171.) The tune of *Crimson Velvet* was highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor."

To the Tune of *Crimson Velvet.*

It was a youthfull knight
Lov'd a gallant lady;
Fair she was and bright,
And of vertues rare:
Herself she did behave
So courteously as may be;
Wedded they were brave;
Joy without compare.
Here began the grief,
Pain without relief:
Her husband soon her love forsook,
To women lewd of mind,
Being bad inclin'd,
He only lent a pleasant look.
The lady she sate weeping,
While that he was keeping
Company with others moe:
Her words, "My love, beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
Wantons will thee overthrow."

His fair Ladie's words
Nothing he regarded;
Wantonnesse affords
Such delightfull sport.
While they dance and sing,
With great mirth prepared,

She her hands did wring
 In most grievous sort.
 "O what hap had I
 Thus to wail and cry,
 Unrespected every day,
 Living in disdain,
 While that others gain
 All the right I should enjoy!
 I am left forsaken,
 Others they are taken:
 Ah my love! why dost thou so?
 Her flatteries beleeve not,
 Come to me, and grieve not;
 Wantons will thee overthrow."

The Knight with his fair peece
 At length the Lady spied,
 Who did him daily fleece
 Of his wealth and store:
 Secretly she stood,
 While she her fashions tryed,
 With a patient mind,
 While deep the strumpet swore.
 "O Sir Knight, O Sir Knight," quoth she,
 "So dearly I love thee,
 My life doth rest at thy dispose:
 By day, and eke by night,
 For thy sweet delight,
 Thou shalt me in thy arms inclose.
 I am thine for ever;

Still I will persever
True to thee, where ere I go."
"Her flatteries believe not,
Come to me, and grieve not ;
Wantons will thee overthrow."

The vertuous Lady mild
Enters then among them,
Being big with child
As ever she might be :
With distilling tears
She looked then upon them ;
Filled full of fears,
Thus replied she :
" Ah, my love and dear !
Wherefore stay you here,
Refusing me, your loving wife,
For an harlot's sake,
Which each one will take ;
Whose vile deeds provoke much strife ?
Many can accuse her :
O my love, O my love, refuse her !
With thy lady home return.
Her flatteries beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not ;
Wantons will thee overthrow."

All in a fury then
The angry Knight up started,
Very furious when
He heard his Ladie's speech.

With many bitter terms
 His wife he ever thwarted,
 Using hard extreams,
 While she did him beseech.
 From her neck so white
 He took away in spite
 Her curious chain of purest gold,
 Her jewels and her rings,
 And all such costly things
 As he about her did behold.
 The harlot in her presence
 He did gently reverence,
 And to her he gave them all :
 He sent away his Lady,
 Full of wo as may be,
 Who in a swoond with grief did fall.

At the Ladie's wrong
 The harlot fleer'd and laughed ;
 Enticements are so strong,
 They overcome the wise.
 The Knight nothing regarded
 To see the Lady scoffed :
 Thus was she rewarded
 For her enterprise.
 The harlot, all this space,
 Did him oft embrace ;
 She flatters him, and thus doth say :
 " For thee Ile dye and live,
 For thee my faith Ile give,
 No wo shall work my love's decay ;

Thou shalt be my treasure,
Thou shalt be my pleasure,
Thou shalt be my heart's delight:
I will be thy darling,
I will be thy worldling,
In despite of fortune's spite

Thus he did remain
In wastfull great expences,
Till it bred his pain,
And consumed him quite.
When his lands were spent,
Troubled in his sences,
Then he did repent
Of his late lewd life.
For relief he hies,
For relief he flies
To them on whom he spent his gold:
They do him deny,
They do him defie;
They will not once his face behold.
Being thus distressed,
Being thus oppressed,
In the fields that night he lay;
Which the harlot knowing,
Through her malice growing,
Sought to take his life away.

A young and proper lad
They had slain in secret

For the gold he had,
 Whom they did convey
 By a ruffian lewd
 To that place directly,
 Where the youthful Knight
 Fast a sleeping lay.
 The bloody dagger than,
 Wherewith they kill'd the man,
 Hard by the Knight he likewise laid,
 Sprinkling him with blood,
 As he thought it good,
 And then no longer there he stayd.
 The Knight, being so abused,
 Was forthwith accused
 For this murder which was done ;
 And he was condemned
 That had not offended ;
 Shamefull death he might not shun.

When the Lady bright
 Understood the matter,
 That her wedded Knight
 Was condemn'd to dye,
 To the King she went
 With all the speed that might be,
 Where she did lament
 Her hard destiny.
 " Noble King ! " quoth she,
 " Pitty take on me,
 And pardon my poor husbands life ;

Else I am undone,
With my little son :
Let mercy mitigate this grief."
"Lady fair, content thee ;
Soon thou wouldst repent thee,
If he should be saved so :
Sore he hath abus'd thee,
Sore he hath misus'd thee ;
Therefore, Lady, let him go."

"O my liege !" quoth she,
"Grant your gracious favour :
Dear he is to me,
Though he did me wrong."
The King reply'd again,
With a stern behaviour,
"A subject he hath slain,
Dye he shall ere long:
Except thou canst find
Any one so kind,
That will dye and set him free."
"Noble King !" she said,
"Glad am I apaid ;
That same person will I be.
I will suffer duly,
I will suffer truly,
For my love and husbands sake."
The King thereat amazed,
Though he her beauty praised,
He bad from thence they should her take.

It was the King's command,
 On the morrow after
 She should out of hand
 To the scaffold go :
 Her husband was
 To bear the sword before her ;
 He must eke, alas !
 Give the deadly blow.
 He refus'd the deed ;
 She bid him to proceed,
 With a thousand kisses sweet.
 In this wofull case
 They did both imbrace,
 Which mov'd the ruffians in that place
 Straight for to discover
 This concealed murder ;
 Whereby the lady saved was.
 The harlot then was hanged,
 As she well deserved :
 This did vertue bring to passe.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

From Percy's *Reliques*, i. 210.

THIS is the "song of willow" from which Desdemona sings snatches in the Fourth Act of *Othello*, (Sc. 3.) The portions which occur in Shakespeare are the first stanza, and fragments of the fifth, sixth, and seventh; he also introduces a couplet which does not belong to the ballad as here given.

The Second Part is very likely a separate composition. Songs upon this model or with the same burden were not infrequent. See one in Park's *Heliconia*, Part i. 132, and another in *The Moral Play of Wit and Science*, (Shakespeare Society,) p. 86.

Percy gave this song from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled *A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*. Another version, differing principally in arrangement, is printed in the above cited publication of the Shakespeare Society, p. 126, from a MS. in the British Museum, "written about the year 1633."

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;

O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee.

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,

Come willow, &c.

"I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is
gone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greens willow shall be my garland.

"My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove ;

O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greens willow, &c.

"O pitty me," cried he, "ye lovers, each one ;

O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble ; she rues not my
mone.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greens willow, &c."

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace ;

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his
face.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greens willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his
mones ;

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softened the
stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so
hard !

Sing willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Let love no more boast him in palace or bower :

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"But what helps complaining ? In vaine I com-
plaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
 He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser
 than she.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"The willow wreath weare I, since my love did
 fleet;
O willow, &c.
 A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!"

PART THE SECOND.

"LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
 Against her too cruell, still, still I complaine.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

"O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart,
O willow, &c.
 To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart!
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.

Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.

'Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most
sweet.'

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her
name.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

"The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare ;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieffe ;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish ; then brought me reliefe.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Farewell, faire false hearted, plaints end with
my breath !

O willow, willow, willow !

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of
my death.

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland."

GREENSLEEVES.

FROM *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, &c., London, 1584, as reprinted in Park's *Heliconia*, vol. ii. p. 23. It is there entitled *A New Courtly Sonet of the Lady Greensleeves. To the new Tune of Greensleeves.*

"The earliest mention of the ballad of *Green Sleeves*, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, is in September, 1580, when Richard Jones had licensed to him *A New Northern Dittye of the Lady Green Sleeves.*"

"*Green Sleeves*, or *Which nobody can deny*, has been a favorite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London to songs with the old burden, *Which nobody can deny*. It will also be recognized as the air of *Christmas comes but once a year*, and many another merry ditty." CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 227.

Greensleeves is twice alluded to by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Act ii. Sc. 1; Act v. Sc. 5.

ALAS, my love, ye do me wrong

To cast me oft discourteously,

And I have loved you so long,

Delighting in your companie.

Greensleeves was all my joy,

Greensleeves was my delight,

*Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeves.*

I have been readie at your hand
To grant what ever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good will for to have.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which cost my purse well favouredly.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

I bought thee peticotes of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy smock of silke, both faire and white,
With gold embrodered gorgeously,
Thy peticote of sendall right,
And this¹ I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearles bedecked sumtuously,—

¹ And thus.

The like no other lasses had,—
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay guilt knives,
Thy pincase, gallant to the eie,—
No better wore the burgesse wives,—
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With golde all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassie green,
Thy sleeves of satten hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,—
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride where ever liked thee,

No ladie ever was so brave,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee ;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee downe,
They served thee with humilitie ;
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

For everie morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly,
To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing
But stil thou hadst it readily ;
Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

And who did pay for all this geare,
That thou didst spend when pleased thee ?

Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainst to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Wel, I wil pray to God on hie
That thou my constancie maist see,
And that yet once before I die
Thou will vouchsafe to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell, adue !
God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am stil thy lover true ;
Come once againe, and love me !
Greensleeves was all my joie, &c.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

THIS exceedingly pretty pastoral, the earliest poem of the kind in the Scottish language, is ascribed in the Bannatyne MS., where it is preserved, to Robert Henryson, who appears to have written in the latter half of the fifteenth century. All that is certainly known of the author is that he was chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline.

Robene and Makyne was first printed by Ramsay in his *Evergreen*, (i. 56,) and afterwards by Lord Hailes, in *Ancient Scottish Poems published from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, (p. 98.) Some freedoms were taken with the text by Ramsay, and one line was altered by Lord Hailes. Our copy is given from Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, (i. 115,) where the manuscript is faithfully adhered to.

ROBENE sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flok of fle :
Mirry Makyne said him till,
" Robene, thow rew on me ;

I haif thé luvit, lowd and still,
Thir yeiris two or thré;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
Doutles bot dreid I dé."

Robene answerit, "Be the rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw,
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud;
Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow schaw;
Or quhat is love, or to be lude?
Faine wald I leir that law."

"At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane A, B, C;
Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, and fré.
Sé that no denger do thé deir,
Quhat dule in dern thow dré;
Preiss thé with pane at all poweir,
Be patient and previe."

Robene answerit her agane:
"I wait nocht quhat is lufe,
Bot I haif mervell in certaine,
Quhat makis thé this wanrufe;
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
My scheip gois haill aboif,

And we wald play us in this plane,
They wald us bayth reproif."

"Robene, tak tent unto my taill,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill,
Eik and my madinheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill,
And for murning remeid,
I dern with thé bot gif I daill,
Dowbtles I am bot deid."

"Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,
And ye will meit me heir;
Perventure my scheip ma gang besyd,
Quhyll we haif liggit full neir:
Bot maugre haif I, and I byd,
Fra they begin to steir;
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
Makyne, than mak gad cheir."

"Robene, thou reivis me roiss and rest;
I luev bot thé allone."

"Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,
The day is neirhand gone."

"Robene, in dule I am so drest,
That lufe will be my bone."

"Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
For leman I lue none."

"Robene, I stand in sic a style,
I sicht, and that full sair."
"Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle:
At hame God gif I wair!"
"My hinny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,
Gif thou wilt do na mair."
"Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair."

Robene on his wayis went,
As licht as leif of tré;
Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trowd him nevir to sé.
Robene brayd attour the bent;
Than Makyne cryit on hie,
"Now ma thow sing, for I am schent!
Quhat alis lufe with me?"

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,
Full werry eftir cowth weip:
Than Robene in a ful fair daill
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail
Out throw his hairt cowd creip:
He followit hir fast thair till assail,
And till her tuke gude keep.

"Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;

For all my luvè it sall be thyne,
Withouttin departing.
All haill! thy harte for till haif myne,
Is all my cuvating;
My scheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,
Will neid of no keping."

"Robene, thou hes hard sounge and say,
In gestis and storeis auld,
*The man that will not quhen he may,
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.*
I pray to Jesu every day,
Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
That first preissis with thé to play,
Be firth, forrest, or fawld."

"Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wedder is warme and fair,
And the grene woud rycht neir us by
To walk attour all quhair:
Thair ma na janglour us espy,
That is to lufe contrair;
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
Unsene we ma repair."

"Robene, that warld is all away,
And quyt brocht till ane end,
And nevir again thereto, perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;

For of my pane thou maide it play,
And all in vane I spend :
As thou hes done, sa sall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend."

"Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on thé is sett,
And evir mair to thé be leill,
Quhile I may leif but lett ;
Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett."
"Robene, with thé I will not deill ;
Adew, for thus we mett."

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,
Attoure the holtis hair ;
Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche ;
Scho sang, he sichit sair :
And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche,
Amang the holtis hair.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

LORD BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE. See p. 1.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 260.

YOUNG BEICHAN was in London born,
He was a man of hie degree
He past thro' monie kingdoms great,
Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he ;
But unto onie of their stocks
He wadna sae much as bow a knee :

Which made him to be taken straight,
And brought afore their hie jurie ;
The savage Moor did speak upright,
And made him meikle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've bor'd a hole,
And in ilka hole they've put a tree ;
They've made him to draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born,
 And still a Christian was he;
 Which made them put him in prison strang,
 And cauld and hunger sair to dree;
 And fed on nocht but bread and water,
 Until the day that he mot dee.

In this prison there grew a tree,
 And it was unco stout and strang;
 Where he was chained by the middle,
 Until his life was almaist gane.

The savage Moor had but ae dochter,
 And her name it was Susie Pye;
 And ilka day as she took the air,
 The prison door she passed bye.

But it fell ance upon a day,
 As she was walking, she heard him sing;
 She listen'd to his tale of woe,
 A happy day for young Beichan!

"My hounds they all go masterless,
 My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
 My youngest brother will heir my lands,
 My native land I'll never see."

"O were I but the prison-keeper,
 As I'm a ladie o' hie degree,
 I soon wad set this youth at large,
 And send him to his ain countrie."

She went away into her chamber,
 All nicht she never clos'd her ee;

And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,
And monie pieces o' white monie,
To tak her thro' the bolts and bars;
The lord frae Scotland she lang'd to see; —
She saw young Beichan at the stake,
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

"O hae ye got onie lands," she says,
"Or castles in your ain countrie?
It's what wad ye gie to the ladie fair
Wha out o' prison wad set you free?"

"It's I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi' monie castles fair to see,
And I wad gie a' to that ladie gay,
Wha out o' prison wad set me free."

The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie:—
She fill'd his pockets baith wi' gowd,
To tak him till his ain countrie.

She took him frae her father's prison,
And gied to him the best o' wine;
And a brave health she drank to him;
"I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!

"It's seven lang years I'll mak a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true;
If ye'll wed wi' na ither woman,
It's I will wed na man but you."

She's tane him to her father's port,
 And gien to him a ship o' fame :—
 "Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
 I fear I'll ne'er see you again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
 And lowly, lowly, loutit he :—
 "Ere seven lang years come to an end,
 I'll tak you to mine ain countrie."

* * * *

Then when he cam to Glasgow town,
 A happy, happy man was he ;
 The ladies a' around him thrang'd,
 To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o' sorrow,
 And a' his brothers were dead but he ;
 His lands they a' were lying waste,
 In ruins were his castles free.

Na porter there stood at his yett
 Na human creature he could see,
 Except the screeching owls and bats,
 Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,
 And he had gowd and jewels free ;
 And soon the pages around him thrang'd,
 To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,
 His table rung wi' mirth and glee ;
 He soon forgot the lady fair,
 That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,
 To heir wi' him his lands sae free,
 Ne'er thinking that a lady fair
 Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

For Susie Pye could get na rest,
 Nor day nor nicht could happy be,
 Still thinking on the Scottish Lord,
 Till she was sick and like to dee.

But she has builded a bonnie ship,
 Weel mann'd wi' seamen o' hie degree;
 And secretly she stept on board,
 And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,
 The bells were ringing sae merrilie;
 It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
 Wi' a lady fair o' hie degree.

But sic a vessel was never seen;
 The very masts were tapp'd wi' gold;
 Her sails were made o' the satin fine,
 Maist beautiful for to behold.

But whan the lady cam on shore,
 Attended wi' her pages three,
 Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,
 And she a lady of great beautie.

Then to the skipper she did say,
 "Can ye this answer gie to me—
 Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid?
 He surely lives in this countrie."

Then up bespak the skipper bold,—
 For he could speak the Turkish tongue,—
 “Lord Beichan lives not far away;
 This is the day of his wedding.”

“If ye will guide me to Beichan’s yetts,
 I will ye well reward,” said she,—
 Then she and all her pages went,
 A very gallant companie.

When she cam to Lord Beichan’s yetts,
 She tirl’d gently at the pin;
 Sae ready was the proud porter
 To let the wedding guests come in.

“Is this Lord Beichan’s house,” she says,
 “Or is that noble lord within?”
 “Yes, he is gane into the hall,
 With his brave bride and monie ane.”

“Ye’ll bid him send me a piece of bread,
 Bot and a cup of his best wine;
 And bid him mind the lady’s love
 That ance did lowse him out o’ pyne.”

Then in and cam the porter bold,—
 I wat he gae three shouts and three,—
 “The fairest lady stands at your yetts
 That ever my twa een did see.”

Then up bespak the bride’s mither,—
 I wat an angry woman was she,—
 “You micht hae excepted our bonnie bride,
 Tho’ she’d been three times as fair as she

" My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mot she be !
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

" She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,
And on her mid-finger she has three ;
She has as meikle gowd upon her head,
As wad buy an earldom o' land to thee.

" My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
Bot and a cup o' your best wine,
And bids you mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,—
I wat he made the table flee,—
" I wad gie a' my yearlie rent
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea."

Syne up bespak the bride's mother,—
She was never heard to speak sae free,—
" Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,
Tho' Susie Pye has cross'd the sea ? "

" Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,
For she is ne'er the waur o' me ;
She cam to me on horseback riding,
And she sall gang hame in chariot free."

He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,
And led her thro' his halls sae hie :
" Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me."

Lord Beichan prepar'd for another wedding,
 Wi' baith their hearts sae fu' o' glee;—
 Says, "I'll range na mair in foreign lands,
 Sin Susie Pye has cross'd the sea.

"Fy! gar a' our cooks mak ready;
 And fy! gar a' our pipers play;
 And fy! gar trumpets gae thro' the toun,
 That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!"

SWEET WILLIAM. See p. 29.

"GIVEN from the chanting of an old woman. It has never been before printed." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 307.

Other versions may be seen in that careless publication of the Percy Society, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, vol. xvii. p. 57, *Lord William*, and in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 57, *Lord Lundy*.

SWEET WILLIAM's gane over seas,
Some unco lair to learn,
And our gude Bailie's ae dochter
Is awa to learn the same.

In ae braid buik they learned baith,
In ae braid bed they lay;
But when her father cam to know,
He gart her come away.

"It's you must marry that Southland lord,
His lady for to be;
It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,
Or nocht ye'll get frae me."

"I must marry that Southland lord,
Father, an it be your will;
But I'd rather it were my burial day,
My grave for to fill."

She walked up, she walked down,
Had nane to mak her moan,
Nothing but the pretty bird
Sat on the causey stone.

"If thou could speak, wee bird," she says,
"As weel as thou can flee,
I would write a lang letter
To Will ayont the sea."

"What thou wants wi' Will," it says,
"Thou'll seal it wi' thy ring;
Tak a thread o' silk, and anither o' twine,
And about my neck it hing."

What she wanted wi' Willie
She sealed it wi' a ring;
Took a thread o' silk, anither of twine,
About its neck did hing.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
This bird flew owre the sea,
Until it entered the same chamber
Wherein was sweet Willie.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,—
Poor bird, it was mista'en,—
It loot the letter fa' on Baldie's breast,
Instead of sweet William.

"Here's a letter, William," he says,
"I'm sure it's not to me ;
And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock
Your love shall married be."

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"The brown and a' that's speedie,
And I'll awa' to Old England,
To bring hame my ladie."

Awa he gade, awa he rade,
Awa wi' meikle speed ;
He lichtit at every twa miles' end,
Lichtit and changed his steed.

When she entered the church style,
The tear was in her e'e ;
But when she entered the church door,
A blythe sight did she see.

"O hold your hand, you minister,
Hold it a little wee,
Till I speak wi' the bonnie bride,
For she's a friend to me.

"Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
Stand off a little wee ;
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
For the bride shall join wi' me."

Up and spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he,—
"If I had pistol, powther and lead,
And all at my command,

It's I would shoot thee stiff and dead,
In the place where thou dost stand."

Up and spoke then sweet William,
And a blithe blink from his e'e :
"If ye ne'er be shot till I shoot you,
Ye'se ne'er be shot for me.

"Come out, come out, my foremost man,
And lift my lady on ;
Commend me all to my goodmother,
At night when you gang home."

YOUNG CHILD DYRING. See p. 29.

Translated from the *Kjæmpeviser*, in *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 335.

It was the young Child Dyring,
Wi' his mither rede did he ;
" I will me out ride
Sir Magnus's bride to see."
His leave the page takes to-day from his master.

" Will thou thee out ride,
Sir Magnus's bride to see ?
Sae beg I thee by Almighty God
Thou speed thee home to me."
His leave, &c.

Syne answer'd young Child Dyrè ;
He rode the bride to meet ;
The silk but and the black sendell
Hang down to his horse feet.
His leave, &c.

All rode they there, the bride-folk,
On row sae fair to see,
Excepting Sir Svend Dyrè,
And far about rode he.
His leave, &c.

It was the young Child Dyrè rode
Alone along the strand ;
The bridle was of the red gold
That glitter'd in his hand.

His leave, &c.

'Twas then proud Lady Ellensborg,
And under weed smil'd she ;
“ And who is he, that noble child
That rides sae bold and free ? ”

His leave, &c.

Syne up and spak the maiden fair
Was next unto the bride ;
“ It is the young Child Dyrè
That stately steed does ride.”

His leave, &c.

“ And is't the young Child Dyrè
That rides sae bold and free ?
God wot, he's dearer that rides that steed
Nor a' the lave to me ! ”

His leave, &c.

All rode they there, the bridal train,
Each rode his steed to stall ;
All but Child Dyrè, that look'd whare he
Should find his seat in the hall.

His leave, &c.

“ Sit whare ye list, my lordings ;
For me, whate'er betide,
Here I shall sickerly sit the day,
To hald the sun frae the bride.”

His leave, &c.

Then up spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he ;
" Whae'er sits by my dochter the day,
Ye better awa' wad be."

His leave, &c.

" It's I have intill Paris been,
And well my drift can spell ;
And ay, whatever I have to say,
I tell it best my sell."

His leave, &c.

" Sooth thou hast intill Paris lear'd
A worthless drift to spell,
And ay, whatever thou hast to say,
A rogue's tale thou must tell."

His leave, &c.

Ben stept he, young Child Dyrè,
Nor reck'd he wha might chide ;
And he has ta'en a chair in hand,
And set him by the bride.

His leave, &c.

'Twas lang i' the night ; the bride-folk
Ilk ane look'd for his bed ;
And young Child Dyrè amang the lave
Speer'd whare he should be laid.

His leave, &c.

" Without, afore the stair steps,
Or laigh on the cawsway stane,
And there may lye Sir Dyrè,
For ither bed we've nane."

His leave, &c.

'Twas ate intill the evening;
The bride to bed maun ga;
And out went he, Child Dyring,
To rouse his menyie a'.

His leave, &c.

"Now busk and d'on your harness,
But and your brynies blae,
And boldly to the bride-bower
Full merrily we'll gae."

His leave, &c.

Sae follow'd they to the bride-bower
That bride sae young and bright,
And forward stept Child Dyrè,
And quenched the marriage light.

His leave, &c.

The cresset they've lit up again,
But and the taper clear,
And followed to the bride-bower
That bride without a peer.

His leave, &c.

* * * * *

And up Child Dyrè snatch'd the bride,
All in his mantle blae,
And swung her all so lightly
Upon his ambler gray.

His leave, &c.

They lock'd the bower, they lit the torch,
'Twas hurry-scurry a',
While merrily ay the lovers gay
Rode roundly to the shaw.

His leave, &c.

In Rosen-wood they turn'd about
To pray their bridal prayer ;
" Good night and joy, Sir Magnus !
For us ye'll see nae mair."

His leave, &c.

Sae rode he to the green wood,
And o'er the meadow green,
Till he came to his mither's bower,
Ere folks to bed were gane.

His leave, &c.

Out came proud Lady Metelild,
In menevair sae free ;
She welcom'd him, Child Dyring,
And his young bride him wi'.

His leave, &c.

Now joys attend Child Dyring,
Sae leal but and sae bold ;
He's ta'en her to his ain castell,
His bride-ale there to hold.

His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.

BARBARA LIVINGSTON. See p. 38.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 304, from recitation.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
And out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a'.

Out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a';—
The lusty Laird of Linlyon¹
Has stoun her clean awa'.

"The hielands is no for me, kind sir,
The hielands is no for me;
But if you would my favour win,
Ye 'll tak me to Dundee."

"The hielands 'll be for thee, my dear,
The hielands will be for thee;
To the lusty Laird o' Linlyon
A-married ye shall be."

¹ Mr. Jamieson has "Glenlyon," which is probably the right name. M.

When they cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green,
Every ane spak Earse to her,—
The tears cam trickling down.

When they went to bed at nicht,
To Linlyon she did say,
"Och and alace! a weary nicht,
Oh! but it's lang till day."

"Your father's steed 's in my stable,
He 's eating corn and hay,
And you 're lying in my twa arms;
What need you lang for day?"

"If I had paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
I would write a lang letter
To my love in Dundee."

They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
And she did write a lang letter
To her love in Dundee.

When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green;
But lang or he wan up the stair
His love was dead and gane.

Woe be to thee, Linlyon,
An ill death may thou die!
Thou might hae ta'en anither woman,
And let my lady be.

LANG JOHNNY MOIR. See p. 50.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 248.

THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,
Anither in Auchindore ;
The bravest lad amo' them a',
Was lang Johnny Moir.

Young Johnny was an airy blade,
Fu' sturdy, stout, and strang ;
The sword that hang by Johnny's side,
Was just full ten feet lang.

Young Johnny was a clever youth,
Fu' sturdy, stout, and wight ;
Just full three yards around the waist,
And fourteen feet in hight.

But if a' be true they tell me now,
And a' be true I hear,
Young Johnny's on to Lundan gane,
The king's banner to bear.

He hadna been in fair Lundan
But twalmonths twa or three,
Till the fairest lady in a' Lundan
Fell in love wi' young Johnny.

This news did sound thro' Lundan town,
Till it came to the king,
That the muckle Scot had fa'in in love
Wi' his daughter, Lady Jean.

When the king got word o' that,
A solemn oath sware he;
"This weighty Scott sall strait a rope,
And hanged he shall be."

When Johnny heard the sentence past,
A light laugh then gae he;
"While I hae strength to yield my blade,
Ye darena a' hang me."

The English dogs were cunning rogues;
About him they did creep,
And ga'e him draps o' lodomy
That laid him fast asleep.

Whan Johnny waken'd frae his sleep,
A sorry heart had he;
His jaws and hands in iron bands,
His feet in fetters three.

"O whar will I get a little wee boy
Will work for meat and fee,
That will rin on to my uncle,
At the foot of Benachie?"

"Here am I, a little wee boy,
Will work for meat and fee,
That will rin on to your uncle,
At the foot of Benachie."

"Whan ye come whar grass grows green,
Slack your shoes and rin ;
And whan ye come whar water's strong,
Ye'll bend your bow and swim.

"And whan ye come to Benachie,
Ye'll neither chap nor ca' ;
Sae well's ye'll ken auld Johnny there,
Three feet abeen them a'.

"Ye'll gie to him this braid letter,
Seal'd wi' my faith and troth ;
And ye'll bid him bring alang wi' him
The body, Jock o' Noth."

"Whan he came whar grass grew green,
He slack't his shoes and ran ;
And whan he came whar water's strong,
He bent his bow and swam.

And whan he came to Benachie,
Did neither chap nor ca' ;
Sae well's he kent auld Johnny there,
Three feet abeen them a'.

"What news, what news, my little wee boy ?
Ye never were here before ;"
"Nae news, nae news, but a letter from
Your nephew, Johnny Moir.

"Ye'll take here this braid letter,
Seal'd wi' his faith and troth ;
And ye're bidden bring alang wi' you
The body, Jock o' Noth."

Benachie lyes very low,
The tap o' Noth lyes high ;
For a' the distance that's between,
He heard auld Johnny cry.

Whan on the plain these champions met,
Twa grizly ghosts to see,
There were three feet between her brows,
And shoulders were yards three.

These men they ran ower hills and dales,
And ower mountains high ;
Till they came on to Lundan town,
At the dawn o' the third day.

And whan they came to Lundan town,
The yetts were lockit wi' bands ;
And wha were there but a trumpeter,
Wi' trumpet in his hands.

"What is the matter, ye keepers all,
Or what's the matter within,
That the drums do beat, and bells do ring,
And make sic dolefu' din ?"

"There's naething the matter," the keeper said,
"There's naething the matter to thee ;
But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,
And the morn he maun die."

"O open the yetts, ye proud keepers,
Ye'll open without delay ;"
The trembling keeper smiling said,
"O I hae not the key."

"Ye'll open the yetts, ye proud keepers,
Ye'll open without delay;
Or here is a body at my back
Frae Scotland hae brought the key."

"Ye'll open the yetts," says Jock o' Noth,
"Ye'll open them at my call;"
Then wi' his foot he has drove in
Three yards braid o' the wall.

As they gaed in by Drury-lane,
And down by the town's hall;
And there they saw young Johnny Moir,
Stand on their English wall.

"Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear,
Ye're welcome unto me;
Ye'll loose the knot, and slack the rope,
And set me frae the tree."

"Is it for murder, or for theft?
Or is it for robberie?
If it is for ony heinous crime,
There's nae remeid for thee."

"It's nae for murder, nor for theft,
Nor yet for robberie;
A' is for the loving a gay lady,
They're gaun to gar me die."

"O whar's thy sword," says Jock o' Noth,
"Ye brought frae Scotland wi' thee?
I never saw a Scotsman yet,
But coud wield a sword or tree."

"A pox upo' their lodomy
On me had sic a sway;
Four o' their men, the bravest four,
They bore my blade away."

"Bring back his blade," says Jock o' Noth,
"And freely to him it gie;
Or I hae sworn a black Scot's oath,
I'll gar five million die."

"Now whar's the lady?" says Jock o' Noth,
"Sae fain I would her see;"
"She's lock'd up in her ain chamber,
The king he keeps the key."

"So they hae gane before the king,
With courage bauld and free;
Their armour bright cast sic a light,
That almost dim'd his e'e."

"O whar's the lady," says Jock o' Noth,
"Sae fain as I wou'd her see;
For we are come to her wedding,
Frae the foot o' Benachie."

"O take the lady," said the king,
"Ye welcome are for me;
I never thought to see sic men
Frae the foot o' Benachie."

"If I had ken'd," said Jock o' Noth,
"Ye'd wonder'd sae muckle at me,
I wou'd hae brought ane larger tar
By sizes three times three."

"Likewise if I had thought I'd been
Sic a great fright to thee,
I'd brought Sir John o' Erskine park;
He's thretty feet and three."

"Wae to the little boy," said the King,
"Brought tidings unto thee;
Let all England say what they will,
High hanged shall he be."

"O if ye hang the little wee boy
Brought tidings unto me,
We shall attend his burial,
And rewarded ye shall be."

"O take the lady," said the king,
"And the boy shall be free:"
"A priest, a priest," then Johnny cried,
"To join my love and me."

"A clerk, a clerk," the king replied,
"To seal her tocher wi' thee"
Out it speaks auld Johnny then,
These words pronounced he:

"I wantnae lands and rents at hame,
I'll ask nae gowd frae thee;
I am possess'd o' riches great,
Hae fifty ploughs and three;
Likewise fa's heir to ane estate
At the foot o' Benachie.

"Hae ye ony masons in this place,
Or ony at your call,

That ye may now send some of them,
To build your broken wall ? ”

“ Yes, there are masons in this place,
And plenty at my call ;
But ye may gang frae whence ye came,
Never mind my broken wall.”

They’ve ta’en the lady by the hand,
And set her prison free ;
Wi’ drums beating, and fifes playing,
They spent the night wi’ glee.

Now auld Johnny Moir, and young Johnny Moir,
And Jock o’ Noth, a’ three,
The English lady, and little wee boy,
Went a’ to Benachie.

LIZIE BAILLIE. See p. 73.

from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 173.

It fell about the Lammas time,
When flowers were fresh and green,
Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,
To see her sister Jean.

She meant to go unto that place,
To stay a little while;
But mark what fortune her befell,
When she went to the isle.¹

It fell out upon a day,
Sheep-shearing at an end,
Lizie Baillie she walk'd out,
To see a distant friend.

But going down in a low glen,
She met wi' Duncan Græme,
Who courted her along the way,
Likewise convoyed her hame.

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
I'll row you in my plaidie,
If ye'll gang ower the hills wi' me,
And be a Highland ladie."

¹ The island of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith.

"I winna gang alang wi' you;
Indeed I maun confess,
I can neither milk cow nor ewe,
Nor yet can I speak Earse."

"O never fear, Lizie," he said,
"If ye will gang wi' me,
All that is into my place,
Can speak as gude Scotch as thee."

"But for a time we now maun part
I hinna time to tarry;
Next when we twa meet again,
Will be in Castlecarry."

When Lizie tarried out her time,
Unto her father's came,
The very first night she arrived,
Wha comes but Duncan Græme.

Says, "Bonny Lizie Baillie,
A gude deed mat ye die;
Altho' to me ye brake your tryst,
Now I am come for thee."

"O stay at hame," her father said,
"Your mither cannot want thee;
And gin ye gang awa' this night,
We'll hae a Killycrankie."

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
O come to me without delay;
O wou'd ye hae sae little wit,
As mind what o'ld folks wad say?"

She wou'dna hae the Lowlandman,
That wears the coat sae blue;
But she wou'd hae the Highlandman,
That wears the plaid and trews.

Out it spake her mother then,
A sorry heart had she;
Says, "Wae be to his Highland face,
That's taen my lass frae me!"

THE RARE BALLAD OF JOHNNIE FAA AND
THE COUNTESS O' CASSILIS. See p. 114.

FROM Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*,
p. 329. The editor (or author, as he styles himself,
indifferently) of that audacious work, asserts that he
has "heard this ballad sung repeatedly by Willie Faa,"
and has "endeavored to preserve as much of his ver-
sion as recollection would allow."

THERE were seven Gipsies in a gang,
They were both brisk and bonny O,
They rode till they came to the Earl of Castle's
house,
And there they sung so sweetly O.

The Earl of Castle's lady came down,
With her waiting maid beside her O ;
As soon as her handsome face they saw,
They cast the glamour o'er her O.

They gave to her a nutmeg brown,
Which was of the belinger O ;
She gave to them a far better thing,
The ring from off her finger O.

The Earl he flang his purse to them,
For wow ! but they sung bonny O ;

Gied them red wine and manchet cake,
And all for the Gipsy laddie O.

The Earl wad gae hunt in Maybole woods,
For blythsome was the morning O,
To hunt the deer wi' the yelping curs,
Wi' the huntsman bugle sounding O.

The Countess went down to the ha',
To hae a crack at them fairly O;
"And och," she cried, "I wad follow thee,
To the end o' the world or nearly O."

He kist the Countess lips sae red,
And her jimp white waist he cuddled O;
She smoothed his beard wi' her luvely hand,
And a' for her Gipsy laddie O.

"And och," she cried, "that I should love thee,
And ever wrong my Earlie O;
I ken there's glamour in mine e'ee,
To follow a Gipsy laddie O."

Quo he, "Thou art ane Earl's ladye,
And that is kent fu' fairly O;
But if thou comest awa wi' me,
Thou'lt be a queen so rarely O.

"I'm Johnny Faa o' Yetholm town,¹
There dwell my min and daddie O;

¹ "Yetholm, on the borders of Northumberland, situated among the recesses of the Cheviots, has ever been the headquarters of the Gypsy tribes. The Faas, (a corruption of Fall, their original designation,) the Youngs, Armstrongs, and Gordons still look up to this straggling village as their city of refuge." SHELDON.

And sweet Countess, I'm nothing less
Than King o' the Gipsy laddies O."

She pull'd off her high heel'd shoes,—
They were made of Spanish leather O,—
She put on her Highland brogues,
To follow the Gipsy laddie O.

At night, when my lord came riding home,
Enquiring for his lady O,
The waiting maid made this reply—
"She's following the Gipsy laddie O."

"O now then," quo' the bonny Earl,
"That ever siccan a thing suld be;
All ye that love, oh never build
Your nest upon the topmost tree.

"For oh the green leaves they will fall,
And roots and branches wither O;
But the virtue o' a leal woman,
I trow wad never swither O."

"Go saddle me my mylk white steed,
Go saddle it so sadly O,
And I will ride out oure the lea,
To follow her Gipsy laddie O.

"Go saddle me my bonny black,
And eke my gray cowl quickly O;
Gin I hae not Johnny Faa his head,
The de'il may claw me tightly O.

"Have you been east, or have you been west,
Or have you been brisk and bonny O,

Or have you seen a gay lady
Following a Gipsy laddie O ? ”

He rode all the summer's night,
And part of the next morning O ;
At length he espied his own wedded wife,
She was cold, wet, and weary O.

The leddy sabbed, the leddy cried,
And wrung her hands sae sadly O ;
And aye her moan was to the Earl,
To spare her Gipsy laddie O.

“ Why did you leave your houses and lands,
Or why did you leave your money O,
Or why did you leave your own wedded lord,
To follow the Gipsy laddie O ? ”

“ O what care I for houses and lands,
Or what care I for money O ?
So as I have brew'd, so I will drink,
So fare you well, my honey O.”

They marched them to the gallows tree,
Whilst the Earl stood at the window O ;
And aye the smile was on his lip,
As he thocht on the Gipsy laddie O.

There were seven Gipsies in a gang,
They were so brisk and bonny O,
And they're to be hang'd all in a row,
For the Earl o' Castle's leddy O.

JAMIE DOUGLAS. See p. 135.

From Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, il. 4.

WHEN I fell sick, an' very sick,
An' very sick, just like to die,
A gentleman of good account
He cam on purpose to visit me ;
But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear,
He was owre lang in the room wi' me.

"Gae little page, an' tell your lord,
Gin he will come and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair of gold,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair,—
"Lord Douglass, dine wi' your ladie :
She'll set ye on a chair of gold,
And serve you on her bended knee."

"When cockle shells turn silver bells,
When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll cum down an' dine wi' thee."

But whan my father gat word o' this,
O what an angry man was he !
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld
To bring me safe to his countrie.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,
And when he saw me set on my horse,
He caused his drums and trumpets soun.

"Now fare ye weel my goodly palace,
And fare ye weel, my children three;
God grant your father grace to love you,
Far more than ever he loved me."

He thocht that I was like himsel,
That had a woman in every hall;
But I could swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved man but himsel.

As on to Embro' town we cam,
My guid father he welcomed me;
He caused his minstrels meet to sound,—
It was nae music at a' to me.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Leave off your weeping, let it be;
For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over;
Far better lord I'll provide for thee."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And of such talking let me be;
For never a man shall come to my arms,
Since my lord has sae slighted me."

O an' I had ne'er crossed the Tweed,
Nor yet been owre the river Dee,
I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,
Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

The ladies they will cum to town,
And they will cum and visit me;
But I'll set me down now in the dark,
For ochanie ! who'll comfort me ?

An' wae betide ye, black fastness,¹
Ay, and an ill deid may ye die !
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my true lord and me.

¹ fastness, printed Fastness by Finlay, is, says Mother-
well, merely falseness, falseness.

LÁIRD OF BLACKWOOD. See p. 135

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 60.

" I LAY sick, and very sick,
And I was bad, and like to die,
A friend o' mine cam to visit me ;—
And Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear,
That he was owre lang in chamber wi' me.

" O what need I dress up my head,
Nor what need I kaim doun my hair,
Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,
And says he will na love me mair !

" But O ! an my young babe was born,
And set upon some nourice knee,
And I mysel war dead and gane,—
For a maid again I'll never be."—

" Na mair o' this, my dochter dear,
And of your mourning let abee ;
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,
A mair better lord I'll get for thee."

"Na mair o' this, my father dear,
And of your folly let abee;
For I wad na gie ae look o' my lord's face,
For a' the lords in the haill countrie.

"But I'll cast off my robes o' red,
And I'll put on my robes o' blue;
And I will travel to some other land,
To see gin my love will on me rue.

"There sall na wash come on my face,
There sall na kaim come on my hair;
There sall neither coal nor candle licht
Be seen intil my bouer na mair.

"O! wae be to thee Blackwood,
And an ill death may ye die,
For ye've been the haill occasion
Of parting my lord and me."

THE PROVOST'S DOCHTER. See p 180.

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 131.

THE Provost's dochter went out a walking,
 A may's love whiles is easie won ;
She heard a puir prisoner making his meane,
 And she was the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

“Gif onie ladie wad borrow me
 Out into this prison strang,
I wad make her a ladie o' hie degree,
 For I am a gret lard in fair Scotland.”

She has dune her to her father's bed-stock,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
She has stown the keys o' monie braw lock,
 And she has lows'd him out o' prison strang.

She has dune her to her father's stable,
 A may's love whiles is easie won !
She has tane out a steed, baith swift and able,
 To carry them baith to fair Scotland.

Whan they cam to the Scottish corss,
A may's love whiles is easie won !
"Ye brazen-faced hure, licht aff o' my horse,
And go, get ye back to Northumberland."

Whan they cam to the Scottish muir,
A may's love whiles is easie won !
"Get aff o' my horse, ye brazen-fac'd hure,
So, go, get ye back to Northumberland."

"O pity on me! O pity!" said she,
"O that my love was so easie won !
Have pity on me, as I had upon thee,
Whan I lows'd ye out o' prison strang."

"O how can I hae pity on thee ?
O why was your love sae easie won ?
Whan I hae a wife and children three,
Mair worthy than a' in Northumberland."

"Cook in your kitchen I will be,—
O that my love was sae easie won !
And serve your lady maist reverentlie,
For I darna gang back to Northumberland."

"Cook in my kitchen, ye sall not be,—
Why was your love so easie won ?
For I will hae na sic servants as thee,
So, get ye back to Northumberland."

But laith was he the lassie to tyne,
A may's love whiles is easie won !
He hired an auld horse, and fee'd an auld man,
To carry her back to Northumberland.

Whan she cam her father afore,
A may's love whiles is easie won !
She fell at his feet on her knees sae low,—
She was the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

“ O dochter, dochter, why was ye bauld,
O why was your love sae easie won !
To be a Scot's hure in your fifteen year auld,
And ye the fair flow'r o' Northumberland ! ”

Her mother on her sae gentlie smil'd,—
“ O that her love was sae easie won !
She's na the first that the Scots hae beguil'd,
And she's still the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.

“ She shanna want gowd, she shanna want fee,
Although her love was easie won ;
She shanna want gowd to gain a man wi',
And she'll still be the fair flow'r o' Northumberland.”

BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 125.

A fragment of the ancient English romance of *Florice and Blancheflour* is printed in Hartshorne's *Metrical Tales*, p. 81. For the complete story (hardly a trace of which is retained in the following ballad) see Ellis's *Early English Metrical Romances*.

THERE was a maid, richly array'd,
In robes were rare to see;
For seven years and something mair,
She serv'd a gay ladie.

But being fond o' a higher place,
In service she thought lang;
She took her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the band.

And as she walk'd by the shore side,
As blythe's a bird on tree,
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
To see what she could see.

At last she spied a little castle,
 That stood near by the sea ;
 She spied it far, and drew it near,
 To that castle went she.

And when she came to that castle,
 She tirmed at the pin ;
 And ready stood a little wee boy
 To lat this fair maid in.

" O who's the owner of this place,
 O porter boy, tell me ? "

" This place belongs unto a queen
 O' birth and high degree."

She put her hand in her pocket,
 And ga'e him shillings three ;
 " O porter bear my message well,
 Unto the queen frae me."

The porter's gane before the queen,
 Fell low down on his knee ;

" Win up, win up, my porter boy,
 What makes this courtesie ? "

" I ha'e been porter at your yetts,
 My dame, these years full three,
 But see a ladie at your yetts,
 The fairest my eyes did see."

" Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
 Lat her come in to me ;
 And I'll know by her courtesie,
 Lord's daughter if she be."

When she came in before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee ;
" Service frae you, my dame, the queen,
I pray you grant it me."

" If that service ye now do want,
What station will ye be ?
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,
Or milk the cows to me ?"

" No, I can neither card nor spin,
Nor cows I canno' milk ;
But sit into a lady's bower,
And sew the seams o' silk."

" What is your name, ye comely dame ?
Pray tell this unto me :
" O Blancheflour, that is my name,
Born in a strange countrie."

" O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice ;
My ain dear son is he ;
When other ladies get a gift,
O' that ye shall get three."

It wasna tald into the bower,
Till it went thro' the ha',
That Jellyflorice and Blancheflour
Were grown ower greât witha.'

When the queen's maids their visits paid,
Upo' the gude Yule day,
When other ladies got horse to ride,
She boud take foot and gae.

The queen she call'd her stable groom,
 To come to her right seen ;
 Says, " Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed,
 And bring him to the green.

" Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,
 The lighters frae his e'en ;
 Ere she ride three times roun' the cross,
 Her weel days will be dune."

Jellyflorice his true love spy'd,
 As she rade roun' the cross ;
 And thrice he kiss'd her lovely lips,
 And took her frae her horse.

" Gang to your bower, my lily flower,
 For a' my mother's spite ;
 There's nae other amang her maids,
 In whom I take delight.

" Ye are my jewel, and only ane,
 Nane's do you injury ;
 For ere this-day-month come and gang,
 My wedded wife ye'se be."

CHIL ETHER.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 228.

CHIL ETHER and Lady Maisry
Were baith born at ae birth ;
They lov'd each other tenderlie,
Boon every thing on earth.

" They ley likes na the summer shower,
Nor girse the mornin' dew,
Better, dear Lady Maisry,
Than Chil Ether loves you."

" The bonny doo likes na its mate,
Nor babe at breast its mither,
Better, my dearest Chil Ether,
Than Maisry loves her brither."

But he needs gae to gain renown,
Into some far countrie ;
And Chil Ether has gaen abroad,
To fight in Paynimie.

And he has been in Paynimie
A twalvemonth and a day ;
But never nae tidings did there come,
Of his welfare to say.

'Then she's ta'en ship, awa' to sail,
Out ower the roaring faem ;
A' for to find him, Chil Ether,
And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sail'd the sea a month,
A month but barely three,
Until she landit on Ciper's shore,
By the meen-licht sae lie.

Lady Maisry did on her green mantle,
Took her purse in her hand,
And call'd to her her mariners,
Syne walk'd up thro' the land.

She walked up, sae did she down,
Till she came till castell high ;
There she sat down on the door stane,
And weepit bitterlie.

Then out it spake a sweet, sweet voice,
Out ower the castell wa',
" Now isna that Lady Maisry
That makes sic a dolefu' fa' ?

" But gin that be Lady Maisry,
Lat her make mirth and glee ;
For I'm her brother, Chil Ether,
That loves her tenderlie.

" But gin that be Lady Maisry,
Lat her take purse in hand ;
And gang to yonder castell wa',—
They call it Gorinand.

" Spier for the lord o' that castell,
Gie'm dollars thirty-three ;
Tell him to ransom Chil Ether,
That loves you tenderlie."

She's done her up to that castell,
Paid down her gude monie ;
And sae she's ransom'd Chil Ether,
And brought him hame her wi'.

YOUNG BEARWELL.

"A FRAGMENT, and now printed in the hope that the remainder of it may hereafter be recovered. From circumstances, one would almost be inclined to trace it to a Danish source; or it may be an episode of some forgotten Metrical Romance: but this cannot satisfactorily be ascertained, from its catastrophe being unfortunately wanting." *Motherwell's Minstrelsy*, p. 345.

The same is in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 75.

WHEN two lovers love each other weel,
Great sin it were them to twinn;
And this I speak from young Bearwell;
He loved a lady ying,
The Mayor's daughter of Birktown-brae,
That lovely leesome thing.

One day when she was looking out,
When washing her milk-white hands,
Then ¹she beheld him young Bearwell,
As he came in the sands.

¹ That.

Says,—“ Wae ’s me for you, young Bearwell,
Such tales of you are tauld ;
They ’ll cause you sail the salt sea so far
As beyond Yorkisfauld.”

“ O shall I bide in good green wood,
Or stay in bower with thee ? ”

* * * * *

“ The leaves are thick in good green wood,
Would hold you from the rain ;
And if you stay in bower with me,
You will be taken and slain.

“ But I caused build a ship for you,
Upon Saint Innocent’s day ;
I ’ll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,
And Our Lady, that meikle may.
You are a lady’s first true love ;
God carry you weel away ! ”

Then he sailed east and he sailed west,
By many a comely strand ;
At length a puff of northern wind
Did blow him to the land.

When he did see the king and court,
Were playing at the ba’ ;
Gave him a harp into his hand,
Says,—“ Stay, Bearwell, and play.”

He had not been in the king’s court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till there came lairds and lords enew,
To court that lady gay.

They wooed her with broach and ring,
They nothing could keep back;
The very charters of their lands
Into her hands they pat.

She 's done her down to Heyvalin,
With the light of the mune:
Says,—“ Will ye do this deed for me,
And will ye do it sune ?

“ Will ye go seek him young Bearwell,
On seas wherever he be ?
And if I live and bruik my life,
Rewarded ye shall be.”

“ Alas, I am too young a skipper,
So far to sail the faem;
But if I live and bruik my life,
I 'll strive to bring him hame.”

So he has sail'd east and then sail'd west,
By many a comely strand;
Till there came a blast of northern wind,
And blew him to the land.

And there the king and all his court
Were playing at the ba';
Gave him a harp into his hand,
Says,—“ Stay, Heyvalin, and play.”

He has tane up the harp in hand,
And unto play went he;
And young Bearwell was the first man
In all that companie.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRY AND THE
KING'S DAUGHTER.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,
ii. 212. Another version is given in Buchan's *Gleanings*,
p. 127, and a third by Kinloch, p. 93. Kinloch
considers that the ballad may relate to the secret expe-
dition of James V. to France, in 1536, in search of a
wife. In the last verse of his copy of the ballad,
Lord Thomas turns out to be no less a man than the
King of Scotland.

SEVEN years the king he staid
Into the land of Spain,
And seven years true Thomas was
His daughter's chamberlain.

But it fell ance upon a day
The king he did come home ;
She beked and she benjed ben,
And did him there welcôme.

"What aileth you, my daughter, Janet,
You look sae pale and wan ?
There is a dreder in your heart,
Or else ye love a man."

"There is no dreder in my heart,
Nor do I love a man;
But it is for your long byding
Into the land of Spain."

"Ye'll cast aff' your bonny brown gown,
And lay it on a stane;
And I'll tell you, my jelly Janet,
If ever ye loved a man."

She's cast off' her bonny brown gown,
And laid it on a stane;
Her belly was big, her twa sides high,
Her colour it was quite gane.

"O is it to a man o' might, Janet?
Or is it till a man that's mean?
Or is it to one of my poor soldiers,
That I've brought hame frae Spain?"

"It's not till a man o' might," she says,
"Nor yet to a man that's mean;
But it is to Thomas o' Winesberry,
That cannot langer len'."

"O where are all my wall-wight men,
That I pay meat and fee;
That will gae for him, true Thomas,
And bring him here to me?
For the morn, ere I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be."

She's turn'd her right and round about,
The tear blindet her e'e;

"If ye do any ill to true Thomas,
Ye'se never get guid o' me."

When Thomas came before the king,
He glanced like the fire;
His hair was like the threads o' gowd,
His eyes like crystal clear.

"It was nae wonder, my daughter, Janet,
Altho' ye loved this man;
If he were a woman, as he is a man,
My bed-fellow he would been.

"O will ye marry my daughter Janet?
The truth's in your right hand;
Ye'se hae some o' my gowd, and some o' my gear,
And the twalt part o' my land."

"It's I will marry your daughter Janet;
The truth's in my right hand;
I'll hae nane o' your gowd, nor nane o' your gear,
I've enough in my own land.

"But I will marry your daughter Janet,
With thirty ploughs and three,
And four an' twenty bonny breast-mills,
All on the water of Dee.

LADY ELSPAT.

Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 191. From the recitation of
Mrs. Brown.

"How brent's your brow, my Lady Elspat?
How gouden yellow is your hair?
O' a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair."

"Perform your vows, sweet William," she says,
"The vows which ye ha' made to me;
And at the back o' my mither's castell,
This night I'll surely meet wi' thee."

But wae be to her brother's page,
That heard the words thir twa did say;
He's tald them to her lady mither,
Wha wrought sweet William mickle wae.

For she has ta'en him, sweet William,
And she's gar'd bind him wi' his bow string,
Till the red bluid o' his fair body
Frae ilka nail o' his hand did spring.

O it fell ance upon a time
That the Lord-justice came to town;
Out has she ta'en him, sweet William,
Brought him before the Lord-justice boun'

"And what is the crime, now, lady," he says,
"That has by this young man been dane?"
"O he has broken my bonny castell,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane.

"And he has broken my bonny coffers,
That was weel bandit wi' aiken ban;
And he has stown my rich jewels;
I wot he has stown them every ane."

Then out it spak her Lady Elspat,
As she sat by Lord-justice' knee;
"Now ye hae told your tale, mither,
I pray, Lord-justice, ye'll now hear me.

"He hasna broken her bonny castell,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane;
Nor has he stown her rich jewels,
For I wat she has them every ane.

"But though he was my first true love,
And though I had sworn to be his bride,
'Cause he hadna a great estate,
She would this way our loves divide."

Syne out and spak the Lord-justice,
I wat the tear was in his e'e;
"I see nae faut in this young man;
Sae loose his bands, and set him free.

"And tak your love, now, Lady Elspat,
And my best blessin' you baith upon;
For gin he be your first true love,
He is my eldest sister's son.

"There stands a steed in my stable,
Cost me baith gold and white mony;
Ye's get as mickle o' my free land
As he'll ride about in a summer's day."

THE LOVERS QUARREL; OR, CUPIDS
TRIUMPH.

"THIS 'pleasant History,' which 'may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewell,' is here republished from a copy printed at London for F. Cotes and others, 1677, 12mo. bl. l., preserved in the curious and valuable collection of that excellent and most respected antiquary Antony à Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum; compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date, in the editor's possession. A different copy of the poem, more in the ballad form, was published, and may be found among the king's pamphlets in the British Museum. Both copies are conjectured to have been modernized, by different persons, from some common original, which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of collectors, but is strongly suspected to have been the composition of an old North country minstrel.

"The full title is, *The Lovers Quarrel: or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the Lord Arunde., whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Potts: who conquered the Lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read.*" RYSON, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, p. 135.

OF all the lords in Scotland fair,
And ladies that been so bright of blee,
There is a noble lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear by me.

For of her beauty she is bright,
And of her colour very fair,
She's daughter to Lord Arundel,
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

"He see this bride," Lord Phenix said,
"That lady of so bright a blee,
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my lands she'st be."

But when he came the lady before,
Before this comely maid came he,
"O God thee save, thou lady sweet,
My heir and parand thou shalt be."

"Leave off your suit," the lady said,
"As you are a lord of high degree;
You may have ladies enough at home,
And I have a lord in mine own country:

"For I have a lover true of mine own,
A serving-man of low degree,
One Tommy Pots it is his name,
My first love, and last that ever shall be."

"If that Tom Pots [it] is his name,
I do ken him right verily;
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,
Where he is not able to spend pounds three."

"God give you good of your gold," she said,
"And ever God give you good of your fee,
Tom Pots was the first love that ever I had,
And I do mean him the last to be."

With that Lord Phenix soon was mov'd ;
Towards the lady did he threat ;
He told her father, and so it was prov'd,
How his [fair] daughters mind was set.

"O daughter dear, thou art my own,
The heir of all my lands to be ;
Thou shalt be bride to the Lord Phenix,
If that thou mean to be heir to me."

"O father dear, I am your own,
And at your command I needs must be,
But bind my body to whom you please,
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee."

Alas ! the lady her fondness must leave,
And all her foolish wooing lay aside ;
The time is come her friends have appointed,
That she must be Lord Phenix bride.

With that the lady began to weep ;
She knew not well then what to say,
How she might Lord Phenix deny,
And escape from marriage quite away.

She call'd unto her little foot-page,
Saying, "I can trust none but thee ;
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair,
And bid him on Guildford-green meet me :

"For I must marry against my mind,
Or in faith well proved it shall be;
And tell to him I am loving and kind,
And wishes him this wedding to see.

"But see that thou note his countenance well,
And his colour, and shew it to me;
And go thy way and hie ¹ thee again,
And forty shillings I will give thee.

"For if he smile now with his lips,
His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart;
Then may I seek another true love,
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

"But if he blush now in his face,
Then in his heart he will sorry be;
Then to his vow he hath some grace,
And false to him I'll never be."

Away this lacky-boy he ran,
And a full speed forsooth went he,
Till he came to Strawberry-castle,
And there Tom Pots came he to see.

He gave him the letter in his hand;
Before that he began to read,
He told him plainly by word of mouth,
His love was forc'd to be Lord Phenix bride.

When he look'd on the letter fair,
The salt tears blemished his eye;

¹ high.

Says, "I cannot read this letter fair,
Nor never a word to see or spy.

"My little boy, be to me true,
Here is five marks I will give thee;
And all these words I must peruse;
And tell my lady this from me:

"By faith and troth she is my own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found;
Lord Phenix shall not have her night nor day,
Except he can win her with his own hand.

"On Guildford-green I will her meet;
Say that I wish her for me to pray,
For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
Or else the wedding I mean to stay."

Away this lackey-boy he ran,
Then as fast as he could hie;
The lady she met him two miles of the way;
Says, "Why hast thou staid so long, my boy?"

"My little boy, thou art but young,
It gives me at heart thou'lt mock and scorn;
He not believe thee by word of mouth,
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn."

"Now by this book," the boy did say,
"And Jesus Christ be as true to me,
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,
Nor never a word to spy or see.

"He says, by faith and troth you are his own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found;

Lord Phenix shall not have you night nor day,
Except he win you with his own hand.

" On Guildford-green he will you meet ;
He wishes you for him to pray,
For there he'l lose his life so sweet,
Or else the wedding he means to stay."

" If this be true, my little boy,
These tidings which thou tellest to me,
Forty shillings I did thee promise,
Here is ten pounds I will give thee.

" My maidens all," the lady said,
" That ever wish me well to prove,
Now let us all kneel down and pray,
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

" If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I pray to Christ in trinity,
He make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young Lord Arundel be shall be."

THE SECOND PART.

LET'S leave talking of this lady fair,
In prayers full good where she may be ;
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots ;
To his lord and master for aid went he.

But when he came Lord Jockey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee ;
" What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie ?

"What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy Pots
Thou art so full of courtesie ?
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
Or wrought to me some villany."

"I have slain none of my fellows fair,
Nor wrought to you no villany,
But I have a love in Scotland fair,
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty."

"If you'l not believe me by word of mouth,
But read this letter, and you shall see,
Here by all these suspitious words
That she her own self hath sent to me."

But when he had read the letter fair,
Of all the suspitious words in it might be,
"O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty."

"For thou'st have forty pounds a week,
In gold and silver thou shalt row,
And Harvy town I will give thee,
As long as thou intend'st to wooe."

"Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,
And forty horses to go with thee,
Forty of the best spears I have,
And I myself in thy company."

"I thank you, master," said Tommy Pots,
"That proffer is too good for me ;
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,
My own hands shall set her free."

" God be with you, master," said Tommy Pots,
" Now Jesus Christ you save and see ;
If ever I come alive again,
Staid the wedding it shall be."

" O God be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art well proved for a man ;
See never a drop of blood thou spil,
Nor yonder gentleman confound.

" See that some truce with him thou take,
And appoint a place of liberty ;
Let him provide him as well as he can,
As well provided thou shalt be."

But when he came to Guildford-green,
And there had walkt a little aside,
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,
And Lady Rosamond his bride.

Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,
But never a word to her he did say,
Till he the Lord Phenix came before ;
He gave him the right time of the day.

" O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou serving-man of low degree ;
How doth thy lord and master at home,
And all the ladies in that country ?"

" My lord and master is in good health,
I trust since that I did him see ;
Will you walk with me to an out-side,
Two or three words to talk with me ?

"You are a noble man," said Tom,
 "And born a lord in Scotland free;
 You may have ladies enough at home,
 And never take my love from me."

"Away, away, thou Tommy Pots;
 Thou serving-man, stand thou aside;
 It is not a serving-man this day,
 That can hinder me of my bride."

"If I be a serving-man," said Tom,
 "And you a lord of high degree,
 A spear or two with you I'll run,
 Before I'll lose her cowardly."

"Appoint a place, I will thee meet,
 Appoint a place of liberty;
 For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
 Or else my lady I'll set free."

"On Guildford-green I will thee meet;
 No man nor boy shall come with me."

"As I am a man," said Tommy Pots,
 "I'll have as few in my company."

And thus staid the marriage was,
 The bride unmarried went home again;
 Then to her maids fast did she laugh,
 And in her heart she was full fain.

"My maidens all," the lady said,
 "That ever wait on me this day,
 Now let us all kneel [lowly] down,
 And for Tommy Pots let us all pray."

" If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I trust to God in trinity,
He make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be."

THE THIRD PART.

WHEN Tom Pots came home again,
To try for his love he had but a week ;
For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,
For four days that he fel sick.

With that his master to him came,
Says, " Pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou doubt
Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,
Or thou must go thy love without."

" O master, yet it is unknown ;
Within these two days well try'd it must be ;
He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,
I fear I shall lose her with poverty."

" I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet,
My former promises kept shall be ;
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

" For thou'st have the half of my lands a year,
And that will raise thee many a pound ;
Before thou shalt out-braved be,
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the ground "

" I thank you, master," said Tommy Pots,
" Yet there is one thing of you I would fain ;

If that I lose my lady sweet,
How I'll restore your goods again?"

"If that thou win the lady sweet,
Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me:
If thou lovest thy lady, thou lovest enough;
Thou shalt not pay me one penny."

"You have thirty horses in one close,
You keep them all both frank and free;
Amongst them all there's an old white horse
This day would set my lady free.

"That is an old horse with a cut tail,
Full sixteen years of age is he;
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,
Then could I win her easily."

"That's a foolish opinion," his master said,
"And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee;
Thou'st have a better then ever he was,
Though forty pounds more it should cost me."

"O your choice horses are wild and tough,
And little they can skill of their train;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
They are so wild they'll ne'r be tain."

"Thou'st have that horse," his master said,
"If that one thing thou wilt tell me;¹
Why that horse is better than any other,
I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me."

¹ me tell.

"That horse is old, of stomach bold,
And well can he skill of his train;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
He'l either stand still, or turn again."

"Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,
And my plate coat of silver free;
An hundred men to stand at thy back,
To fight if he thy master be."

"I thank you master," said Tommy Pots,
"That proffer is too good for me;
I would not for ten thousand pounds,
Have man or boy in my company."

"God be with you, master," said Tommy Pots,
"Now, as you are a man of law,
One thing let me crave at your hand;
Let never a one of my fellows know."

"For if that my fellows they did wot,
Or ken of my extremity,
Except you keep them under a lock,
Behind me I'm sure they would not be."

But when he came to Guildford-green,
He waited hours two or three;
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,
And four men in his company.

"You have broken your vow," said Tommy Pots,
"The vow which you did make to me;
You said you would bring neither man nor boy,
And now has brought more than two or three"

"These are my men," Lord Phenix said,
"Which every day do wait on me ;
If any of them dare proffer to strike,
I'll run my spear through his body."

"I'll run no race now," said Tommy Pots,
"Except now this may be ;
If either of us be slain this day,
The other shall forgiven be."

"I'll make that vow with all my heart,
My men shall bear witness with me ;
And if thou slay me here this day,
In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt be."

They turn'd their horses thrice about,
To run the race so eagerly ;
Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,
And ran Tom Pots through the thick o' th' thigh.

He bor'd him out of the saddle fair,
Down to the ground so sorrowfully :
"For the loss of my life I do not care,
But for the loss of my fair lady.

"Now for the loss of my lady sweet,
Which once I thought to have been my wife,
I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,
For with thee I would end my life."

Tom Pots was but a serving-man,
But yet he was a doctor good ;
He bound his handkerchief on his wound,
And with some kind of words he stancht his blood.¹

¹ *i. e.* he made use of a charm for that purpose.

He leapt into his saddle again,
The blood in his body began to warm ;
He mist Lord Phenix body fair,
And ran him through the brawn of the arm.

He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,
Down to the ground most sorrowfully ;
Says, " Prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight,
Or yield my lady unto me."

" Now for to fight I cannot tell,
And for to fight I am not sure ;
'Thou hast run me throw the brawn o' the arm,
That with a spear I may not endure.

" Thou'st have the lady with all my heart ;
It was never likely better to prove
With me, or any nobleman else,
That would hinder a poor man of his love."

" Seeing you say so much," said Tommy Pots,
I will not seem your butcher to be ;
But I will come and stanch your blood,
If any thing you will give me."

As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood,
Lord ! in his heart he did rejoice ;
" I'll not take the lady from you thus,
But of her you'st have another choice.

" Here is a lane of two miles long ;
At either end we set will be ;
The lady shall stand us among,
Her own choice shall set her free. "

"If thou'lt do so," Lord Phenix said,
"To lose her by her own choice it's honesty;
Chuse whether I get her, or go her without,
Forty pounds I will give thee."

But when they in that lane was set,
The wit of a woman for to prove,
"By the faith of my body," the lady said,
"Then Tom Pots must needs have his love."

Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,
To get behind him hastily;
"Nay stay, nay stay," Lord Phenix said,
"Better proved it shall be."

"Stay you with your maidens here,
In number fair they are but three;
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,
That one of us two be proved to dye."

But when they came behind the wall,
The one came not the other nigh;
For the Lord Phenix had made a vow,
That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

"O give me this choice," Lord Phenix said,
"To prove whether true or false she be,
And I will go to the lady fair,
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he."

When he came from behind the wall,
With his face all bloody as it might be,
"O lady sweet, thou art my own,
For Tom Pots slain is he."

"Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him deaths wounds two or three;
O lady sweet, thou art my own;
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me?"

"If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him deaths wounds two or three,
I'll sell the state of my fathers lands,
But hanged shall Lord Phenix be."

With that the lady fell in a swoond,
For a grieved woman, God wot, was she;
Lord Phenix he was ready then,
To take her up so hastily.

"O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,
Tom Pots alive this day may be;
I'll send for thy father, Lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see.

"I'll send for thy father, Lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see;
If he will not maintain you well,
Both lands and livings you'll have of me."

"I'll see this wedding," Lord Arundel said,
"Of my daughters luck that is so fair;
Seeing the matter will be no better,
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir."

With that the lady began for to smile,
For a glad woman, God wot, was she;
"Now all my maids," the lady said,
"Example you may take by me.

"But all the ladies of Scotland fair,
And lasses of England that well would prove,
Neither marry for gold nor goods,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

"For I had a lover true of my own,
A serving-man of low degree;
Now from Tom Pots I'll change his name,
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be."

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOW.

From Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 104.

"THIS narrative ballad, which is full of graceful but unadorned simplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, (Act.iii. Sc. 3,) by the name of *Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter*. Two early editions of it are known: one without printer's name, (clearly much older than the other,) is that which we have used; we may conclude that it was written considerably before James I. came to the throne. It was last reprinted in 1738, but in that impression it was much modernized and corrupted."

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could move;
This favour beares the lovely browne.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeares had borne this lady great good will
Shee loved him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expell
To view strange countreys hee intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his faire and constant Maudlen,
With musicke sweete that did excell
Hee plaies under her window then.

"Farewell," quoth he, "mine owne true love,
Farewell, my deare, and chiefest treasure of my heart!
Through fortune's spight, that false did prove,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,

"Into the land of Italy:
There wil I waile, and weary out my dayes in wo;
Seeing my true love is kept from mee,
I hold my life a mortal fo.

"Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adieu,
For Padua shall bee my habitation now;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow."

With trickling teares this hee did sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore:
Hee said, when he his hands did wring,
"Farewell, sweet love, for evermore!"

Fair Maudlin, from a window high
Beholding her true love with musicke where hee stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.

In teares she spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend:
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight,
That wrought their loves such lucklesse end.

And in her heart shee made a vow
Cleane to forsake her country and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early shee did rise:
She gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
(The master of a faire and goodlie ship was he)
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speake with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand:
"Good sir," said shee, "would you speake with any
heere?"
Quoth he, "Faire maid, therefore I stand:"
"Then, gentle sir, I pray you draw neere."

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moane.

Shee falls upon her tender knee:
"Good sir," she said, "now pittie you a woman's woe.
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my griefe to you may shew."

"Sith you repose your trust," he said,
"To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger heere,
Be you assur'd, most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appeare."

"I have a brother, then," quoth shee,
"Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie:
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die."

"And faine I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me goe;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to mee,
And unto me this favour shew."

"Some ship-boye's garment bring to mee,
That I disguis'd may goe away from hence unknowne;
And unto sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much favour may be showne."

"Faire maid," quoth he, "take heere my hand:
I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require."

She gave him then a tender kisse,
And saith, "Your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithfull friend for this:
Sweet master, then, forget not me."

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth her selfe array:

And ere her father did arise,
Shee meets her master as he walkes in the hall :
Shee did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, " Our daughter is gone away ! "

The Merchant, thus amaz'd in mind,
" Yonder vile wretch intic'd away my child," quoth he ;
" But, well I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy."

With that bespake the master brave :
" Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will performe it, and write the truth."

" Sweet youth," quoth hee, " if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English merchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow :
My daughter's welfare I do feare."

Her mother takes her by the hand ;
" Faire youth," qud she, " if there thou dost my daughter
see,
Let me thereof soone understand,
And there is twenty crownes for thee."

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when shee spake unto her child ;
And after her master straightway shee hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde.

Thus to the sea faire Maudlin is gone
With her gentle master; God send them a merry wind;
Where wee a while must let them alone,
Till you the second part doe find.

THE SECOND PART.

"WELCOME, sweete Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter stormes and tempests doe arise:
The plesant bankes of Italy
Wee may behold with mortal eyes."

"Thankes, gentle master," then quoth shee;
"A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene;
If fortune once doth smile on mee,
My thankfull heart shall well bee seene."

"Blest be the land that feedes my love!
Blest be the place where as his person doth abide!
No triall will I sticke to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tride."

"Nowe will I walke with joyful heart,
To viewe the towne where as my darlinge doth re-
maine,
And seeke him out in every part,
Untill I doe his sight attaine."

"And I," quoth he, "will not forsake
Sweete Maudlin in her sorrow up and downe:
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
And bring thee safe to Padua towne."

And after many wearie steps
In Padua they safely doe arrive at last :
For very joy her heart it leapes ;
She thinkes not of her sorrowes past.

Condemned to dye hee was, alas !
Except he would from his religion turne ;
But rather then hee would to masse,
In fiery flames he vow'd to burne.

Now doth Maudlin weepe and waile :
Her joy is chang'd to weeping, sorrow, grieve and care ;
But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
For death alone must be his share.

Shee walkes under the prison walls,
Where her true love doth lye and languish in distresse ;
Most wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppresse.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moane :
" Farewell," hee said, " sweete England, now for ever-
more,
And all my friends that have me knowne
In Bristow towne with wealth and store.

" But most of all farewell," quoth hee,
" My owne true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left
behind ;
For never more shall I see thee.
Woe to thy father most unkind !

" How well were I, if thou wert here,
With thy faire hands to close these wretched eyes :

My torments easie would appeare;
My soule with joy shall scale the skies."

When Maudlin heard her lover's moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with sorrow filled
was:

To speake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such grievous doome on him did passe.

Then she cast off her lad's attire;
A maiden's weede upon her back she seemely set;
To the judge's house shee did enquire,
And there shee did a service get.

Shee did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did her selfe behave,
With her in love her master fell;
His servant's favour hee doth crave.

"Maudlin," quoth hee, "my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight;
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.

"Grant me thy love, faire maid," quoth hee,
"And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise."

"I have a brother, sir," she said,
"For his religion is now condemned to dye:
In loathsome prison hee is layd,
Opprest with griefe and misery.

"Grant me my brother's life," shee said,
"And to you my love and liking I will give."
"That may not be," quoth hee, "faire maid;
Except he turne, he cannot live."

"An English Frier there is," shee said,
"Of learning great and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soone the strife."

Her master hearing this request,
The marriner in frier's weed she did array,
And to her love, that lay distrest,
Shee did a letter straight convey.

When hee had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden joy;
Where now shee was full well hee knew:
The frier likewise was not coy;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the frier charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

"Here is no place for her," hee said,
"But woefull death and danger of her harmlesse life;
Professing truth I was betraid,
And fearfull flames must end my strife."

"For, ere I will my faith deny,
And sweare my selfe to follow damned Antichrist,
He yeeld my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the highest."

" O sir " the gentle frier said,
 " For your sweet love recant, and save your wished life.
 A wofull match," quoth hee, " is made
 Where Christ is lost to win a wife."

When she had wrought all meanes that might
 To save her friend, and that she saw it would not bee,
 Then of the judge shee claimed her right,
 To die the death as well as hee.

When no perswasion could prevaile,
 Nor change her mind in any thing that shee had said,
 She was with him condemned to die,
 And for them both one fire was made.

And arme in arme most joyfully
 These lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe :
 The marriner most faithfully
 Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
 The faithfull friendship did in them remaine,
 They saved their lives ; and afterward
 To England sent them home againe.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
 And faithfull lovers had now their heart's desire :
 Their paines so well they did imploy,
 God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
 And in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
 Great joy there was to all and some
 That heard the dangers they had past.

Her gentle master shee desired
To be her father, and at the church to give her then:
It was fulfilled as shee required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

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